

Oh My God (Master Mix)

A Tribe Called Quest

Oh My God Listen up everybody the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
With precision like a bullet, target bound
Just living like a hooker, the harlett sounds
Now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hot
Heat in the equator, the brothers in the pot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hip
Draftin of the poets, I'm the number seven pick
Licks, licks, licks boy on your backside
Licks, licks, licks boy on your backside
Listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body
Heaven's on my side
Even in Santo Domingo
Can I gotta Gringo
Yo, we got mics, when do we go?
Know a little nigga who can rhyme when you ask me
Short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy 1 for the treble, 2 for the bass
You know the style Tip, now watch me rip this
I like my beats harder than two day old shit
Steady eating booty MC's like cheese grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
Used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
It's not like honey dip would want to get with me
But just in case I own more condoms than TLC
Now the formula is this, me, Tip, and Ali
For those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The answer, big up is how I be
Brothers find it's hard to do, but never me
Some brothers try to dis Malik
You see'm catchin me
Don't worry about them booty MCs, my shit be hittin
Training gladiator, anti-hesitator
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mister energetic
Who me, sound pathetic?
When's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
I don't know man

I don't know Oh My God

Songwriters

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TAYLOR Published by

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