

The Chase, Part II (feat. Steve Arrington)

A Tribe Called Quest

I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out
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I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out
I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out
I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out
I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out Them can't touch me, no, them can't touch me
Them can't hold me, no, them can't hold me
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Turn the party out
Damn, Phife you got fat
Yeah, I know it looks pathetic
Ali Shaheed Muhammad got me doing calisthenics, uh
Needless to say, boy, I'm bad to the bone
Making love to my mic like Jarobi on the phone
But um, no time for jokes, what
There's bills to be paid, what Hoes to be laid, what, punks to be sprayed, what
Chumps to attack, so my man watch your back
Ninety-three means skills are a must, so never lack, uh
Sit back and learn, come now watch the birdie
Your styles are incomplete, same as Vinny Testaverde
Battlin, whenever, hot damn
Give me the microphone, bwoy, one time, bam
Keep it on the corner, 'cuz here comes the heat
Lyrically it stays, the jazz will pace the beat
As we proceed to elevate you, we in fo, fo
Run and tell your dad, the Abstract's the bag
As we proceed to move your high parts, we know who has ass
Poets got the gimmicks but they lack the sassafras
To make the average hardrock and cock the glock
And roam the city streets on the jury, they hot I be ingredients, like sugar and candy
If your life is broke, girl I'll be the handy dandy
That commends you, my fee is a shower
For you, I'll scrub your back and I'll soap the butt crack
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff
Fuckin with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts
Yo, my mic is sounding bug, Bob Power, you there? Yeah
Adjust the bass and treble make my shit sound clear I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out

I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out
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I'm 'bout to wreck ya body, get say, turn the party out Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff
Fuckin' with the Ab, you got the greatest of gifts
Ayo, my mic is sounding bug, Bob Power, you there?
Adjust the bass and treble, okay, could you come in Tip? Whoop, back yourself man, come watch me drop it
For showing me I could do it, for showing me I can rock it
Me not deal wit no changaram, bangaram business
I got soul on a hymn, like Jehovah's got the witness
Musically, the three, poetically, be me
We in jammin' on the airwaves, kids just rave
Obey the MCs, 'cuz the MCs say
We flippin more niggaz like we Super Dave But noticin' my stature, y'all niggaz know we gotcha
Movin' to the rapture, listen how we catch ya
Movin' with the grace, here we go, let's begin
Makin' people jump out their goddamn skin
Lyrically, we bite like we Rin Tin Tin
Peace to Grand Pu and his many, many skins
Don't markers for the arrow, 'cuz we know we get the wins
It's the Ab, Shaheed, and the Dawg for the blend I wanna say peace to my man Rob P, my man Jerod, and
Skeff Anslem on the help out and we out like shout
Nine-tre, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
I don't wanna say nine-tre
'Cuz my man Extra P said, "Don't say the years"
So, it's for eternity, know what I'm sayin'?
Rock, rock on, Everybody in Queens, rock, rock on
Everybody in Brooklyn, rock, rock on
Money earnin' Mt. Vernon, rock, rock on
Everybody in Jersey, rock, rock on
Everybody in Philly rock, rock on
Everybody in Houston, rock, rock on
Everybody LA, rock, rock on
Everybody in The Sand, rock, rock on Everybody in Egypt, rock, rock on
Everybody Nigeria, rock, rock on
Everybody in London, rock, rock on
Everybody in Sweden, rock, rock on
Everybody in beware, rock, rock on
To the niggaz on the famous, rock, rock on
Everybody no name, rock, rock on
To the kids at Nu Clear, rock, rock on
To the cave rock rock on
McDonald's, rock, rock on { This concludes Midnight Marauders program
Press any key to return to the main menu }

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