

If the Papes Come (remix)

A Tribe Called Quest

[Q-Tip]

The Lord give'th, and the Lord take'th away
But not Hip-Hop yo,
And let it be known, that we are on some
And this ain't on the pop tip yo!
Are y'all kids tucked in? (Yeah!)
Here we go
People in the audience, they cry out "hoe"
People with a gun, yo they'll cry out "bo!"
I don't like a cop, I don't sell a rock
But still the kanga's clock me, after a show
Standing on the stage and we're pouring with sweat
To people in the crowd I give what they get
Papers make paid, babies make laid
I don't really worry, nor do I fret
Waiting for the gimme and boy I got some
Sweat like a peach and tart like a plum
I thought what I think, I rock a bead-link
Legally I'll sip when I turn, twenty-one
A letter to the homeboy that freaked the head dome
The R man wants me to drop my microphone
Gotta be brief; no orders from a chief
Hot butter on what, say what, the popcorn
On the tour bus we hit the truck stop
A dollar for some chips, a quarter for some pop
We laugh and giggle some, Phife kiss the honey buns
Ali Shaheed Muhammad keeps talking that shop
The brothers cruise on as we Quest, for the check
Calling up Famous to see, if it's there yet
Not a bourgeoisie, hate the seminar
Ignorant flip, hey Miss you must jet
Flex for the funkiest but start to bounce
Measure Hip-Hop for weight, by the ounce
Bush on the tush, you're pulling while I push
Play me for the punk then puss, feel the pounce
It's like that y'all (keep on)
Freak freak y'all (keep, on)
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It's like that y'all (keep on)
Freak freak y'all (keep, on)

It's like that y'all (keep on)
 Freak freak y'all (keep, on) If the papes come yo yo I won't riff
 I just sit down and get, me a spliff
 With mines I was born, a child of the corn
 Molecules of the land they uplift
 Levels is straight, in fact they're rectified
 Adrenaline now is crazy multiplied
 Four and four is eight, the fraction makes the plate
 I make sure the Tribe is in
 With the quickness you bare the witness
 Flexing and pumping with the fitness
 Moving it, doing it
 Those who oppose must hit the ??s-list??
 Doing it and doing it with the whole frame
 Look what's in the mind and not, in the brain
 On this you can quote, we on a diffy note
 Quest for the future, 'stead of the fame
 One ninety-one brothers grabbing they thingies
 Forgot the name; oh, equivalent to Jimmy
 Slip a little bit, you think I have to quit
 Ali Shaheed Muhammad, with the singy-singy
 Slamming with a slammy you front, on the case
 Right or left nut Ali, plays the ace
 Do what you do, flam for a crew
 Bonita Applebum blows smoke in Sha's face
 Slang for the King I must, if ya have
 Dribble hops out giggle yo proper term is laugh
 Brothers who are snakes, I label them as fakes
 Instincts to Travel up the hood path, c'mon It's like that y'all (keep on)
 Freak freak y'all (keep, on)
 It's like that y'all (keep on)
 Freak freak y'all (keep, on)
 It's like that y'all (keep on)
 Freak freak y'all (keep, on)
 It's like that y'all (keep on)
 Freak freak y'all (keep, on) (Thank you,
 As you all know, you just can't believe
 Everything you see and hear, can you?
 Now if you will excuse me
 I must be on my way)

Songwriters

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