

Pad & Pen (feat. D-Life)

A Tribe Called Quest

This is the master D-Life
As we set it off with my mans A Tribe Called Quest
We got to do it like this baby
We got to do it like that baby
We got the good shit not the bullshit, you know what I mean?
We bout to count it down, we bout to count it off
It goes a-one, two, three, ahh!Malik we getting back into that shit again
And when we rhyme, brothers need to break they pens, uh-oh
It's The Love Movement never ends
The rap game'll never be the same again
(Phife Dawg where you at baby?) We came againHere I come again, you feeling fine?
The Dawg is like a overflowing rhyme from mind
Usually mess with shorties whose a 8 or 9
Shorty bump around to the bass-lineF keeps a burner on the waist-line
That cat's tricking off, I ain't wasting mine
You feel the uniqueness, you seeking this?
And when we do it, we be freaking thisDon't even front, you know you feeling this
My shade is bordering around licorice (licorice)
Enjoying this tune, glad you playing it
(Hey yo Phife what's the hook?)
Here we saying it, saying it, saying itMy pad and my pen (ah ah, you didn't go there)
The beat and the blend (say word, you didn't go there)
The party won't end (you know, we got to be there)
Just keep your ends, building with friends, yo
My pad and my pen (ah ah, you didn't go there)
The beat and the blend (say word, you didn't go there)
The party won't end (you know, we got to be there)
Just keep your ends, building with friends, yoWe're down for life with one destiny
It seems that the devil keeps testing me
Got the illest part of the recipe
Yo tell your home girl to stop stressing me (stop it)
Undressin me is the part you really like
Brothers hold the cracks now they holding mics
The cusses you get, for letting steady rights
For writers, we did that shit at Mid-night, alright, alrightI love it when my honey dip be slobbering me
Don't take it personal it's just comedy
My comedy completely turned to tragedy
I sense some of these rappers still be mad at me
Sweating her because of her anatomy

When I bang you it'll be assault and battery
Don't make me discombobulate your microphone
Talking trash will only get you freaking head, flown
Buy em out the box, never faulty ones
Get in that ass like karate son
I act with the light, sometimes it's looking grim
We manage a smile, sometimes we slip it in
My Tribe be worldwide like the Nike swoosh
Emcees be sounding moist like vagina juice
The top of the world, we pursuing it
Don't worry about a thing, cause we doing it
Doing it, doing it
My pad and my pen (ah ah, you didn't go there)
The beat and the blend (say word, you didn't go there)
The party won't end (you know, we got to be there)
Just keep your ends, building with friends, yo
My pad and my pen (ah ah, you didn't go there)
The beat and the blend (say word, you didn't go there)
The party won't end (you know, we got to be there)
Just keep your ends, building with friends, yo
That's the way we do, c'mon, that's the way we do
It's the nigga D-Life, with T-see-Q
That's the way we are, and the beat won't stop
Got to blow it up for the top,
Didn't think you knew how we rock

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>