

Vibes and Stuff

A Tribe Called Quest

Let me flaunt the style, I think that the time's near
That we drop Scuds, there won't be no duds here
Rappers play the dumb, kinda on the space tip
But when they hear the jams, they be on the dilsnick
Now I'm not for the rock, I know the territory
Go ahead and try, that's a different story
Similar to Grimm, I could tell a better one
All about a kid, who couldn't rap and didn't run
Stands on the side when the mic is getting dumb
Resorts to bagging Billy, asking could he have some
No never ever, go back and try again man
If you come back, I'll be the first to shake your hand
Competition's good, it brings out the vital parts
The Abstract Poetic, majors in recital arts
Do it for the kids, the elders and the rap peers
We know the job is done when we hear a lot of cheers
Gotta feel the vibes, real from my creation
If the hands clap I'm filled with elation
Here I am ghetto, full with a lot of steam
Think I gotta, I think I gotta, I think I gotta scream
Cause that's how good it feels child
Let your hair down, so we can get buckwild
Do your ill dance, don't think about the next man
We must have unity and think of the bigger plan
Division we will fall, we must stick together, see
I'd like to take this time to say what's up to Kool G
The name is Q-Tip, the Midnight Marauder
Giving nuff respects to Afrika Bambaataa
As a man in the world, I must do my job
Take care of Mama Duke, I won't resort to rob
Bob you'll get your dough, Mase is my witness
Obsessed with the rap, for it's the mental fitness
Like shooting Cee-lo, and always hitting head cracks
The industry is luck, winning with the fake raps
Peace to the crews who pump the real hip hop
Not selling out, from hardrock to disc jock
I don't know what to say, but here I go freak it
If the papes come, then you know I'll seek it
I'm just a short brother, dark skin face
Weigh a buck-fifty, 36 waist

Hair is crazy curly, flip like Mr. Furley
To this day I still believe that no MC can serve me
Brothers try to front, but everybody know
I get more props than the Arsenio Hall Show
Party animal I was, but now I chill at home
All I do is write rhymes, eat, drink, shit and bone
Found my thrill in Amityville, I'm always in the Island
Fudge and Lucky know the time, they know who keeps 'em smiling
Go out on my own, something that I gotta do
Do what the hell I want and have no one to listen to
I'm prompt with my business and I do things on the double
Yo, I'm out like Buster Douglas, I say peace to MC Trouble
Rest in PeaceWord Up, rest in Peace, and you know what else?
We got, we got, we got the vibes
All the people in Long Island, we got the vibes
Brooklyn and Queens, we got the vibes
Uptown and Now Rule, we got the vibes
People Upstate, we got the vibes
If you're in DC, you got the vibes
Maryland, Virginia, Carolina vibes
Out West, we got the vibes
In the Bahamas, we got the vibes
Over in Europe, you know what, we got the vibes
And we gotta keep it alive, it goes umOf rap I'm a fan, I've seen a whole lot of slums
Good with the girls, I get a whole lot of 'em
From fat to skinny, Freda to Winnie
Emma to Cindy, Constance to Wendy
Cause I be real friendly, never on the snotty side
I don't brag to brothers about the little papas I got
My vocal styles can vary, the sight is never scary
It's only legendary, my father well prepared me
My job ain't temporary, I'm here for the long shot
Better yet the long term, I don't have a perm
In a way I do, call 'em the perma-naps
I'm crazy slap-happy and I'm scrappy and I'm nappy
When I get the mic in my hand with the crowd in stand
It's as good as grand like thatI wanna say peace and dedicate this joint to MC Trouble
And to uh, Trouble T Roy
And to um, Scott La Rock
And to um, Cowboy, you know what I'm sayin?
This is for the slain rappers and the fallen rappers, you know what I'm saying?
This is a special, special, special, special, special dedication
And also to my Pops and also to Vinia's Moms, you know what I'm saying?
You just gotta keep it happy and keep the vibes going
Cause this is Vibes and Stuff, and we out

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