

Buggin Out

A Tribe Called Quest

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo, microphone check one two what is this
The five foot assassin with the ruffneck business
I float like gravity, never had a cavity
Got more rhymes than the Winans got family No need to sweat Arsenio to gain some type of fame
No shame in my game cause I'll always be the same
Styles upon styles upon styles is what I have
You want to diss the Phifer but you still don't know the half I sport New Balance sneakers to avoid a narrow path
Messing round with this you catch the sizing of em?
I never half step cause I'm not a half stepper
Drink a lot of soda so they call me Dr. Pepper Refuse to compete with BS competition
Your name ain't Special Ed so won't you Seckle With the Mission
I never walk the streets, think it's all about me
Even though deep in my heart, it really could be I just try my best to like go all out
Some might even say yo shorty black you're buggin' out Zulu Nation, brothers that's creation
Minds get flooded, ejaculation
Right on the two inch tape The Abstract poet incognito, runs the cape
Not the best not the worst and occasionally I curse to get my
Point across, so bust, the floss
As I go in between, the grit and the dirt Listen to the mission listen Miss as I do work,
As I crack the, monotone
Children of the jazz so, get your own
Smoking R&B cause they try to do me Or the best of the pack but they can't do rap
For it's Abstract, original
You can't get your own and that's, pitiful
I know I'd be the man if I cold yanked the plug On R&B, but I can't and that's bugged
Buggin' out, buggin' out,
Buggin' out you're buggin' out
Buggin' out, buggin' out,
Buggin' out you're buggin' out
Buggin' out, buggin' out,
Buggin' out you're buggin' out
Buggin' out, buggin' out,

[illegible]

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