

One Two Shit (feat. Busta Rhymes)

A Tribe Called Quest

One, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoYo, it's the Q-Tip, you know I get down
Yes, I rock to the rhythm of a funky sound
It go one, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoAnd it's the Phife Dawg and I do the same
And when it comes to rippin' mics, aiyyo, it ain't no games
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoAiyyo, you know it's Busta Rhymes, every time
Oh yes, I'm comin' wicked with the new design
I'm sayin' one, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoMC's ain't coming equipped with the rhymes
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time
The time is eternal when you play with the miser
Soul is in my body and the health make me wiserThe tantalizing wordplay, yeah, that's the joint
Sometimes I have to cuss just to prove my damn point
Brothers need to come with better compositions
I write and recite to make good positionIn this rap game here, we engineer
Stabbin' up the jam, yeah, son, shit's clear
And I be kickin' rhymes in my own damn way
Beatin' niggaz to the punch like Sugar RayGot the cool-ass style, that's cooler than the cool
My lyrics is the bullet and the mic is the tool
Peace to see Seventy Three and see Seventy Fo'
Do a little somethin' when I'm out on tourComin' through like narcotics for the antibiotics
Flappin' shorty's stockings to the Space-like Sprockets
What you really need to do is just boogie your ass
It's not gassed, we got to make the good times lastLet the good times roll 'cause we in control
Take you out on your high, less you payin' a toll
Let the good times roll, let the good times roll
Take you out on your high, less you payin' a tollQuestion
Why is that MC's be wack
And major labels wanna sound like crap?
Aiyyo, funk datWord to life, I'm comin' rugged
'cause once you add the hip to the hop, kid, it equals out to love
If the beat's fat I use it, some wack shit, I lose it
Refuse it, how could you chose it, it stinks renuse itPut down the mic kid 'cause you gets no dap
How long did it take for you to see you can't rap?
The name is Phife Dawg and I got nuff style

It doesn't take long for me to get buckwild
 So bust what I'm swingin', what I'm swingin' when I swing
 I rap when I rap 'cause I never wanna sing
 Go ask the last MC what happened when he said battle
 I bust his ass in Cleveland, now he's Sleepless in Seattle
 Rude bwoy official comin' with the ill grammar
 Comin' back on kids like Joey Montana
 We be the three MC's to make your mind go batty
 Mad play on WKRP in Cincinnati
 So Lord, send a hon, if ya kyant send a han sen a man
 An if ya kyan sen a man, come yaself
 'cause all deez bitin' MC's, lawd dem somethin' else
 See, I kick the styles that'll make ya ass melt
 Money on my mind so never mind a trick
 New York is the town and the team is the Knicks
 World's greatest five footer, rippin' parties apart
 Here comes Shaheed with the big green shark
 Never had to rhyme about feelin' what with lead
 Never mind dat mon here come de dread
 We comin' far, far, far
 Busta Rhymes is comin' far, far, far
 Ya know ya hear me Star
 Bet your bottom dollah
 Right after this jam about one million, one two niggaz go follow
 Whether it be today or tomorrow
 Niggaz be collaboratin' sickening
 You beat them like they father
 Oh, shit, check out what I saying
 Ah hah, ah hah, oh, ah hah, ah, hah
 You know my niggaz don't be playing
 Once upon a mah, hah, hacking time
 I received the opportunities to represent my first rhymes
 To define, lyrical sensations
 Black masons blowin' up the spot
 Just to represent the Nations
 Three dimensions, tri-clops, Mr. Busta Rhymes three eyes
 Fat like a burger and fries
 Mama so mama saa mamma ma kosah
 Go back to the country to go check my grand mama
 Eeeyah, bring it to the table at the meetings
 Gathering large receivings, delivering intellectual ass beatings
 As I carry on with my proceedings
 Greetings, watch a nigga debut on premier movie screenings
 But before I be face to face with my eternal resting
 place
 I hope you find civilized every soul and every race
 Sit, dog sit
 Busta Rhymes forever on that ultrasonic shit

Songwriters

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 TREVOR

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