

# 1nce Again (Nubbz Remix)

## A Tribe Called Quest

You on point Phife?

Once Again Tip

You on point Phife?

Once Again Tip

You on point Phife?

Once Again Tip

Word

Watch me bust they shit

OKOh, you did it to me once again my friend

I swear you do it to me everytime

Cause you stay crazy on my mind

Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on

On and on and onThis is the year that I come in and just devastate

My style is great ask your peoples can I dominate?

My rhymes are harder than last night's erection

Don't play me close, I'll have this mic up in your rear section

My shit is lovely simply meaning that my joint is tight

Amping up the mic making sure production's tight

Sometimes I might catch a severe case of writer's block

But by the end of the day you'll be on my jock

My name's Malik my hobby's putting MC's to the test

And if you front I'll put my foot up in your freaking chest

Freestyle fanatic, and never will it ever stop

You crew is loose, you might just want to call the copsAye, yo I gotta put some action on paper

Make sure my verse jump up and spread out like the raper

The only tip I got for a waiter

Is watch the doorknob hit me where the dirty dog shoulda' bit me

That was my train of thought, but for so long I fought

Now I'm at a level supreme to the devil

So turn up the bass and lay low on the treble

We be the real MC's and you dead, bring a shovel

Revitalize, the vital Tribe nigga, WHAT?

The ladies sweat the style like the squirrel sweat the nuts

You know a fellas good for the moola

Don't smoke no woolas, read the name call me Slick Tip the RulerOh, you did it to me once again my friend

I swear you do it to me everytime

Cause you stay crazy on my mind

Yo you got it goin on, on and on and on

On and on and onYo I've been treading on this globe man for twenty-five joints

Sometimes Shaitan got me by the pressure points  
 But I can break a fella down like sex  
 You eat Wheat Chex but still light in the ass and can't flex  
 If one nigga front I'mma make more pay  
 Cause tonight, we gettin off like O.J  
 And yo I got a Dawg that bites, fuck the barking  
 Yo I got a crew with the beats and the smarts and I fought my shit up on Linden in the one-nine-two  
 Forever writing never biting ain't shit else to do  
 Hoping to battle, but most MC's ain't ready yet  
 But if they utter one word then it's as good as set  
 You have MC's dropping bombs that's incredible  
 Some of the brothers, their styles are just despicable  
 As for me see I just do how I love to do  
 Try to deny me of my props then I'll be seeing you  
 Most of you suckers wanna be down for the tag along  
 The freaking fame, someone tell em that this shit ain't games  
 You gotta do this from your heart meaning your inner soul  
 And if it's real only then will you be on a roll  
 I try to stay on top my game there ain't no time to lose  
 Four albums deep as a Quester but still we payin' dues  
 So hear me out one time, you gotta be yourself  
 Cause if you ain't yourself you end up by your freaking self  
 I'm coming rugged with the Linden Boule type of slang  
 And yo, we'll see who can hang yo You on point Tip?  
 Yo once Again Phife  
 You on point Tip?  
 Yo once Again Phife  
 You on point Tip?  
 Yo once again Phife  
 Ayo that kid is marvelous Oh, you did it to me once again my friend  
 I swear you do it to me everytime  
 Cause you stay crazy on my mind  
 Yo you got it goin on, on and on and on  
 On and on and on

Songwriters

ALI SHAHEED JONES-MUHAMMAD, JAMES DEWITT YANCEY, KAMAAL IBN JOHN FAREED,

MALIK IZAAK TAYLOR, STEPHEN W. SWALLOW Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>