

Motivators

A Tribe Called Quest

We be the number one motivators
Ghetto mentality and the innovators
Some of y'all may really hate us
But we won't be soft, all we wanna do is rock
We be the crew that presents to the wicked instrumental
Damaging your mental from here to Sacramento
This here groove was made for vintage freestyling
Feeling like I'm chilling on a Caribbean island
Rugged raw material is what we bring forth
A Tribe Called Quest, we representing up North
Quence got you taken in the back, acting all silly
Kicking freestyle raps, rolling up Phillie Phanats
It's the four man fiasco in charge like Roscoe
Now you get the picture like Picasso
We make it happen when these niggas start rapping
Who this, captain?
Stick out your hand, you gets no dap and
I got the Razor, got the Phife, I got the Shaheed
Now all you shorties move your ass while you puff weed
Blessing fans with autographs in my paths
While other rappers get gassed, they be defeating the task
Yo, if I ruled the world
It wouldn't be that gassed shit, niggas will mix it like swirl
Cause after you G, ain't nothing but girl scouts
And I'mma show you what it's all about
(Ah yeah!) That's what you say when my love's in your mouth
Without a doubt I cut MCs like the cord
Cause I does more than that MC from The Lords
While you be frogging like Bud-wei-ser
And rapping is what you slacking in
I'm knocking MCs outta action like abstinence
Rockin since kiss my dick was kicking ass
Peachfuzz, cuz, you might be on drugs
We be the number one motivators
Ghetto mentality and the innovators
Some of y'all may really hate us
But we won't be soft, all we wanna do is rock
To all my people across the state who sit back and contemplate
Motivate, I motivate
To all my people across the land who get their feet stuck in sand
Motivate, I motivate y'all
A yo, I speak with something new but not Granddaddy I.U
Stay tuned, live from the L-B-Q
A yo, it's just the same guy, swinging on your block
You know how I get down like Heather B with them Glocks

I came to lead my team to victory like Hayden Fox
Cause heads ain't ready for the willie I got
Ya nah'mean slim, I does my thing like Van Grim
Leaving crews in state of black and blue like Rakim
And if you don't know, you better ask another
It's like 192 when we rolling deep cover
So don't shut down on the Razor
Cuz in the 9-Live we stepping through hotter than the Trail Blazers
And in Queens, I be a legend like Richard Dean
Son I gotta team that Hakeem couldn't dream
While you be standing selling, Queens keep it live
Who the hell you telling (can't front on the Tribe) Let me tell you why I be the top dog in the industry
Because all these so-called mutts are not seeing me
They too busy eating cycles 1, 2 and 3
They can't MC, I'd rather be down with fucking Droopy D
My style is deadly, word born, act like you fucking know
Been writing rhymes ever since Ray Parker sang with Radio
Your style is played out like a two-tone down goose
You couldn't converse if you had fucking react juice
So hold your corner as I fucking bless this mic in here
I'm eating through your crew like Stephen King's Langoliers
Try bite my steez, word to God, I'm gonna hurt you
(Will y'all fall off?) Will Laura fuck Urkel?
Never, here comes the funk, smell the aroma
Kid, my shit's the bomb, ask my peeps in Oklahoma To all my people across the state who sit back and
contemplate
Motivate, I motivate, I motivate y'all
To all my people across the land who get stuck in great sand
Motivate, I motivate y'all
To all my peoples everywhere throw your mitts in the air
Motivate, motivate, motivate, motivate
Can't do nuthin for your fronting, get involved and do something
Motivate, motivate, I motivate, I motivate, I moti

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