

Vibes and Stuff

A Tribe Called Quest

Let me flaunt the style, I think that the time's near
That we drop studs , there will 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 write a better one
All about a kid, who couldn't rap and didn't runStand aside, when the rap is gettin' dumb
Resort to baggin' Billy, askin' can he have some
No, never ever come back and try again man
If you come back, I'll be the first to shake your hand
Competitions good, it brings out the vital parts
The Abstract Poetic, majors in recital arts
Do it for the kids, the elders and the rap peersWhen the job is don, then we hear a lot of cheers
Gotta feel the vibes, come from my creation
If the hands clap are 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'Cuz 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
The vision, we 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
Give enough respect to Africa BambaataaAs 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 shootin' cee-lo, and always gettin' headcracks
The industry is luck, winning with the fake raps
Peace to the crews, who pump the real hip hop
Not sellin' out from hardrock to disc jockI 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 brotha, dark skin face
Weigh a buck-fifty, 36 waistMy hair is crazy curly, front like Mr. Furley
To this day, I still believe that no MC can serve me
Brothas 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 Monkey know the time, they know who keeps 'em smilin'
Go out on my own, somethin' 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 Douglass, I say peace to MC Trouble
Rest in Peace
Word up, rest in peace, and you know what else?

We got, we got, we got the vibe
All the people in Long Island, we got the vibe
Brooklyn and Queens, we got the vibe
Uptown and New York, we got the vibe
People upstate, we got the vibe
If you're in DC, you got the vibe
Maryland, Virginia, Carolina vibe
Out West, we got the vibe
In the Bahamas, we got the vibe
Over in Europe, you know what?

We got the vibe and we gotta keep it alive, it goes on
Of rap I'm a fan, I've seen a whole lot of subs

Goods with the girls, I got a whole lot of 'em
From fat to skinny, Freeda to Winnie
Emma to Cindy, Constance to Wendy
'Cuz I be more friendly, never on the snotty side
I don't brag to brothas about the little papes 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 when I'm nappy
When I get the mic in my hand and the crowd in stands
It's as good as grand like that
I wanna say peace and dedicate this joint to MC Trouble

And to Trouble T-Roy
And to Scott La Rock and to Cowboy, you know what I'm sayin'?
This is for the slain rappers and the fallen rappers
You know what I'm sayin'?
This is a special, special, special, special, special dedication
And also to my pops and also to Vinny, his moms
You know what I'm sayin'?
You just gotta keep it happy and keep the vibes going
And this is Vibes and Stuff
And we out

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