Oh My God (remix)

A Tribe Called Quest

Oh, my God, oh, my God
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Listen up everybody, the bottom line
I'm a black intellect but unrefined
With precision like a bullet, target bound
Just livin', like a hooker, the harlot sounds
Now when I say the harlot, you know I mean the hot
Heat in the equator, the brothers in the pot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hip
Draftin' of the poets, I'm the number seven pick
Licks, licks, licks, boy pon your backside
Licks, licks, licks, boy pon your backside
Listen to the fader, Shaheed let's it glide
Tip the earthly body, heaven's on my side
Even in Santo Domingo, man I gotta Gringo
Yo, we got mics, when do we go?
Know a little nigga who can rhyme when you ask me
Short, dark, plus his voice is raspy
One for the treble, two for the bass
You know my style Tip, now watch me rip this
I like my beats harder than two day old shit
Steady eatin' booty MCs like cheese grits
My man Al B. sure, he's in effect mode
Used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
It's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
But just in case I own more condoms than TLC
Now the formula is this, me, Tip and Ali
For those who can't count it goes one, two, three
The answer, big up is who I who
Brothas find this hard to do but never me
Some brothas try to dis Malik, you see'm catchin' me
And I care 'bout them booty MCs, my shit be hittin'
Trainin' gladiator, anti-hesitater

Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada
Mister Energetic, who me, sound pathetic?
When's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
I don't know man, I don't know man
I don't know man, I don't know, I don't know
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Complimentary, The Thief of Poetry
I got a humdinger comin' hook, line and sinker
The Timbo hits with the prints underground
Timbo's on the toes, I love the way it's goin' down
Down like the lady of the evenin'
And when it goes in, honey, just believe the sin
'Cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your boots 'cuz you can't run the race
See, this is how we do when we keep it on and on
Do what
Got my man, Big Mo with the streets and the papes
My man Big Mo with the streets and Caprice
This is how we do when we keep the wildin' sheets
'Cuz we got to do it like this, we aim to please
See ya next LP and next CD and next cassette
Yo, we about to jet
We A Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders
Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders
See ya next time 'cuz we the Midnight Marauders
Aiyo, we out 'cuz we the Midnight Marauders
Go to the record store and get the shit
We work hard
We A Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders
Queens got it's own and Brooklyn got it's own
Like that

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