

Pad & Pen

A Tribe Called Quest

This is the Willy Master D-Life
As we set it off with my man's A Tribe Called Quest
And uhh, we got to do it like this baby
We got to do it like that baby
We got the good shit not the bullshit, yanahmean? Ha hah
We 'bout to count it down, we 'bout to count it off
It goes a one, two, three, ahh
Malik we gettin' back into that shit again
And when we rhyme, brothers need to break they pens, uh oh
It's the love movement never ends
The rap game'll never be the same again
We came again
Here I come again, you feelin' fine?
The Dawg is like a overflowin' rhyme from mind
Usually mess with shorties whose a 8 or 9
Shorty bump around to the bass-line
F keeps a burner on the waist-line
That cat's trickin' off, I ain't wastin' mine
You feel the uniqueness, you seekin' this?
And when we do it, we be freakin' this
Don't even front, you know you feelin' this
My shade is borderin' around licorice
Enjoyin' this tune, glad you playin' it
Aiyyo Phife, what's the hook?
Here we sayin' it, sayin' it, sayin' it
My pad and my pen
The beat and the blend
The party won't end
Just keep your [incomprehensible] buildin' with friends, yo
My pad and my pen
The beat and the blend
The party won't end
Just keep your [incomprehensible] buildin' with friends, yo
We're down for life with one destiny
It seems that the devil keeps testin' me
Got the illest part of the recipe
You tell your homegirl to stop stressin' me
Undressin' me is the part you really like
Brothers hold the cracks now they holdin' mics

The cusses you get [incomprehensible] up the steady rights
Marauders, we did that shit at midnight, aah right
I love it when my honeydip be slobbin' me
Don't take it personal, it's just comedy
My comedy completely turned to tragedy
I sense some of these rappers still be mad at me
Sweatin' her because of her anatomy
When I bang you it'll be assault and battery
Don't make me discombobulate your microphone
Talkin' trash will only get you freakin' head, flown
Uhh, buy 'em out the box, never faulty ones
Get in that ass like karate son
My outlook on life, sometimes it's lookin' grim
We manage a smile, sometimes we slip it in
My Tribe be worldwide like the Nike swoosh
Emcees be soundin' moist like vagina juice
The top of the world, we pursuin' it
Don't worry about a thing 'cause we doin' it, doin' it, doin' it
My pad and my pen
The beat and the blend
The party won't end
Just keep your [incomprehensible] buildin' with friends, yo
My pad and my pen
My beat and my blend
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Just keep your [incomprehensible] buildin' with friends, yo
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The party won't end
Just keep your [incomprehensible] buildin' with friends, yo
That's the way we do, come on, that's the way we do
It's the nigga D-Life with TCQ
That's the way we rock and the beat won't stop
Got to blow it up for the top
Didn't think you know how to rock