

God Lives Through

A Tribe Called Quest

"Oh my God!" There's a million MCs that claim they want some
But see I create sounds that make your ears go numb
Peace to Sayres Ave., yeah you know how we go
My best friend Steven at the Home Depot
Laurelton is in the house, I can't forget Southside
Walk past MCs like that girl did to Pharcyde
I'm labeled as the cat's meow, the MC with the know-how
Act like you know, not now but right now
Beast of the East, on MCs I have a feast
I'd eat that ass like quiche, crack a smile like Shanice
Straight outta Jamaica, seen? Jamaica, Queens
But you could find me out in Georgia, or anywhere in between
Now if my partners don't look good, Malik won't look good
If Malik don't look good, then Quest won't look good
If the Quest don't look good, then Queens won't look good
But since the sounds are universal, New York won't look good
Picture Phife losing a battle, come on, get off it
Put down the microphone son, surrender, forfeit
Did I hear something 'bout a crew? What they wanna do?
You better call Mr. Babyface so he can bring out the cool in you
Or it'll be a sad love song being sung by Toni Braxton
And I'll dissect you like a fraction
Oh, you wannabe top cat MCs, I'll pop you like a zit
You wanna be the champ, you more like Chief Some-shit
Big up myself every time when it comes to this
MCs be running scared as if they're watching the Exorcist
I kick more game than a crackhead from Hempstead
My styles are milk, man, you'd think that I was breast-fed
You know the steelo when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
I dedicate this to all the MCs outta Queens
That goes for Onyx, LL, Run DMC
Akinyele, Nasty Nas and the Extra P
You need a chart, straight up and down man, there ain't no other
Nuff respect to all my peeps that made the album cover
Yo, Tip don't worry none you know I get the party jumping
Get on the mic and break 'em off a little little something
Yo, Tip don't worry none you know I gets the party jumping
Get on the mic my man and break 'em off a little something "Oh my God!" We got the funk doody don shit,
clearly it's the bomb shit

So recognize me, kids memorize me
Everyday, I be scrounging, really I be lounging
I play the down low, very very incognito
Aries is my sign, I know that I can rhyme
Sometimes I rhyme in riddles, plus I make the honeys wiggle
Intellect is the major, some heads like to wager
The skills on the hill, overlooking dollar bills
Man, you're crazy, thinking you can phase me
The Ab doesn't study mere nonsense, money
Life seems to need me, MCs seem too cheesy
With their doody ass renditions of defeating competition
I rock to the roll man, yes, I'm a soul man
Bet your bottom dollar Vinia will make you holler
As you stand at attention, did I forget to mention
MCs will give me twenty if I sense that they act funny
Lyrics are abundant, right there, I sound redundant
Just mentioning the fact that the area is fat
I dwell in the under, so honey it's no wonder
That I get plenty of tail, well I even get white
I'mma bet hitting head crack, there money, take that
Breaking niggas off, cut their bank, then I'm off
While my Nikes match my Lo hat, beat joint is mad fat
Got the cutter of the box if a kid think he's ox
For tier means creator, the poetry relator
It's hemmed like Betsy Ross, let me tell you who's the boss "Oh my God!"

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