

# One Two Shit

## A Tribe Called Quest

One, two, one, two  
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two  
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two  
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoYo, it's the Q-Tip, you know I get down  
Yes, I rock to the rhythm of a funky sound  
It go one, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two  
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoAnd it's the Phife Dawg and I do the same  
And when it comes to rippin' mics, aiyyo, it ain't no games  
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two  
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoAiyyo, you know it's Busta Rhymes, every time  
Oh yes, I'm comin' wicked with the new design  
I'm sayin' one, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, two  
One, wa, wa, one, one, two, one, twoMC's ain't coming equipped with the rhymes  
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time  
The time is eternal when you play with the miser  
Soul is in my body and the health make me wiserThe tantalizing wordplay, yeah, that's the joint  
Sometimes I have to cuss just to prove my damn point  
Brothers need to come with better compositions  
I write and recite to make good positionIn this rap game here, we engineer  
Stabbin' up the jam, yeah, son, shit's clear  
And I be kickin' rhymes in my own damn way  
Beatin' niggaz to the punch like Sugar RayGot the cool-ass style, that's cooler than the cool  
My lyrics is the bullet and the mic is the tool  
Peace to see Seventy Three and see Seventy Fo'  
Do a little somethin' when I'm out on tourComin' through like narcotics for the antibiotics  
Flappin' shorty's stockings to the Space-like Sprockets  
What you really need to do is just boogie your ass  
It's not gassed, we got to make the good times lastLet the good times roll 'cause we in control  
Take you out on your high, less you payin' a toll  
Let the good times roll, let the good times roll  
Take you out on your high, less you payin' a tollQuestion  
Why is that MC's be wack  
And major labels wanna sound like crap?  
Aiyyo, funk datWord to life, I'm comin' rugged  
'cause once you add the hip to the hop, kid, it equals out to love  
If the beat's fat I use it, some wack shit, I lose it  
Refuse it, how could you chose it, it stinks renuse itPut down the mic kid 'cause you gets no dap  
How long did it take for you to see you can't rap?  
The name is Phife Dawg and I got nuff style

It doesn't take long for me to get buckwild  
 So bust what I'm swingin', what I'm swingin' when I swing  
 I rap when I rap 'cause I never wanna sing  
 Go ask the last MC what happened when he said battle  
 I bust his ass in Cleveland, now he's Sleepless in Seattle  
 Rude bwoy official comin' with the ill grammar  
 Comin' back on kids like Joey Montana  
 We be the three MC's to make your mind go batty  
 Mad play on WKRP in Cincinnati  
 So Lord, send a hon, if ya kyant send a han sen a man  
 An if ya kyan sen a man, come yaself  
 'cause all deez bitin' MC's, lawd dem somethin' else  
 See, I kick the styles that'll make ya ass melt  
 Money on my mind so never mind a trick  
 New York is the town and the team is the Knicks  
 World's greatest five footer, rippin' parties apart  
 Here comes Shaheed with the big green shark  
 Never had to rhyme about feelin' what with lead  
 Never mind dat mon here come de dread  
 We comin' far, far, far  
 Busta Rhymes is comin' far, far, far  
 Ya know ya hear me Star  
 Bet your bottom dollah  
 Right after this jam about one million, one two niggaz go follow  
 Whether it be today or tomorrow  
 Niggaz be collaboratin' sickening  
 You beat them like they father  
 Oh, shit, check out what I saying  
 Ah hah, ah hah, oh, ah hah, ah, hah  
 You know my niggaz don't be playing  
 Once upon a mah, hah, hacking time  
 I received the opportunities to represent my first rhymes  
 To define, lyrical sensations  
 Black masons blowin' up the spot  
 Just to represent the Nations  
 Three dimensions, tri-clops, Mr. Busta Rhymes three eyes  
 Fat like a burger and fries  
 Mama so mama saa mamma ma kosah  
 Go back to the country to go check my grand mama  
 Eeeyah, bring it to the table at the meetings  
 Gathering large receivings, delivering intellectual ass beatings  
 As I carry on with my proceedings  
 Greetings, watch a nigga debut on premier movie screenings  
 But before I be face to face with my eternal resting  
 place  
 I hope you find civilized every soul and every race  
 Sit, dog sit  
 Busta Rhymes forever on that ultrasonic shit

Songwriters

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