

Verses from the Abstract

A Tribe Called Quest

I had a dream about my man last night
And my man came by the studio
And his name is
Busta Rhymes in effect, Shaheed is in effect
Phife Did-awg is in effect
Check it out and give me my 'spectl'm moving, yes I'm grooving cause my mouth is on the motor
Use the Coast in the morning to avoid the funky odor
Can't help being funky, I'm the funky Abstract brother
Funky in a sense, but I play the undercover
Once had a fetish, fetish for some booty
Now I'm getting funky and my rapping, that's my duty
Brothers tend to jock on the style in particular
If you got the ego like some brothers, then I'll get with ya
But if I don't pursue, then I just don't give a (fuck)
My motto in the 90's is be happy making bucks
Girls love the Jim, 'cause it causes crazy friction
When it goes up in and fluctuates the diction
I still understand the 'cause that's what I met her for
I'm hooked on the swings, so just call me the music whore
Women love the voice, brothers dig the lyrics
Quest the people's choice, we thrive it for the spirit
If you can't hear it, then get the wax utensils
Write my rhymes straight up, don't get with no fancy stencils
The rhymes we get is sweet, we stay away from tart
Our perfection is at work, perking up the art
If you want to battle, I suggest you check your clock
Your demise is coming up and I want your man to watch
Be the prime example, I deep instilled the sample
Insignificance, here I'll place you on the mantle
Born up in Harlem, reside down in Jamaica
The girl I used to rock, her moms was a claker
Now what does that make her? The evil money taker?
The crazy move faker, I used that to break her
Phife is in the house, Uncle Mike is in the house
Bob Power is in the house, Tim Latham is in the house
Wise Men is in the house, Brand Nubs is in the house
The J Beez, they in the house and De La, they in the house
I must regroup my thoughts and kick the next ones
for my people
Please don't be deceived by ugly slice of evil
The world is kinda cold and the rhythm is my blanket

Wrap yourself up in it, if you love it, then you'll thank it
Don't move to rebuttal, wave your hand for action
The ladies of the '90's want more than satisfaction
They want keys and Gs, and all those illy things
If you want to, I'll show you, just what the Ab can bring
I keep a tight net with my brothers Ken and Kenny
If the question is of rhymes, then I'll tell ya, I got plenty
The thing that men and women need to do is stick together
Progressions can't be made if we're separate forever
I hooked this funky beat with the loop and the feature
With the funky singing by Miss Vinia Mojica
So listen because the Quest is led through the underground
My people been up on Quest to long, no more will we be down
People tend to riff 'cause they don't know the mental
People tend to bug 'cause their beats are hard but gentle
Afro kinda lurks through the body of this youngun'
Play like Bobby Byrd on your back and your coming to
The house of the jazz, of the funk, of the rhythm
All the goods are welcome, but if you're a villain
I'll just wait and debate, contemplate your arrival
If flexing is your motive, then you don't like survival
The Abstract is speaking, the hard beats is reaching
The Black and Puerto Ricans
'cause their butt naked, streakin' through the ever murky streets
Of the urbanized areas
Blastin' out the speakers is the hip hop hysteria
Craig is in the house, Pete Rock is in the house
CL is in the house, Ultra Mag is in the house
Nice and Smooth is in the house, Big Daddy Kane is in the house
Beatnuts is in the house, Special Ed is in the house
Yeah
This one goes out to my man
Thanks a lot Ron Carter on the bass
Yes my man Ron Carter is on the bass
Now check it out
Born into the 91 decade
You gotta say the Quest is on
And goddamn it, yes the Quest is on
And we out!

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