Black Spasmodic

A Tribe Called Quest

[Intro: Q-Tip & (Q-Tip & Phife Dawg)]
Yo, y'all ready?
Yo, Phife, you ready?
Cons, you got that part, right? A'ight
(I dunno but it don't matter who choose to set it off
ATCQ, no doubt my niggas is boss
Little half-ass rappers, y'all pissin' me off
Time to dead 'em all off, yo, no matter the cost)[Hook: Consequence]
(Black) They don't make thugs of this caliber
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers
(Black) They don't make thugs of this caliber
(Spasmodic) Who kept up a buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Now look what he does to any challenger[Verse 1: Phife Dawg]
Now who want it with the Trini gladiator?
Mid finger to you haters, you biters not innovators
I take zero for granted, I honors my gift
Champion pen game, plus I'm freestyle equipped
You clowns be bum sauce, speak my name, it's curtains
HamdulillÄ•h, my crew's back to workin'
Trash rap the dead, pussy kill the chirping
No more fuck boys, sit down, shit can only get worse
And how do you touch mic with flows uncertain?
Speak game dry, boy, that flow ain't workin'
Folks throwin' items, them vex and cursin'
Fuck made me wanna see these niggas in person?
Third song in, motherfuckers dispersin'
Only to realize Donald Juice in the buildin'
Big tune this for man, woman, and children
Back on my bullshit, Busta Bus' then we kill them[Hook: Consequence]
(Black) They don't make thugs of this caliber
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers[Verse 2: Q-Tip]
My nigga spirit be talkin' to me, let me explain
Not through evil mediums, tarot cards, and Ouija games
But through mixing chords and boards

And even drum machinesâ€”he be saying:
"Nigga fuck awards, keep reppin' Queens"
And don't be taking slack from these non-rapping niggas, man
That intellectual shit you spit, you better change your plan
Especially when you see 'em at the lobby of a label
And they don't seem able to outstretch they hands
And admit they fans
You better flame 'em in the J's that they standing in
Ostracize they memory for not remembering
The articles reduce their body parts to particles
And dust the Dead Sea with their cremated molecules
I'm leaving, but nigga you still got the work to do
I expect the best from you, I'm watching from my heaven view
Don't disappoint me, make sure that they anoint me
As the blue ribbon pedigree, the best of show, five-foot-three
Speak of the legacy for short people around the world
Napoleonic, bionic people who cause the world to twirl
Rip every stage with grace, look right dead in they face
Live the Tribe principle of havin' impeccable taste
Enjoy that breath like that one was your last one left
If you don't believe me, Tip, there's truly life after death
So refer to the Biggie covers and shoutout my Trini brothers
And please check in on my mother...
Malik Izaak, call me shorty"[Hook: Consequence]
(Black) They don't make thugs of this caliber
(Spasmodic) Who kept up the buzz the whole calendar
(Black) Used to sell drugs out the Challenger
(Spasmodic) Used to keep guns with the silencers
(Black) (Spasmodic)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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