

Baby Phife's Return

A Tribe Called Quest

The mad man Malik makes MC's run for Milk of Magnesia
Maybe that'll ease ya
Master of this microphone macking, master as in great
I'll have your brain going in circles as my style tends to modulate
I'm making moves, never movies, that's why y'all MCs lose me
Retrace, won't, so your stubborn like groupies
Kid, you know my flavor, tear this whole jam apart
Fuck around and have your heart, like Jordan had Starks
While you playing hokey pokey, there's no time to be dokey
Cause I come out to play every night like Charles Oakley
Dissing around with wack rhyming
You lose your grip from chalk climbing
Let me take this time to say R.I.P. to Phyllis Hyman
Who never got the props that she damn well deserved
But see me, you don't want to see me, cause all MCs are getting served
The nerve, for you to even step to the Phifer
I'll bumrush your set and crush your whole cypher
Reserve, a spot for me in hip hop's hall of fame
Cause rapping ain't no game, big up your head and maintain
Yeah, Queens forever in this piece crushing any beef
Ain't nothing sweet, the bakery's across the fucking street
Phife Dawg, swinging it back and forth just like Aaliyah
Making moves on your heart like that trick Tamia
No doubt about it, I love hip hop to death
But yo Tip, bring in the chorus 'cause I'm losing my breathA, yo, you know the deal when the diggy Dawg is
on the scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene
You know the deal, ha, you know the dealBig up pop Duke, that's where I caught my athleticism
My mama, no doubt, that's where I got my lyricism
My nana, that's where I got my spiritualism
As for Tip and Shah, they made me stop from smoking izm
Now, when I'm with some cheese, I be letting off gism
Writing rhymes since Daddy Kane and Biz Mark was on Prism
I gotta brave heart like the one named Shirley Chisholm
As for my late twin, boy, I wish I was with him
Got the Lightro in the back talking bout (come on, get him)

And when it comes to rhymes, no doubt, I flip em
Sucker MC in my path, hey main, I say we ship him
Money please, your rhymes are wack, say word, this geek is tripping
Just because my name is Phife, my man, I'm never slipping
I got the type of flave to have your ass straight bitching
For those who act cute, see I got them on mute
Have you walking through your projects in your birthday suit
Cause your style is off loot, so I played him like a flute
If you're a sucker MC, then it's you I rebuke
My style is, everyday all day, similar to water
Crushing MC's as if my name was Sargent Slaughter
Keep shit hotter, than a sauna
Or better yet, the hormones on your Christian daughter
Hey, I tried to warn her
My sounds the type to kill, like the grill on Lauryn Hill
So all ya sucker MC's, y'all best go chill
Bout to go to Union Square so I can see my care bear
Singing good stuff in my ear, running fingers through my hair
Represent the Zulu Nation with illy rap creations
Just keep shit hotter than Death Row-Bad Boy confrontations
Chilling with Fudge Love because he represents the Haitians
Ya naw'meanWord up
I just want to big up everybody for supporting A Tribe Called Quest
Through the years
This be the fourth LP, you know what I'm saying?
Tip, Shaheed and Phife, Beats, Rhymes and Life
Featuring my man, you know what I'm saying, Consequence
192 is the area where we represent, for the ladies and gents, ha ha
You know what I'm sayin? Big up Shaheed Muhammad, that's my man
Christine, you know what I'm saying, word life
The Abstract Poetic, rocking this track
Bouncing it all over the place, up in your face
You know what I'm saying? My man Lightro

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