Award Tour

A Tribe Called Quest

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, N.C., VA
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Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Oaktown, L.A., San Fran, St. JohnPeople give your ears so I be sublime
It's enjoyable to know you and the concubine
Niggas, take off your coats ladies, act like gems
Sit down, Indian style, as we recite these hymns
See, lyrically I'm Mario Andretti on the mo-mo
Ludicrous, we speedy, or infectious with the slow-mo
Heard me in the eighties, J Beez on the promo
On my never ending quest to get the paper on the caper
But now, let me take it to the Queens side
I'm taking it to Brooklyn side
All the residential Questers to invade the way
Hold up a second son, 'cause we almost there
You can be a black man and lose all your soul
You can be white and blue but don't crap the roll
See my shit is universal, if you got knowledge and dolo
Of delf for self, see there's no one else
Who can drop it on the angle, acute at that
So, do that, do that, do do that that that(come on)
Do that, do that, do do that that that(OK)
Do that, do that, do do that that that
I'm bugging out, so let me get back 'cause I'm wettin niggas
So run and tell the others 'cause we are the brothas
I learned how to build mics in my workshop class
So give me this award, and let's not make it the lastWe on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
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Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
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Going each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, DC, DallasBack in '89, I simply slid into place
Buddy, buddy, buddy all up in your face
A lot of kids was busting rhymes but they had no taste
Some said Quest was wack, but now is that the case
I have a quest to have the mic in my hand
Without that, it's like Kryptonite and Superman

So Shaheed come in with the sugar cuts
Phife Dawg's my name, but on stage, call me Dynomutt
When was the last time you heard the Phifer sloppy
Lyrics anonymous, you'll never hear me copy
Top notch baby, never coming less
Sky's the limit, you gots to believe up in Quest
Sit back, relax, get up out the path
If not that, here's the dance floor, come move that ass
Non-believers, you can the steps
I roll with Shaheed and the brother Abstract
Niggas know the time when the Quest is in the jam
I never let a statue tell me how nice I am
Coming with more hits than the Braves and the Yankees
Living mad phat like an over sized Bam-bi
The wackest crews try to dis, it makes me laugh
When my track record's longer than a DC-20 aircraft
So, next time that you think you want something here
Make something deffer, take that garbage to St. ElsewhereWe on Award Tour with Muhammad my man
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S.C., Maryland, New Orleans, Motown
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