

# Award Tour (Jesse Fischer Brooklyn Dub Mix)

## 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  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Oaktown, L.A., San Fran, St. John  
People 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 last  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Going each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas  
Back 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 Dynamutt  
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 gotta 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. Elsewhere

Songwriters

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