

# Oh My God

## A Tribe Called Quest

Oh, my God, oh, my God  
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Oh, my God, oh, my God Listen up everybody, the bottom line  
I'm a black intellect but unrefined  
With precision like a bullet, target bound  
Just livin', like a hooker, the harlot sounds Now when I say the harlot, you know I mean the hot  
Heat in the equator, the brothers in the pot  
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hip  
Draftin' of the poets, I'm the number seven pick Licks, licks, licks, boy pon your backside  
Licks, licks, licks, boy pon your backside  
Listen to the fader, Shaheed let's it glide  
Tip the earthly body, heaven's on my side Even in Santo Domingo, man I gotta Gringo  
Yo, we got mics, when do we go?  
Know a little nigga who can rhyme when you ask me  
Short, dark, plus his voice is raspy One for the treble, two for the bass  
You know my style Tip, now watch me rip this  
I like my beats harder than two day old shit  
Steady eatin' booty MCs like cheese grits My man Al B. sure, he's in effect mode  
Used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue  
It's not like honey dip would wanna get with me  
But just in case I own more condoms than TLC Now the formula is this, me, Tip and Ali  
For those who can't count it goes one, two, three  
The answer, big up is who I who  
Brothas find this hard to do but never me Some brothas try to dis Malik, you see'm catchin' me  
And I care 'bout them booty MCs, my shit be hittin'  
Trainin' gladiator, anti-hesitater  
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada  
Mister Energetic, who me, sound pathetic?  
When's the last time you heard a funky diabetic? I don't know man, I don't know man  
I don't know man, I don't know, I don't know Oh, my God, oh, my God  
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Oh, my God, oh, my God Complimentary, The Thief of Poetry  
I got a humdinger comin' hook, line and sinker  
The Timbo hits with the prints underground  
Timbo's on the toes, I love the way it's goin' down Down like the lady of the evenin'  
And when it goes in, honey, just believe the sin  
'Cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place  
Take off your boots 'cuz you can't run the race See, this is how we do when we keep it on and on  
Do what  
Got my man, Big Mo with the streets and the papes  
My man Big Mo with the streets and Caprice This is how we do when we keep the wildin' sheets  
'Cuz we got to do it like this, we aim to please  
See ya next LP and next CD and next cassette  
Yo, we about to jet We A Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders  
Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders  
See ya next time 'cuz we the Midnight Marauders  
Aiyo, we out 'cuz we the Midnight Marauders  
Go to the record store and get the shit We work hard  
We A Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders  
Queens got it's own and Brooklyn got it's own  
Like that

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