

# A Tribe Called Quest, God Lives Through

"Oh my God!" - Busta Rhymes (16X)

[Phife Dawg]

There's a million MC's that claim they want some  
But see, I create sounds that make your ears go numb  
Peace to Sayers Ave., yeah you know how we go  
My best friend Steven at the Home Depot  
Lowerton is in the house, I can't forget Southside  
Walk past MC's like that girl did the Pharcyde  
I'm labeled as the cat's meow, the MC with the know-how  
Act like you know, not now, but right now  
Beast of the East, on MC's I have a feast  
I'd eat that ass like quiche, crack a smile like Shanice  
Straight out Jamaica scene, Jamaica, Queens  
But you could find me out in Georgia, or anywhere in between  
Now if my partners don't look good, Malik won't look good  
If Malik don't look good, the Quest won't look good  
If the Quest don't look good, then Queens won't look good  
But since the sounds are universal, New York won't look good  
Picture Phife losin a battle, come on, get off it  
Put down the microphone son, surrender forfeit  
Did I hear somethin bout a crew? What they wanna do?  
You better call Mr. Babyface, so he can bring out \_The Cool in You\_  
or it'll be a sad love song being sung by Toni Braxton  
And I'll dissect you like a fraction  
Oh, you wannabe top cat MC's, I'll pop you like a zit  
You wanna be the champ, you more like Chief Some-shit  
Big up myself everytime when it comes to this  
MC's be runnin scared as if they're watchin the Exorcist  
I kick more game than a crackhead from Hempstead  
My styles are milk, man, you'd think that I was breast fed  
You know the steelo when the diggy Dawg is on the scene  
I dedicate this to all the MC's outta Queens  
that goes for Onyx, LL, Run-D.M.C.  
Akinyele, Nasty Nas and the Extra P  
You need a chart, straight up and down man, there ain't no other  
Nuff respect to all my peeps that made the album cover  
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin  
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin  
Yo, Tip don't worry Dunn you know I get the party jumpin  
Get on the mic and break em off a lil lil sumthin (Ooohh...)

"Oh my God!" - Busta Rhymes (16X)

[Q-Tip] (over Busta Rhymes)

La, la, la, la..  
Doop, doo, do, do..  
La, la, la, la..  
Shooby-doop, do, do..  
La, la, la, la..  
Shooby-doo, do, do..  
You know I'm on the other, for the top 40  
Haha, you gotta do it like this..

We got the funk doody don shit, clearly it's the bomb shit  
So recognize me, kids memorize me  
Everyday, I be scroungin, really, I be loungin  
I play the down low, very very incognito  
Aries is my sign, I know that I can rhyme  
Sometimes I rhyme in riddles, plus I make the hunnies wiggle  
Intellect is the major, some heads like to wager  
The skills on the hill, overlookin dollar bills  
Man, ya crazy, thinkin you can phase me  
The Ab doesn't study near nonsense money

Life seems to meet me, MC's seem too cheesy  
With they doody ass renditions of defeatin competition  
I rock to the roll man, yes, I'm a soul man  
Bet'cha bottom dolla, Vinia will make ya holla  
As ya stand at attention, did I forget to mention  
MC's will give me twenty, if I sense that they act funny  
Lyrics are abundant, right there, I sound redundant  
Just mentionin the fact, that the area is fat  
I dwell in the unda, so hunny, it's no wonder  
That I get plenty of tail, well I even get white  
I'ma bet hittin head crack, there money, take that  
Breakin niggaz off, cut their bank, then I'm off  
While my Nik'es match my lil hat, beat joint is mad fat  
Got the cutter of the box if a kid thinks he's ox  
For tier means creator, the poetry relator  
It's hemp, like Betsy Ross, let me tell you who's the boss

La, la, la.. (&quot;Oh my God!&quot; - Busta Rhymes)  
La, la, la.. (&quot;Oh my God!&quot; - Busta Rhymes)  
La, la, la.. (&quot;Oh my God!&quot; - Busta Rhymes) smooth it y'all  
La, la, la.. (&quot;Oh my God!&quot; - Busta Rhymes)  
La, la, la.. (&quot;Oh my God!&quot; - Busta Rhymes)  
La, la, la.. (&quot;Oh my God!&quot; - Busta Rhymes)  
La, la, la.. (&quot;Oh my God!&quot; - Busta Rhymes)  
La, la, la.. (&quot;Oh my God!&quot; - Busta Rhymes)

Queens got a Zoo  
Brooklyn got a Zoo  
Bronx got a Zoo  
Long Island got a Zoo  
Long Island.. got the zone  
Jersey got a Zoo  
Philly got a Zoo  
Milwaukee got a Zoo  
L.A. got a Zoo  
Oaktown got the zone

La, la, la.. (4X)  
See, I like to get down Jack