

# A Tribe Called Quest, Mind Power

Featuring Consequence

Q-Tip:

Your new lesson is to realize the mission when you hear it  
MCin, see I got this in my spirit  
I got verses like Mahalia singin church hymns  
So strap up because you skatin on ice that's wild thin  
A weak foundation doesn't make a good home  
That's why mine is built on chrome microphones  
We bout to do it theoretically, insteadibly, to the medley  
Come on  
It's the complete Kamal, unique, Fareed, breed  
That'll keep you broke down like a horse 5 speed  
So move buddy, a yo we got to get this money  
In this land of dead and crummy, ain't a damn thing funny  
A yo, shout out to Mobb Deep, the Extra P  
Busta Rhymes, De La, the J Beez, so don't sleep  
We got reality for the carriage  
Stayin sincere to this, so I know we gonna manage  
Give me, liberty in mass amounts and Swiss bank accounts  
With the sustainer, it'll be real  
So me and my brothas, we can sit down and build  
Like Rampage with that last boy scout appeal  
We got that silk, satin, Manhattan intelligence feel  
That keeps everything on even keels  
So all you slow brothas talkin yang, ya poo tang  
Now, we gonna show you how the real crew bang

Consequence:

A yo, I bring it to you live kid, Queens niggaz love static  
Your rap's had it, braggin more numbers than mathematics  
I get brains on progmatic from leavin wet dreams shattered  
That's the same copy gettin in your mug shot  
I stays hot like summertime on LBQ and boo boo  
The love shack is 192, my joint's smooth  
To watch them niggaz fall like Linque  
I keeps it brand new like school shoppin  
It's on and poppin  
The club peeps this nigga's steez like rayon  
You get laid off while I'll be gamin ghetto girl like 8-Off  
The verdict's in, I be the look of blendin  
Give up your goods cuz it's the start of your endin

Q-Tip:

(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is  
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids  
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation  
(Where ya at?)

Phife:

Now, all that glock totin' trash you talk will not prevail  
It's stale, you'll either be dead or in jail  
I keeps it realer than the local one mill  
Denouncin tough guy wannabes that look smoother than silk  
That's the sound of the man gettin yanked off the stage  
Tryin to front like he mad paid  
Suckin so bad, we threw his mama off the train (insane)  
MCs are just givin it all away (OK)  
Who said him know about the Quest type sound?  
Mess around and get your ass knocked down (clown)  
I dedicate this to the posers that play hard  
You wanna hear some rhymes, well come bring your bodyguard  
So he can peep the worldwide Willie that we display  
Leavin all MCs in complete disarray

I beez a veteran MC, crushin crews for years  
You frontin hard, when you softer than the Berenstain Bears  
Yeah, chumps be like "Phife, that ain't fair"  
Fuck outta here, do I look like I care  
Come off my stage, before I grab ya neck and handle ya  
Wet ya like punani, then dry you like Canada  
Shaheed Muhammad's on the Gemini mixer  
Peace to Derrick Coleman, Mad Max and the Sixers  
I'm cappin hard cuz I got this rap shit sold  
>From Linden Boulevard down to Cascade Road  
You know my steez, I treat hip hop like a sport  
Holdin down fort up on Martinique Court like...

Q-Tip:

(Where ya at?) We seein life for what it is  
(Where ya at?) We get this money for these kids  
(Where ya at?) We bout to build the foundation  
(Where ya at?) We gonna start the Zulu Nation  
(Where ya at?) Come on, come on  
(Where ya at?) We gonna put it all together  
(Where ya at?) No matter what the hell the weather  
(Where ya at?)

Uh, uh, mind power (5X)

Uh, uh, kickin willie is good, all throughout your whole hood  
But we gotta start with the spirit first y'all  
Mind power