

Boyz II Men, Vibin' (The New Flava)

Treach: Hey boo!

Yeah did you remember the tip of tender fender bender
from last September you let me enter the center
so we went through the Winter?
Then we had a little prob, now we let it solve
Now you think that you get robbed, if you're givin bod
Well I'm stickin to the kitten cause it's hittin'
the only way I be splittin' if you pick it for money and trick it
You wanna dip, this is the brick you pick
So you ain't dismissed until both sets of lips kiss
It's the mother number one the phunky Phillified
The chilly side, Boyz II Men and women with the illy vibe
So until it's 9090
Just vibe with me and smile like your, wife behind me

Too high to get over (yeah yeah)
Too low to get under (yeah yeah)
Too high to get over (yeah yeah)
Too low to get under...army with harmony

Chorus:

We're just, vibin
Groovin, vibin
We're just, vibin
Groovin, vibin

Craig Mack (Puff Daddy in the background):

[That's right]
Just move it on down
And you came to feel the flav [Bad Boy, Bad Boy]
Haa! We just vibe to the beat [That's right]
The Mackalicious funk flav [Gotta get the cash]
Ah one two y'all! [Gotta get, gotta get the dough]

Craig Mack's got a lot in store for MC's so please listen
Fake rappers stop booin and hissin
My shit's the bomb, like nitroglycerin
Electrifying, if I said I wasn't I'd be lying
On the fader, from here to Grenada
Dope demonstrater creator of the force like hey Darth Vader
You imitator, I'm greater than your data
MC's run up so then they pack this doggie bag for later
I'm the, wisdom-mystical
Hyper-scientifical
Do your typical write rhymes get loaded take a miracle
to lyrical whip, the word dick on the side tip
Rhymes to flip, Hercules ain't got a tighter grip
Whoever said that you couldn't be beat? Well have a seat
Grab a spoon, taste some defeat
I shake MC's down directly to the ground
Boyz II Men make the world go round

Chorus (Repeats Twice)

Busta Rhymes:

How ya feel?
Party people, how ya feel?
Let me know if everything remains real!
Word up! Tell me how ya feel!

I feel good tonight, talk to me tell me how do ya feel
so that everything's alright
Word is bond! Busta Rhymes keep it comin
one time for your mind
Flip Mode y'all, yo

WHOOOO! That music feel my cool breeze
Make you bang your head from hear to overseas, now!
You feel the charge that we be generatin, conversatin'
Always get taken by vibes that be penetratin
I make you feel the sensation like we come into
the last days of Revelation, sometimes
that's how we be vibin'
Yes I'm gonna keep you smilin'
Hit you then I take you on a ride just like Coney Island
One two three it's simply you and me
While you listen I MC
Blow your mind and make you really want to par-ty
Ohh ohh! Take those bars and keep 'em swingin'
Ohh! Sometimes it makes me want to start singin'
But I keep on bringing...
...and swinging you better believe I keep your bells ringing
Feel the motion and the magic potion while we in the dancehall
With Boyz II Men we bring the universal vibe y'all!

Chorus (Repeats Twice)

Bring the universal vibe y'all
One time, Flip Mode is forever
Y'all get down and feel my thing
Guaranteed to make your fat butt swing
One time while I get on

Method Man:
Here come that real rap shit
Criminology, yeah
I mentally stab your brain with the pain
While other brothers spit mad game I spit flames
You know my fuckin' name, write joints with Mary J.
Johnny Blaze get methed right because it pays
Life insurance indeed as we proceed
To give the track menstraul cramps until it bleeds
Who the bad guy? It's I, the chinky eye
Knotty-head, rugged MC, from N.Y.
City, my whole rap committee get busy
My roots date back to Kizzy, now ask who is he?
Lady sings the blues then, I take it as a gem
That's able to raise Boyz II Men
A thousand, young black kids from out the housing
projects, ready to catch wreck, Ticallion
The center of attraction, guaranteed satisfaction
Stop the yappin' make it happen baby