

Butter

A Tribe Called Quest

1988 Senior Year at Garvey High Where all the guys were corny but the girls were mad fly

Lounging with the Tipster, cooling with Sha
Scoping out the honeys—they know who they are
I was the b-ball playing, fly rhyme saying
Fly girl getting but never was I sweating
Cause when it came to honeys I would go on a stroll
Until I met my match—her name was Flo
Yeah, I messed around with the one called Flo
All the troopers 'round the way used to call her a ho
But deep down in my heart I knew that Flo was good to go
Cause I thought it was me like Bell Biv Devoe
But little did I know that she was playing with my mind
The only thing I learned is good girls are hard to find
I feel like Heavy D I need somebody for me
Not someone whose mind is blank
And trying to juice me for my banks
Swinging with my main man Lucky behind my back
What type of crap is that—yo, how's about a smack?
Word life, I can't front, thought I was all that
But now it seems, I've met my match
I was a stone cold lover, you couldn't tell me jack
Settling down with one girl, wasn't trying to hear that
I had Tonya, Tamika, Sharon, Karen, Tina, Stacy, Julie, Tracy
Used to love 'em, leave 'em, skeeze 'em, tease 'em
Find 'em, lose 'em - also abuse 'em
My whole attitude was new day, next hon
And believe it or not, they all got done
Well here comes Flo, with the crazy whip appeal
And I'm all true man, like Alexander O'Neal
Is this really love, then again how would I know
After all this time trying to be a Super Ho
She finally played me, but yo I'd find another
Cause I got the crazy game and yo, I'm smooth like butter
It's like Butter, it's like butter baby
It's like Butter, it's like butter baby
It's like Butter, it's like butter baby
It's like Butter, it's like butter baby
It's like Butter, like the butter baby
Not no Parkay, not no margarine,
Strickly butter baby, strictly butter baby
I remember when girls were goodie two shoes but now they turned to freaks
All of a sudden ("We love you Phife")
Ease off ho, my name's Malik
Phife this, Phife that, where you going, where you at
These girls don't know me from jack, yet I feel like the Mack

You didn't want me then, so yo hon, don't want me now
Here, Here - take the towel, wipe off your brow
And take the contact out your eye, you're far from looking fly
You get an E for effort, and T for nice try
Now tell me what's the reason, for dying your hair
Slum village gold still dangling in your ear
You barely have a neck but still sporting a rope
Four-finger ring just so Phife can scope
You looked in the mirror, didn't know what to do
Yesterday your eyes were brown but today they are blue
Your whole appearance is a lie and it could never be true
And if you really liked yourself then you would try and be you
If your hair and eyes were real, I wouldn't have dissed ya
But since it was bought, I had to dismiss ya
But if you can't achieve it, then why not try and weave it
If you can't extend it then you might as well suspend it
If you can't braid it, best thing to do is fade it
I asked who did your hair and you tell me Diane made it
If you were you and just you, talk to you, maybe
But I can't stand, no bionic lady
Trying hard to look fly, but yo, you're looking dumber
If I wanted someone like you I would've swung with Jaime Sommers
You wanna be treated right, see Father MC
Or check Ralph Tresvant, for sensitivity
Cause I am not the one, I got more game than Parker Brothers
Phife Dog is on the mic and I'm smooth like butter

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>