

God Lives Through

A Tribe Called Quest

"Oh my God!" -> Busta Rhymes
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(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. ("Oh my God!")
 La, la, la. ("Oh my God!")
 La, la, la. ("Oh my God!", smooth it y'all) La, la, la. ("Oh my God!")
 La, la, la. ("Oh my God!")
 La, la, la. ("Oh my God!")
 La, la, la. ("Oh my God!")
 La, la, la. ("Oh my God!") 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.
 See, I like to get down Jack

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

