

# The Chase, Pt. II

## A Tribe Called Quest

I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out  
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I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the  
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I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out  
I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out  
I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out Them can't touch me, no, them can't touch  
me  
Them can't hold me, no, them can't hold me  
Them can't touch me, no, them can't touch me  
Them can't hold me, no, them can't hold me Damn, Phife, you got fat, yeah, I know it looks  
pathetic  
Ali Shaheed Muhammad got me doing calisthenics  
Needless to say, boy, I'm bad to the bone  
Making love to my mic like Jarobi on the phone  
But um, no time for jokes, what? There's bills to be paid, what?  
Hoes to be laid, what? Punks to be sprayed, what?  
Chumps to attack, so my man, watch your back  
'93 means skills are a must, so never lack, uh Sit back and learn, come now, watch the birdie  
Your styles are incomplete, same as Vinny Testaverde  
Battlin', whenever hot damn  
Give me the microphone bwoy, one time, bam Keep it on the corner c'uz here comes the heat  
Lyrically it stays, the jazz will pace the beat  
As we proceed to elevate you, we in fo-fo  
Run and tell your dad the abstract's the bag As we proceed to move your high parts, we know  
who has ass  
Poets got the gimmicks but they lack the sassafras  
To make the average hardrock and cock the glock  
And roam the city streets on the jury, they hot  
I be ingredients like sugar and candy  
If your life is broke, girl I'll be the handy-dandy  
That commends you, my fee is a shower  
For you, I'll scrub your back and I'll soap the butt-crack Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff  
Fuckin' with the ab, you got the greatest of gifts  
Yo, my mic is sounding bug, bob power, you there? Yeah  
Adjust the bass and treble make my shit sound clear I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the  
party out  
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I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out  
 I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out  
 I'm 'bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out Whoop, back yourself man, come, watch  
 me drop it  
 For showing me I could do it, for showing me I can rock it  
 Me not deal wit no changaram, bangaram business  
 I got soul on a hymn, like Jehovah's got the witness Musically, the three, poetically be me  
 We in jammin' on the airwaves, kids just rave  
 Obey the MC's 'cuz the MC's say  
 We flippin' more niggaz like we Super Dave But noticin' my stature, y'all niggaz know we  
 gotcha  
 Movin' to the rapture, listen how we catch ya  
 Movin' with the grace, here we go, let's begin  
 Makin' people jump out their goddamn skin Lyrically, we bite like we Rin Tin Tin  
 Peace to grand pu and his many, many skins  
 Don't mark with the arrow 'cuz we know we get the wins  
 It's the Ab Shaheed and the dawg for the blend And I wanna say peace to my man  
 Rob P, my man Jerod and  
 Skeff Anslem on the help out and we out like shout  
 Nine-tre, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh I don't wanna say nine-tre  
 'Cause my man extra P said don't say the years  
 So, it's for eternity, know what I'm sayin?  
 Rock, rock on, everybody in Queens, rock, rock on Everybody in Brooklyn, rock, rock on  
 Money earnin' Mt. Vernon, rock, rock on  
 Everybody in Jersey, rock, rock on  
 Everybody in Philly, rock, rock on Everybody in Houston, rock, rock on  
 Everybody L.A., rock, rock on  
 Everybody in the sand, rock, rock on  
 Everybody in Egypt, rock, rock on Everybody Nigeria, rock, rock on  
 Everybody in London, rock, rock on  
 Everybody in Sweden, rock, rock on  
 Everybody in beware, rock, rock on To the niggaz on the famous, rock, rock on  
 Everybody no name, rock, rock on  
 To the kids at nu-clear, rock, rock on  
 The cave rock, rock on  
 Mcdonald's, rock rock on This concludes midnight program  
 Press any key to return to the main menu

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