

1nce Again (feat. Tammy Lucas)

A Tribe Called Quest

You on point Phife?

1nce Again Tip

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1nce Again Tip

Word

Watch me bust they shit

OK

Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce Again my friend

I swear you do it to me everytime

Cause you stay crazy on my mind

Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on

On and on and on This is the year that I come in and just devastate

My style is great ask your peoples can I dominate?

My rhymes are harder than last night's erection

Don't play me close, I'll have this mic up in your rear section

My shit is lovely simply meaning that my joint is tight

Amping up the mic making sure production's tight

Sometimes I might catch a severe case of writer's block

But by the end of the day you'll be on my jock

My name's Malik my hobby's putting MC's to the test

And if you front I'll put my foot up in your friggin chest

Freestyle fanatic, and never will it ever stop

You crew is loose, you might just want to call the cops

Aiyyo I gotta put some action on paper

Make sure my verse jump up and spread out like the raper

The only tip I got for a waiter

Is watch the doorknob hit me where the dirty dog shoulda bit me

That was my train of thought, but for so long I fought

Now I'm at a level supreme to the devil

So turn up the bass and lay low on the treble

We be the real MC's and you dead, bring a shovel

Revitalize, the vital Tribe nigga, WHAT?

The ladies sweat the style like the squirrel sweat the nuts

You know a fellas good for the moola

Don't smoke no woolas, read the name call me Slick Tip the Ruler Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce

Again my friend

I swear you do it to me everytime

Cause you stay crazy on my mind

Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on

On and on and on Yo I've been treading on this globe man for twenty-five joints

Sometimes Shaitan got me by the pressure points
But I can break a fella down like sex
You eat Wheat Chex but still light in the ass and can't flex
If one nigga front I'ma make more pay
Cause toniiiiight, we gettin off like O.J.
And yo I got a Dawg that bites, fuck the barking
Yo I got a crew with the beats and the smarts and I fought my shit up on Linden in the one-nine-
two

Forever writing never biting ain't shit else to do
Hoping to battle, but most MC's ain't ready yet
But if they huddle, and word, then this is good as set
You have MC's dropping bombs that's incredible
Some of the brothers, their styles are just despicable
As for me see I just do how I love to do
Try to deny me of my props then I'll be seeing you
Most of you suckers wanna be down for the tag along
The friggin fame, someone tell em that this shit ain't games
You gots to do this from your heart meaning your inner soul
And if it's real only then will you be on a roll
I try to stay on top my game there ain't no time to lose
Four albums deep as a Quester but still we payin dues
So hear me out one time, you gots ta be yourself
Cuz if you ain't yourself you end up by your friggin self
I'm coming rugged with the Linden Boule type of slang
And yo we'll see who can hang yo You on point Tip?

Yo 1nce Again Phife

You on point Tip?

Yo 1nce Again Phife

You on point Tip?

Yo 1nce again Phife

Aiyyo that kid is hard! Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce Again my friend

I swear you do it to me everytime

Cause you stay crazy on my mind

Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on

On and on and on

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