Oh My God

A Tribe Called Quest

Listen up everybody, the bottom line
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined
With precision like a bullet, target bound
Just living like a hooker, the harlot sounds
Now when I say the harlot, you know I mean the hot
Heat of the equator, the broth that's in the pot
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hip
Drafting of the poets, I'm the #7 pick
Licks licks licks boy 'pon your backside
Licks licks licks boy 'pon your backside
Listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide
Tip the earthly body, heaven's on my side
Even in Santo Domingo when I got a Gringo
We got mics, when do we go?
Know a little nigga who can rhyme when you ask me
Short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy
1 for the treble, 2 for the bass
You know the style Tip, it's time to flip this
I like my beats hard like two day old shit
Steady eating booty MCs like cheese grits
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode
Used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue
It's not like honey dip would wanna get with me
But just in case I own more condoms than T.L.C
Now the formula is this: me, Tip, and Ali
For those who can't count it goes 1-2-3
The anti batty boy, big up is who I be
Brothers find this hard to do but never me
Some brothers try to diss but Malik, you see 'em bitching
Me no care about them dibby MC, my shit is hitting
Trini gladiator, anti-hesitater
Shaheed push the fader from here to Grenada
Mr Energetic, who me sound pathetic?
When's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?
(I don't know man, I don't know man, I don't know man)
(I don't know, I don't know)
Oh my God, yes, oh my God
Oh my God, yes, oh my God
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Oh my God, yes, oh my God
Oh my God, yes, oh my GodComplementary are we, the three for poetry
I got a humdinger coming hook line and sinker
The Timbo hoofs with the prints on the ground
Timbos on the toes, I like the way it's going down
Down like a lady of the evening
When it goes in Toots just believe it's in
Cause Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place
Take off your cleats cause you can't run the raceOh my God, yes, oh my God
Oh my God, yes, oh my God
Oh my God, yes, oh my God
Oh my God, yes, oh my God
Oh my God, yes, oh my God
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Oh my God, yes, oh my GodThe title MC means Master of Ceremony
Some people who MC don't know what this term means
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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