

# Electric Relaxation

## A Tribe Called Quest

Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down (4x)

Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized  
With your black hair and fat-ass thighs  
Street poetry is my everyday  
But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way  
If I was workin at the club you would not pay  
Aiyyo, my man Phife Diggy, he got somthin to say

I like em brown, yellow, Puero Rican or Hatian  
Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu Nation  
Told you in the jam that we can get down  
Now lets knock the boots like the group H-Town  
You got BBD all on your bedroom wall  
But Im above the rim and this is how I ball  
A pretty little somethin on the New York street  
This is how I represent over this here beat  
Talkin bout you

Yo, I took you out  
But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route  
My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state  
But I couldnt drop dimes cause you couldnt relate

Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl  
Drive you insane, drive you up the wall  
Starin at your dome-piece, very strong  
Stronger than pride, stronger than Teflon  
Take you on the ave and you buy me links  
Now I wanna pound the putang until it stinks  
You can be my mama and Ill be your boy

Original rude boy, never am I coy  
You can be a shorty in my ill convoy  
Not to come across as a thug or a hood  
But hon, you got the goods, like Madeline Woods  
By the way, my names Malik  
The five-foot freak  
Lets say we get together by the end of the week  
She simply said, no, labelled me a hoe  
I said, how you figure? my friends told me so.  
I hate when silly groupies wanna run they yap  
Word to god, hon, I dont get down like that

Ill have you weak in the knees that you could hardly speak  
Or we could do like Uncle L and swing an ep in my jeep  
Keep it in the down, yo, we keep it discrete  
See, Im not the type to kid to have my biz in the streets

If my mom dont approve, then Ill just elope  
Let me sink the little man from inside the boat  
Let me hit it from the back, girl I wont catch a hernia  
Bust off on your couch, now you got Seamens furniture

Shaheed, Phife and the Extra p  
Stacy, Beagle, DJ and my man L.G.  
They know the abstract is really soul on ice

The character is of men, never ever of mice  
Shorty let me tell you about my only vice  
It has to do with lots of lovin and it aint nuthin nice