

# 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 livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds  
now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hott  
V-A-V-A-Vader, the brothers in the spot  
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hit  
Captain of the poets, I'm the #7 pick  
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside  
lick, lick, lick boy on your backside  
listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide  
Tip the earthly body  
heavens on my side  
even in Santo Domingo  
Can I gotta Gringo  
we got mikes when do we go  
know a little nigga who can rhyme when you ask me  
short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy  
Phife Dawg  
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 eatin booty M.C's 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 answer(scratch-Damn right I'm)Hiccup is how i be  
brothers find it's hard to do but never me  
some brothers try to dis my malik  
you see'm ditchin me  
now cure all the B.B. M.C.'s my shit is hittin  
trainin gladiator, anti-hesitater  
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada  
Mr. energetic, who me sound pathetic  
when's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?  
(I don't know man(3x))  
(I don't know(2x))

(Oh My God yes, Oh my god(10))

Complimentary it be  
the thief of Poetry  
I got a humdinger comin hook line and sinker  
the TIMBO hits with the prints underground  
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down  
down like the lady of the evenin  
when it goes in Toots just beleive the sin  
cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place  
Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race

[Chorus]:  
(Oh My God(14))