

# Phony Rappers

## A Tribe Called Quest

Intro: Kamaal (Q-Tip)

Phony rappers who do not write

Phony rappers who do not excite

Phony rappers, check it out, aight

Verse One: Kamaal (Q-Tip)

Yo, I was riding the train

And this Puerto Rican kid said simple and plain

Let's battle

It kinda took me by surprised

Cuz the brother was moving wit his eyes on the prize

I said screw it, I ain't got nuttin to lose but um

But I got to do this shit real quick so um

Hurry up kid, bust your joints and then I'll bust mine

And I be out cuz I got to see this hottie, he said ok

Now check it, check it out, blah, blah, blah, blah, that's what he said

Then I came back and just fucked up his head

Cuz yo, he thought an MC who was seen on TV

Couldn't hold the shit down in New York City

Aiyyo, I showed his ass, then I went off on my task

To bless her ass Uptown, real MC's will hold it down

Yea, yea, sonny, to the beat like that

You wanna bring it to me, where you at

Verse Two: Phife Dawg

Yes, dread, I had a similiar situation

When this kid tried to tell me I didn't deserve my occupation

He said I wasn't shit that I was soon to fall

I looked him up and down, grab my crotch and said balls

Of course he tried to bring it on the battling tip

Ay, you know me, you know I had to come out my shit

Trying to lounge at the mall, meet Skef and Mr Walton

Finally I banged his ass wit the verbal assault

He said a rhyme about his .45 and his nickelbags of weed

That's when I preceeded to give him what he needed

Talking 'bout I need a Phillie right before I get loose

Poor excuse, money please, i get loose off of orange juice

Preferly Minute Maid cuz that's exactly what it takes

To write a rhyme, huh, to school your nickels and your dimes

Because an MC like me be on TV

Don't mean I can't hold my shit down in NYC

Phony rappers who do not write

Phony rappers who do not excite

Phony rappers, you know they type

Phony rappers, check it

Verse Three: Phife, Consequence

It seems there's a sanitation, y'all full of thrash talker

Sounding good but money can you feed the dog hawker

Talking 'bout your mic days and your breakdancing

Not enhancing, you sound tired

Oh, shit, I didn't know you like to play yourself in front'cha friends

Sitting there, lying to no end

MC's for me make things happening

Talk about a world but in a form of rapping

Who will be the captain of this ship

If it goes down, don't you know you have to go wit it

Just because you rhyme for a couple of weeks

Doesn't mean that you've reach the MC's peak

Let me stop sounding all bitter  
Ghetto child, never be a quitter  
But don't be a phony in the litter  
Take it as a letter from the better  
Take it from a man who used to rhyme in busted ass jetta's  
C: Yo, Phife, you need a condom  
P: Word to God, mess around  
    I catch Aids from Mc's being on my nuts too hard  
C: Cuz on my blvd you better bring your bodyguard  
P: And what's your blvd  
C: LP, I represent naturally  
P: So don't step on the roly if you know that you're phony  
    Or else I bend that ass like elbow macaroni  
    Cuz I gotta keep it real (gotta keep it real)  
    A Tribe Called Quest, you see we never half step  
C: (So on your mark) get ready, MC's be jetti  
    Me and Phife be on ya like Veronica and Betty  
    Archie, Jughead, snuffing Mc's  
    From Brainslane down to Hempstead  
P: Yes 'Quence, see over  
    His rhyme style is older than a Chrysler car Nova  
    I'm wilder than the cats from Arizona  
    Villanova, un, un, Kentucky  
    Whos' the next MC stepping up to try and bust me  
    Bring him here and boy, will I ever let him have it  
C: And when it comes to the microphone, don't even try to grab it  
    What?