

# Rock Rock Y'all

## A Tribe Called Quest

Yo! We about to rock this joint, from the family. And we want ya'll all to know, that it's time...

CHORUS (all):

To rock rock ya'll

Freak freak ya'll

To the beat ya'll

It's unique ya'll (2x)

A-yo praise the master, make plans wit' your pastor

My rap'll blast ya, send you to the hereafter

I push a tractor, for horses grazin' in the pasture

Ya heard I was trickin', the whole room filled with laughter

In ciphers, I'm the one you don't rhyme after

You only know half of the math, it don't add up

The lead batter, my hits make ya frame shatter

Watch me now! Just begun like Jimmy Castor

I'm bad luck just like walkin' under ladders

Mad rappers, book of life, last chapter

Me and my squad build just like contractors

I break shit, you only give hairline fractures

Women flash us, don't know ya better ask us

A bastard, wit' more contacts than Lens Crafters

Tear down the rafters, venerials couldn't clap us

You need practice, hit chicks then I'm Casper

The church of scientology, feminine biology

Manic depressive psychologically, A.D.D. alive and we

Polluted by technology, the fumes and its ecology

While your thought you was out of copy I get nastier than sodomy

Probably an oddesey, started back on robbery

Was the degree of the economy that do the sovereignty

Regarded as a prodigy, leery in sociology

Let the wallabees always conceal my gynecology

Rhymin' pathologically, that's how it gotta be!

Never makin' no apology, worshippin' my anthropology

Fuck modesty, studyin' microbiology

Causin' verbal lobotomy, it's in my geneology

Six months of sobriety, movin' very methodically

Like a unicorn, more ways than oceanography

Guard technology, rip shows antibioticly

True thugs bionically, give birth to criminology

Yo as a youngin', I swear to God you couldn't tell me nothin'

I swore I was gettin' somethin', clothes or humpin'

For girls with the church, slacks with some shirts tucked in

I set it up for money, my mom worked when I was cuttin'

Unsigned strugglin', for the heat I lit the oven

One would by the CD, the other would do the dubbin'

Before I met Rob, I was in the clubs frontin'

Oh yeah I know the Tip, when I see him I be duckin'

But now when I'm clubbin', those that used to dis were buggin'

Overweight chicks, spandex, they stomachs sucked in

Stay interruptin', dance and try to cut in

Told people you got in free when you really snuck in

We never get concerned about who's in the league

We just stay workin' so no one will need

An unconcerned outsider givin' niggaz feed

My niggaz puff weed but negotiate the seed

The family is granite and you can't intercede

I try to switch lanes at this operatin' speed

Cats in the game be gamblin' with greed  
We the house, you the player and we gonna catch these  
Who's the Sam Sneed makin' microphones bleed  
Poker face creed while my mind just read  
Shorty got rhythm but her freak got freed  
That's insignificant but this take heed  
They say I'm pretty like Clay is, bright like the day is  
Beats from my fleet be sweet like Sugar Ray is  
I'm swingin' this from Bay Ridge to where the Oakland Bay is  
My game is tough to play, I'm tough to weigh like your safe is  
The aim is, to make you recognize what the name is  
Mos Def gon' set it straight from where the 718 is  
The place with the great superiginate the flavors  
An all-star block with some all-star laymans  
(Turn the music down!) This is probably some haters  
Achin' cuz they hear us rotatin' on the playlist  
>From B-boy laces to Detroit gators  
Yo Tip I got to bail, where the scale? Help me weigh this...  
Yo! We wan't ya'll to know...that this is the family, right?  
And what we want everybody out there to do...on the dance floor...  
is get ready...because noooooowwww we gonna...  
CHORUS (6x) to fade out