

## Verses from the Abstract

### A Tribe Called Quest

I had a dream about my man last night  
And my man came by the, the studio  
And his name is  
Busta Rhymes in effect, Shaheed is in effect  
Phife did-awg is in effect  
Check it out and give me my 'spect  
I'm movin', yes I'm groovin' 'cuz my mouth is on the motor  
Use the coast in the mornin' to avoid the funky odor  
Can't help bein' funky, I'm the funky abstract brotha  
Funky in a sense, but I play the undacova  
Once had a fetish, fetish for some booty  
Now I'm gettin' funky and my rappin', that's my duty  
Brothas tend to jock on the style in particular  
If you got the ego like some brothas, then I'll get with ya  
But if I don't pursue, then I just don't give a  
My motto in the 90's is be happy makin' bucks  
Girls love the Jim, 'cuz it causes crazy friction  
When it goes up in and fluctuates the diction  
I still understand the uh 'cuz that's what I met her for  
I'm hooked on the swings, so just call me the music whore  
Women love the voice, brothas dig the lyrics  
Quest the people's choice, we thrive it for the spirit  
If you can't hear it, then get the wax utensils  
Write my rhymes straight up, don't get with no fancy stencils  
The rhymes we get is sweet, we stay away from tart  
Our perfection is at work, perkin' up the art  
If you want to battle, I suggest you check your clock  
Your demise is comin' up and I want your man to watch  
Be the prime example, I deep instilled the sample  
Insignificance, here I'll place you on the mantle  
Born up in Harlem, reside down in Jamaica  
The girl I used to rock, her moms was a claker  
Now what does that make her? The evil money taker?  
The crazy move faker, I used that to break her  
Phife is in the house, Uncle Mike is in the house  
Bob Power is in the house, Tim Latham is in the house  
Wise Men is in the house, The Brand Nubs is in the house  
The J Beez, they in the house and De La, they in the house  
I must regroup my thoughts and kick the next ones for my people  
Please don't be deceived by ugly slice of evil  
The world is kinda cold and the rhythm is my blanket  
Wrap yourself up in it, if you love it, then you'll thank it  
Don't move to rebuttal, wave your hand for action  
Some women in the '90's want more than satisfaction  
They want keys and Gs, and all those illy things  
If you want to, I'll show you, just what the ab can bring  
I keep a tight net with my brothas Ken and Kenny  
If the question is of rhymes, then I'll tell ya, I got plenty  
The thing that men and women need to do is stick together  
Progressions can't be made if we're separate forever  
I hooked this funky beat with the loop and the feature  
With the funky singin' by Miss Vinia Mojica  
So listen because the quest is led through the underground  
My people been up on quest to long, no more will we be down  
People tend to riff 'cuz they don't know the mental  
People tend to bug 'cuz their beats are hard but gentle  
Afro kinda lurks through the body of this youngun'

Play like Bobby Byrd on your back and your comin' to  
The house of the jazz, of the funk, of the rhythm  
All the goods are welcome, but if you're a villain  
I'll just wait and debate, contemplate your arrival  
If flexin' is your motive, then you don't like survival  
The abstract is speakin', the hard beats is reachin'  
The black and Puerto Ricans 'cuz their butt naked  
Streakin' through the ever murky streets of the urbanized areas  
Blastin' out the speakers is the hip hop hysteria  
Craig is in the house, Pete Rock is in the house  
CL is in the house, Ultra Mag is in the house  
Nice and Smooth is in the house, Big Daddy Kane is in the house  
Beat nuts is in the house, special Ed is in the house  
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah  
And this one goes out to my man  
Thanks a lot Ron Carter on the bass  
Yes my man Ron Carter is on the bass  
Now check it out  
Born into the 91 decade  
You gotta say the quest is on  
And goddamn it, yes the quest is on  
And we out