

# What Really Goes On

## A Tribe Called Quest

Chorus:

We got the bump-da-bump-da-bump bump (6x)  
We got the bump-da-bump-da-bump bump-da-bump-da-bump  
Bump-da-bump-da-bump

Q-tip:

Yo, we preparin ourselves for this ultimate war  
The mcs are really lost and it's at a big cost  
We be rhymin at our show thinkin we gettin dough  
Movin throught every town off the fumes of...  
And accolades of the crowd with our chests out proud  
Yo, we bout to pack these joints so that these...sound loud  
Some kids be actin stank like a baby pant  
Its the rapper abstract that make the joint get amped  
Yo, use your body maker and use your minds, to break true  
Yo, we gotta do the do  
Son, we livin in a time where mad folks talk (shit)  
Representin they crews or they east-west clicks  
Let me tell everybody from coast to coast  
About the lands we boast, but we don't own jack  
How the (fuck) we movin through makin moves like that?  
How the (hell) we movin through makin moves like that?  
Can you explain that? I doubt that, very highly  
We got jewels and mo and the life is tight rowdy  
Everybody lookin (shitty) like a to down committee  
Lets make these institutions, body slam for the smitties  
I got girls with plenty tails, smarts and big (titties)  
And they all stressin me, yo, really?  
What really goes on? (james brown: I don't know)

Chorus:

Q-tip:

One is for the beat and the two is for the rhyme  
Three is for the life, now we on this incline  
Never catch this kid stickin forks in swine  
Never ran my gibbs in nuthin less than a dime  
A few of my brothas did that asshole one time  
Strivin miss sunrise, sometimes is known as crime  
The three twenty-five got that windex shine  
And when I shot skelly, I had my boxes in lines  
All I wanna do is live life and be fair  
I used to stress girls with long legs and long hair  
Now, I want a woman with a spiritual flair  
God will never make it too hard for me to bare  
Im hungry like a derelict whose stays in the diluse  
Some can count me out, but yo, I doubt that I lose  
The westernized world got our minds confused  
You frontin on me, ak, then you don't get bruised  
The funny style cats, they be playin games like chucky  
Government officials shoot their same old...  
Made of devil agents a.k.a. the devil flunky  
Stiff (ass) squares gettin mad cuz we funky  
This the crap game, then we got the top rolls  
The positive jumps the negative like frogs  
Resentin evil vibes, yo, that (shit) is at the morgue  
We celebrate laughin down in at the smorgas borg  
You still lookin (shitty) like a to down committee  
Lets make this institution, buy the land for the smitties  
I got girls with tails, plenty smarts and big (titties)

And they all stressin me...really  
Chorus: