

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: