

Do It, See It, Be It

Q-Tip

"For real.
Everybody's a star, everybody shine
("Shine. Shine. Shine")
Follow your heart and not mankind.
("Kind. Kind. Kind")
For real, for real.
I'm 'bout to do my thing to shine.
Said everybody
Shine.
See'mon."

It's not luck that I'm sittin' here
Spittin' for y'all.
Preeld in by Allah that I'm hittin' for y'all.
Growin' up on the New York concrete lookin'
Like a little snotty dish of prodigy cookin'.
They called me Little Man all in the boulevard.
When I was young, my family used to party hard.
Gangs of uncaptured kids turned to blood ketchup.
The illest niggas was
Richard Pryor and Ronnie Bump.
Skinned knees from being bad-ass little boys.
Police si-re-ns and baby screams
Was average noise.
Hip-Hop came, the ghetto copped the soundtrack.
Street poetry to tracks, could you beat that?
Malik Taylor introduced it to me.
He said, 'Forget Benny Hill, nigga.
Let's M.C.!!'
Twelve years old, rhymin' in the backroom.
For echoes, we used to rhyme in the bathroom.
Run-D.M.C., Slick Rick and Doug E.
Fresh.
The Juice Crew rule but who's this nigga KRS?
Reference points, too many to wish for.
Battlin' niggas on trains, I stay raw.
Never let my dream die.
I was happy and high goin'
To Alee's and Bed-Stuy
We made our first demo tape.
Ex-cited like a motherfucker,
Lookin' for our first break.

I know
("For real.")
You can do it.
Be abiding, y'all.
("Listen to the story I tell, yo.
For real.")
I know
("Don't let 'em hate to front you.")
You can see it.
("Get up and follow me and flow again.
Use my life as an example.")
Do it, and see it, and be nobody else!

Jungle Brothers, De La,

They gave me little light.
In Top, Three Feet, Buddy, that was alright.
One year later, the Tribe was initiated.
Bonita came, it was wild how she dominated.
Can I Kick It parled us to our next phase.
So drunk in those days,
I truly was amazed
How I got up enough to make tunes.
People cheered me.
It was Foreign,
Then came Low End Theory.
People quickly recognized who we are,
Phife is ill and Busta is a superstar.
Tours with P.E., Naughty, and the Geto Boys.
Arsenio Hall, women then were evil toys.
Whisperin' hate inside
My brother's virgin ears.
Trying to hurt but, yo,
We stood amongst the tears.
Midnight was even tighter,
Now look at us.
Condoms is on the rider stored on the bus.
It got funky right here,
I had to save my life.
In the snow after the show,
I had a fight wit' Phife.
Moves to a land to get away
But back home job was urkin' us,
It sent me throuh a danger zone.
The good thing, I found Allah in the process.
An angel appeared wit' sneaky ways and gave me stress.
Now what am I to do?
My album's platinum but I'm still feelin' blue. see'mon.

Yeah
Yeah
Yeah
("You can do it.")
Yeah
Yeah
("I know.")
Yeah
Yeah
("You can see it.")
Yeah

Makin' my way, the wilderness has grown fierce.
Redemption and my heart, both of them was pierced.
Crashed my truck, didn't think I'd make it out.
Had a hit on my life, he thought I screwed his wife!
Plus my house burned down, me
And Ands was in it.
My crew was tired and I knew we had to end it.
But through all of this, I'm still here.
Take notes and let hope floats.
I'm still here. Take note and let hope float.
I know
I'm still here. Take notes and let hope float.
You can do the same shit that I'm doin'.
You can do it.
You can do the same thing that I'm doin'.
Be abidin', chy'all.
I'm still here, take note, let it,

I know,
Still here, take notes and let it float.
Ha-ha.
Still here, take, and let it
You can see it.
You can do the same thing I'm doin'.
Thing that I'm doin'.
Do it, and see it, and be nobody else!
Still here, take, and let it,
I know,
Still here, take notes, let it float.
See'mon.
Still here, take notes, let it float.
See'mon.
You can do it.
Do the same thing that
I'm doin' if ya pay attention.
Be abidin', y'all.
I know
You can see it.
Do it, and see it, and be nobody else!