

## Wait Up

## Q-Tip

We on a brand new page. ("Uh.") Millennium days,  
desperation on the streets gotta find a new way  
Keep the mics and choke holds. The saga unfolds  
Machavellian approaches executed by the coach  
I'm in these streets like a ghost  
The air-jettin' artist  
To the love, I hit 'em right plus I hit the hardest, man  
I got a whole new approach for the rhymin'  
You cherry cats slide, I'm holdin out for the Heisman  
Uh! You play the rappin' roll  
I take the rap and sold,  
and intertwine it wit' mine and turn a half to whole  
I'm just a genie in a Jack bottle  
Them fake ballin'-ass cats is just a wack model  
This joint knocks wit' the force of a gat throttle  
I live by 'You put it out, we get it back' motto  
Hey. But who around but just your average reproduction, love  
Rap is gettin' lose so all the ice is screamin' 'Thug'  
What the hell is wrong? I'm askin' in this song  
One time I smoked hash out of the hippies' bong  
One of us is goin' laid 'cause I ain't gettin' played  
I leave you right inside that shitty-ass bed you made  
and walk along chuggin' Baller's Brains, rockin' rings  
and things and just waitin' for white rains  
I got the drive, dog. I hope the dogs' ready  
My mentality on dime chicks is stay sweaty

Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up.  
Get your ("It's the Ummah for all time.") wait up.  
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up.  
Get your ("The Ummah forevea!") wait up.  
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up.  
Get your ("GET YOUR WAAIIIIIIIIIIIT...") wait up.  
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up.  
Get your ("..UP! UP! UP! UP! Yo!" ) wait up.

You wanna shoot dice or wanna shoot rounds?  
Wanna sell rhymes or wanna sell pounds?  
The decision is yours. I'd rather see tours,  
get chicks wit' ghetto shit fallin' out they drawers  
My team stay posted. They stay roasted  
Niggas who all in it had a hard knock livin'  
Administra, rhyme minista, illa treasura  
You didn't know that your man was a legend, huh?  
Embonishment for the both of you  
I hit the road and I take my whole fuckin' crew  
cause I'm a Queens cat. ("True.") To the G's cat. ("True.")  
Gettin' money for more than one needs cat. ("Aiiight, c'mon.")  
Condition never peers and ("Take it home, kid.") mind stands out  
From Seattle to South Beach my joint: grand clout  
It's the street commentator, providin' you wit' data  
on how to live unique and it's really not neat. We gotta...

Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up.  
Get your ("Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah.") wait up.  
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up.  
Get your ("Brand new shit, huh.") wait up.

Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up.  
Get your ("GET YOUR WAAIIIIIIIIIIIT...") wait up.  
Wait up. Your wait up. Wait up.  
Get your ("..UP! UP! UP! YEAH! HA-HAA...") wait up.

And all the fellas go, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah.'  
And all my ladies go, 'Uh, uh, uh.'  
And all the fellas go, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah.'  
And all the ladies go, 'Uh, uh, uh.'  
Fellas go, 'Where you at?'  
Ladies go, 'Yo, come back!'  
Fellas go...ladies go...  
Fellas go...ladies...yo...

A mellow disposition even when it's pain  
Your mental ammunition is faulty wit' a drain  
I puts it down, Lord, Fuck a mic cord  
Brother's out of his game so we can see tours  
The innovator - your man still a hater  
The Abstract imprint, it stays like a Smint  
I got the masses cold, wigglin' and shakin' they ass  
Ma, you betta get involved and do it real fast