

Phife:

The mad man Malik makes MCs run for Milk of Magnesia  
Maybe that'll ease ya  
Master of this microphone mackin, master as in great  
I'll have your brain goin in circles as my style tends to ovulate  
I'm makin moves, never movies, that's why y'all MCs lose me  
Retrace, won't, so your stubborn like groupies  
Kid, you know my flava, tear this whole jam apart  
Fuck around and have your heart, like Jordan had Starks  
While you playin hokey pokey, there's no time to be dokey  
Cuz I come out to play every night like Charles Oakley  
Dissin around with wack rhymn  
You lose your grip from chalk climbin  
Let me take this time to say R.I.P. to Phyllis Hyman  
Who never got the props that she damn well deserved  
But see me, you don't wanna see me, cuz all MCs are gettin served  
The nerve, for you to even step to the Phifer  
I'll bumrush your set and crush your whole cypher  
Reserve, a spot for me in hip hop's hall of fame  
Cuz rappin ain't no game, big up your head and maintain  
Yeah, Queens forever in this piece crushin any beef  
Ain't nuthin sweet, the bakery's across the fuckin street  
Phife Dawg, swingin it back and forth just like Aaliyah  
Makin moves on your heart like that trick Tamia  
No doubt about it, I love hip hop to death  
But yo Tip, bring in the chorus cuz I'm losin my breath

Consequence:

A, yo, you know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene  
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens  
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene  
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough Queens  
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the scene  
You know the deal, ha, you know the deal

Phife:

Big up pop Duke, that's where I caught my athleticism  
My mama, no doubt, that's where I got my lyricism  
My nana, that's where I got my spiritualism  
As for Tip and Shah, they made me stop from smokin izm  
Now, when I'm with some cheese, I be lettin off gism  
Writin rhymes since Daddy Kane and Biz Mark was on Prism  
I gotta brave heart like the one named Shirley Chisholm  
As for my late twin, boy, I wish I was with him  
Got the Lightro in the back talkin bout (come on, get him)  
And when it comes to rhymes, no doubt, I flip em  
Sucka MC in my path, hey main, I say we ship him  
Money please, your rhymes are wack, say word, this geek is trippin  
Just because my name is Phife, my man, I'm never slippin  
I got the type of flave to have your ass straight bitchin  
For those who act cute, see I got them on mute  
Have you walkin through your projects in your birthday suit  
Cuz your style is off loot, so I played him like a flute  
If youse a sucka MC, then it's you I rebuke  
My style is, everyday all day, similar to water  
Crushin MCs as if my name was Sargent Slaughter  
Keep shit hotter...than a sauna  
Or better yet, the hormones on your Christian daughter  
Hey, I tried to warn her  
My sounds the type to kill, like the grill on Lauryn Hill  
So all ya sucka MCs, y'all best go chill  
Bout to go to Union Square so I can see my care bear  
Singin good stuff in my ear, runnin fingers through my hair  
Represent the Zulu Nation with illy rap creations  
Just keep shit hotter than Death Row-Bad Boy confrontations  
Chillin with Fudge Love because he represents the Haitians  
Ya naw'mean

Word up

I just wanna big up everybody for supportin A Tribe Called Quest  
Through the years  
This be the fourth LP, you know what I'm sayin?  
Tip, Shaheed and Phife, Beats, Rhymes and Life  
Featuring my man, you know what I'm sayin, Consequence  
192 is the area where we represent, for the ladies and gents, ha ha  
You know what I'm sayin? Big up Shaheed Muhammad, that's my man  
Christine, you know what I'm sayin, word life (fading out)  
The Abstract Poetic, rockin this track  
Bouncin it all over the place, in your face  
You know what I'm sayin? My man Lightro...