

## Cross Eyed Fish

### "Motivators"

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chorus:

We be the number one motivators  
Ghetto mentality and the innovators  
Some of y'all may really hate us  
But we won't be soft, all we wanna do is rock

Phife:

We be the crew that presents it on wicked instrumental  
Damagin your mental, from here to Sacramento  
This here groove was made for vintage freestylin  
Feelin like I'm chillin on a Caribbean island  
Rugged, raw material is what we bring forth  
A Tribe Called Quest, we representin up North  
What's that you're sayin in the back, actin all silly  
Kickin freestyle raps, rollin up phillies

Q-Tip:

It's the four man fiasco in charge like Roscoe  
Now you get the picture like Picasso  
We make it happen when these niggaz start rappin  
Who this, captain?  
Stick out your hand, you gets no dap and..  
I got the Razor, got the Phife, I got the Shaheed  
Now all you shorties move your ass while you puff  
weed  
Blessin fans with autographs in my paths  
While other rappers get gassed, they be defeating the  
task

Consequence:

Yo, if I ruled the world  
It wouldn't be that gassed shit, niggaz will make the  
light swirl  
Cuz after you G, ain't nuthin but Girl...Scouts  
And I'mma show you what it's all about(ah yeah)  
Is what you say when my love is in your mouth  
Without a doubt, I cut MCs like the cord  
Cuz I does more than that MC from The Lords  
While you be froggin like Bud-wei-ser  
And rappin is what you slackin in  
I'm knockin MCs outta action like abstinence

Rockin since kiss my dick was kickin ass  
Peachfuzz, cuz...you might be on drugs

chorus:

Q-Tip:

To all my people across the state who sit back and  
contemplate  
Motivate, I motivate  
To all my people across the land who get their feet  
stuck in sand  
Motivate, I motivate y'all

Consequence:

A yo, I speak with something new but not Granddaddy  
I.U.  
Stay tuned, live from the L-B-Q  
A yo, it's destined St. John, I swing on your block  
You know how I get down like Heather B. with them  
glocks  
I came to lead my team to victory like Hayden Fox  
Cuz heads ain't ready for the willie I got  
Ya naw'mean slim, I dug my thing like them grim  
Leavin crews in state of black and blue like Rakim  
And if you don't know, you better ask another  
It's like 192 when we rollin deep cover  
So don't shut down on the Razor  
Cuz in the 9-Live we steppin through hotter than the  
Trail Blazers  
And in Queens, I be a legend like Richard Dean  
Son, I gotta team that Hakeem couldn't dream  
While you be standin sellin, Queens keep it live  
Who the hell you tellin (Kim from the Tribe)

Phife:

Let me tell you why I be the top dog in the industry  
Because all these so-called mutts are not seein me  
They too busy eatin cycles 1, 2 and 3  
They can't MC, I'd rather be down with fuckin Droopy D  
My style is deadly, word bond, act like you fuckin know  
Been writin rhymes ever since Ray Parker sang with  
Radio  
You're style is played out like a two-tone down goose  
You couldn't Converse if you had fuckin react juice  
So hold your corner as I fuckin bless this mic in here  
I'm eatin through your crew like Stephen King's ankle  
layers  
Chop off my feet, word to God, I'm gonna hurt you  
(Will y'all fall off?) Will Laura fuck Urkel?  
Never, here comes the funk, smell the aroma  
Kid, my shit's the bomb, ask my peeps from Oklahoma

Q-Tip:

To all my people across the state who sit back and  
contemplate

Motivate, I motivate, I motivate y'all

To all my people across the land who get stuck in great  
sand

Motivate, I motivate y'all

To all my peoples everywhere throw your mitts in the  
air

Motivate, motivate, motivate, motivate

Can't do nuthin for your frontin, get involved and do  
somethin

Motivate, motivate, I motivate, I motivate, I moti...

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