

A Tribe Called Quest "1Nce Again"

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Intro:

You on point phife?
1nce again tip
You on point phife?
1nce again tip
You on point phife?
1nce again tip
Word
Watch me bust they shit
Ok

Chorus:

[tammy lucas]
Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce again my friend
I swear you do it to me everytime
Cause you stay crazy on my mind
Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on
On and on and on

Verse one: phife dawg, q-tip

This is the year that I come in and just devastate
My style is great ask your peoples can I dominate?
My rhymes are harder than last nights erection
Don't play me close, I'll have this mic up in your rear
section
My shit is lovely simply meaning that my joint is tight
Amping up the mic making sure productions tight
Sometimes I might catch a severe case of writers block
But by the end of the day you'll be on my jock
My names malik my hobbies putting mcs to the test
And if you front I'll put my foot up in your friggin chest
Freestyle fanatic, and never will it ever stop
You crew is loose, you might just want to call the cops

Aiyyo I gotta put some action on paper
Make sure my verse jump up and spread out like the
raper
The only tip I got for a waiter
Is watch the doorknob hit me where the dirty dog

shoulda bit me

That was my train of thought, but for so long I fought

Now Im at a level supreme to the devil

So turn up the bass and lay low on the treble

We be the real mcs and you dead, bring a shovel

Revitalize, the vital tribe nigga, what?

The ladies sweat the style like the squirrel sweat the nuts

You know a fellas good for the moola

Don't smoke no woolas, read the name call me slick tip
the ruler

Chorus

Verse two: q-tip, phife

Yo Ive been treading on this globe man for twenty-five joints

Sometimes shaitan got me by the pressure points

But I can break a fella down like sex

You eat wheat chex but still light in the ass and can't flex

If one nigga front ima make more pay

Cause toniiiiight, we gettin off like o.j.

And yo I got a dawg that bites, fuck the barking

Yo I got a crew with the beats and the smarts and

I fought my shit up on linden in the one-nine-two

Forever writing never biting aint shit else to do

Hoping to battle, but most mcs aint ready yet

But if they huddle, and word, then this is good as set

You have mcs dropping bombs that's incredible

Some of the brothers, their styles are just despicable

As for me see I just do how I love to do

Try to deny me of my props then I'll be seeing you

Most of you suckers wanna be down for the tag along

The friggin fame, someone tell em that this shit aint games

You gots to do this from your heart meaning your inner soul

And if it's real only then will you be on a roll

I try to stay on top my game there aint no time to lose

Four albums deep as a quester but still we payin dues

So hear me out one time, you gots ta be yourself

Cuz if you aint yourself you end up by your friggin self

Im coming rugged with the linden boule type of slang

And yo well see who can hang yo

You on point tip?

Yo 1nce again phife

You on point tip?

Yo 1nce again phife
You on point tip?
Yo 1nce again phife
Ayyo that kid is hard!

Chorus

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