

A Tribe Called Quest "8 Million Stories"

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Verse One: Phife Dawg

Went to Carvel to get a milk shake
This honey ripped me off of my loot case
The car oh yeah there's money in my jacket
Somebody broke into my ride and cold macked it
Yo tip I tell you man the devil's trying it
But I'm goin to stay strong cause I ain't bying it
Tonight I'm taking Sherry out
I don't have jack to wear
You know I've got to look dipped in the freshest gear
Cool I found something so I ironed it
I think I caught up on the phone
Oh shit I'm trying it
Will someone tell me what did I do to deserve this?
I think I'll pull out my super ? and serve this
My little brother wants Barney, cool I'm getting it
Took him down to Kay-Bee, they ain't sellin it
Here we go with the crying, yo he's throwing fits
My blood pressure blowing up, I can't take this shit
Finally got what he wanted now he's good to go
Again the robbers smashed, were's my radio?
One time the car was in the shop I had to borrow see...
They had no mercy on the car oh you he'll kill me
Where the hell can Nicki be? I'm goin to smack her up
I got the tickets for the Knicks and she cold stood me
up
I need to hit a hunny off yo drill pas me the phone
Pulled out my hooker hoes, oh yo Sheela's home
Steady smiling like a mother yo I'm wrecked to bone
Went down on hun, she's in the red zone
Stressed out more than one could ever be
Forever trying to clear the sample for my new LP
With all these trials and tribulations yo I've been
affected
And to top it off, Starks got ejected
Refrain

Verse Two: Phife Dawg

Just last week my girl was stressing me
Now her best friend be underssing me
Well I was lovin her by the moon lit
Now I'm tricking on her like Kinte'

Bought a bag of izm from the smoke shop
Walking towards the car, here come the damn cops
Now I'm station bound for the thai sticks
I bought it for my man, I don't believe this shit
Coach sat me down from the ball team
Cause I was breakin niggaz on the inseams
Some niggas cross town was trying to stick me
All I had was shorts, a dollar fifty
Picked up this gir in the hoopty
Just because of her rhymes she tried to soup me
Pay for this and pay for that loot for nails and hair
Who the hell do you think I am, Mr. Belvedere?
Go and get a bloody job then can we look cute
Even if you get me boots, you'll neva see my loot
She wasn't even all of that just anothe hooker
Took the journey that ass way, quick like Chucky
Booker
Sometimes you got put the hoes in their freakin place
Just move from in front me with your botty face!
My man Mohammed in the house, huh [come on, come
on]
Zulu Nation in the house, huh [come on, come on]
Sub Rock is in the house, huh [come on, come on]
My man Skeff is in the house, huh [come on, come on]
Jarobi White is in the house, huh [come on, come on]
Bob Power in the house, huh [come on, come on]
My man Eric in the house, huh [come on, come on]
My man Lytcha in the house, huh [come on, come on]
[help me, help me, help me, help me, help me, help
me.....MUHAMMAD!!]

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