

## **A Tribe Called Quest "After Hours"**

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Chorus (After Hours it was cool x8)

Q-Tip:

Ten after one I think I'll hop the horse  
Downtown late of three of course  
Just came from fishing couldn't get a catch  
Downtown they'll probably have a batch  
A whitened sandwich and again it stopped  
But with the bail though I had a bout  
So I exchanged it for some apple juice  
I had the blues but I shook them loose  
A jeep is blasting from the urban streets  
Loots of funk over hardcore beats  
The moon dabbles in the morning sky  
As the minutes just creep on by  
I get a thought and hear comes my Tribe  
Ritual shakes and in good vibes  
Like always the Quest begins  
In the mist though but the rhyth's move in  
We find a spot and we sit and chat  
Speaking on the status quo of rap  
A derelick makes a real long speach  
We pay attention to the words he read  
When he was done we rattled on  
There was no lunch because it wasn't dawn  
We pointed things out about this times  
The worlds famons and the crazy crimes  
Inflation of the nation, it bothers me  
I better go gold, to pay the taxes  
Gotta be swift society  
The man whose made is the man who maxes  
The grounds for living are being discussed

As we go it gets close to dusk  
Gather thoughts and savor breath  
Cause there's only a few hours left

Chorus:

After Hours it was cool (x8)

Q-Tip:

Me ohh my, hey-hey, hey-hey  
The human hours are here to stay  
This is how it seems(?) my witness  
Bug out all night, ask Phife, he's with this

Girls be screaming on this conversation  
I have my two cents for a revelation  
And my watch continuously tic-tocs  
Shaheed will bring up the beats that rocks  
I hear the frogs and the smashing of bottles  
A car revs up and I hear it trottle  
It probably moves with the morning wind  
Ohh my God, here's Phife again  
(?) talking about last nights game  
Trying to remember someone's name  
So hear the frogs dancing in the streets  
Once again Ali will bring up the beat  
Like this  
(Sounds of frogs)  
Q-Tip:  
The beat is over and so is the night  
The sun is risen and the shine is bright  
We all say peace and go our separate ways  
Youth is fading as we gain our days  
Expedition for the song is simp'  
The hours creep, excuse me, I mean limp  
As we go you hear a gasp of laugh  
As we start up our rhythmic path  
Like this  
Chorus

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