

## A Tribe Called Quest "Keep It Rollin'"

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Verse One: Phife Dawg

Aiyyo swing swing swing, to chop chop chop  
Yo that's the sound when MC's get mopped  
Don't come around town without the hip in your hop  
Cause when the shit hits the fan, that ass'll get  
dropped  
MC's wanna attack me but them punks can't cope  
I'll have you left without a job, like Isley from The Love  
Boat  
So money watch your mouth, or I might have to bust ya  
Battlin MC's, from JFK to Russia  
Back down to London, Sweden and Brazil  
Do a U.S. tour for three months and then a chill  
Styles be fat like Jackie Gleason, the rest be Art Carney  
People love the Dawg like the kids love Barney  
"I love you, you love me"

The shorty Phife Dawg is your favorite MC  
So move back yasef dread, you know the element  
The Tribe is good for your health like a can of  
Nutriment  
MC's don't have no winds, MC's don't have no winds  
I flips you crazier than a busload of Jerry's Kids  
Your crew don't want it, man your crew don't want it  
But if you feel you can swing it, then money please  
bring it

(sup) Large Professor in the house (sup)  
(sup) You know how we do (sup)  
(sup) I stay on your crew (sup)  
(whassup) like Mario Lemieux (whassup)  
(Whassup?) Peace to Ike Love  
(Sup? Hah hah) and the rest of the crew (Whassup?)  
(Whassup?) I meet you guys in front the cleaners  
Bring the blunts and the brew so

Verse Two: Q-Tip

Whassup kids? The Ab is speaking from the moon  
Thanks for your support, aiyyo I'll be home soon  
But the only thing I ask when I return from my task  
Is a whole bunch of beats and a Blass full of ass  
My fist stands firm because I'm, black and solid  
I open up your pores like a plate full of collards  
C'mon take it easy wouldya, easy easy  
I'm up in the gully, that's when I am her Buddy

She told me pull her hair, I did, it drove her nutty  
Filled up the hole like spackle or I mean putty  
When we over joints like this we never cruddy  
Extra P hooked the beat, and kids it feels luh-huh-ovely  
Check it out, cause my conception is immaculate  
A bachelor, lookin for a bachlelorette  
Back to you MC's, this is what your gonna get  
A first degree burn from my man Ken's cigarette  
I hope you like Malboro, Paul you know we thorough like  
Denver  
The beat feels like a never-ender  
But all things good must, so I won't sweat it  
Drop the C's for the youthful crew, I hope you get it  
As I stand, grip this mic inside my hand  
Boy I smack you up, like I was your old grand  
so respect yourself Son, and come and gimme love  
Once again the Ab is who you think of  
So chill with the beef money, we got a Jetti  
Verse Three: Extra P (Large Professor)  
It's Extra P and yo Tip I'm bout to set it  
on the country once again here to win  
I'm Uptown chillin, takin in this grand master Vic blend  
from the projects, the PJ's, fuck them two DJ's  
Self mission, I had her in the ill position  
Saying "Large youse the soul brother that I'd like to  
eff with for the rest of my life" yeah yeah now check  
the method  
As I, proceed with what you need like Akinyele  
A whip looks complete when the tires say Firelli  
Funk monkey, one rapper fell off, now he's a junkie  
There's 8 Million Stories in the city it's a pity  
Don't fuck with the skins if she's trying to act shitty  
Shout to the Guru, Primo and Zulu Zulu  
Nation, was on a vacation, in the ghetto  
Yo Ras slow your roll I'm bout to bag this here's metal  
Rapper Nas on topic, seems we gonna rock it  
Queens represent, buy the album when I drop it (drop  
it)

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