

Consequence

"Baby Phife's Return"

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Phife:

The mad man Malik makes MCs run for Milk of
Magnesia
Maybe that'll ease ya
Master of this microphone mackin, master as in great
I'll have your brain goin in circles as my style tends to
ovulate
I'm makin moves, never movies, that's why y'all MCs
lose me
Retrace, won't, so your stubborn like groupies
Kid, you know my flava, tear this whole jam apart
Fuck around and have your heart, like Jordan had
Starks
While you playin hokey pokey, there's no time to be
dokey
Cuz I come out to play every night like Charles Oakley
Dissin around with wack rhymin
You lose your grip from chalk climbin
Let me take this time to say R.I.P. to Phyllis Hyman
Who never got the props that she damn well deserved
But see me, you don't wanna see me, cuz all MCs are
gettin served
The nerve, for you to even step to the Phifer
I'll bumrush your set and crush your whole cypher
Reserve, a spot for me in hip hop's hall of fame
Cuz rappin ain't no game, big up your head and
maintain
Yeah, Queens forever in this piece crushin any beef
Ain't nuthin sweet, the bakery's across the fuckin street
Phife Dawg, swingin it back and forth just like Aaliyah
Makin moves on your heart like that trick Tamia
No doubt about it, I love hip hop to death
But yo Tip, bring in the chorus cuz I'm losin my breath

Consequence:

A, yo, you know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the
scene
We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough
Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the
scene

We got the fiend bumpin straight from the borough
Queens
You know the deal when the diggy Dawg is on the
scene
You know the deal, ha, you know the deal

Phife:
Big up pop Duke, that

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