

Nancy Sinatra

"Glamour and Glitz"

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Verse One: Q-Tip

Yup yup yup
To the North to the South to the East to the West
I don't discriminate boy I bring it to your chest
If you oppose, then your soul will decompose
Strive to get money and I'm not no hoe
Fresher than the air that you're breathing through your
nose
Fuller than the kicks that you're puttin on your toes
You can ask Bo but yo that nigga don't know
About the dominant factor the accurate rapper
Here's the next chapter, page ninety-five
Niggaz so hard it's a wonder they alive
But yo we still survive through the danger that lurks
My eyes remain wide while you ask like Urk
and yo my Family Matters, so all you mad hatters
Put your thinking caps on and motherfuckin brainstorm
Cause I got the plan that wins and can't lose
Your man knows who's nice say Tip he'll say "True"
A lot of these jokers out here is blase
I'll be rockin mikes until a horse says hey
Some are preoccupied with glamour and glitz
Actin all boogie and making big movies
But I'll be in the cut call me Incognito
Busy makin joints that will bump for my people
You're listening to a man who was something for
nothing
Stay in me forever head, never be frontin

Chorus: repeat 2X

Once in a while we have fun in the mix [never ever]
In to good living, but some be into glitz [true dat]
Everybody knew, all the fellas and the chicks [trigga E]
Gotta wear a shoe that fits
...to all my peoples

Verse Two:

C'mon word, check it out now [you out there?]

Uh, uh, check it out now [you out there?]
What? Uh, check it out now [louder! louder!]
[louder! louder!] Uh, check it out, yo

Peace to the girl named Hurricane G
Peace to my girl named Dawn Paris
Peace to the Organzied Kon-fus-ion
Peace to all my shorties that be dying too young
Peace to both coasts and the land in between
Peace to your man if you're doing your thing
Peace to my peoples who was incarcerated
Asalaam alaikum means peace, don't debate it
Devouring, and towering over fools
Your mic is broke and my shit's cool
The black man with the understandin of
The three wise men and the theories of Zen
Yo I get inside the crevice like a dentist
Disrupt, the block, like Dennis, the Menace
Shaheed is on the needle, the shit it won't weeble
or wobble, your rhymes is mixed up like Boggle
Bingo! That was the damn dog's name
But yo I know another one with much more fame
The Phife Dawg, and that's my word to the cipher
About to bring it to your chest and cause strife check it
out
You're doubling back, to your rhyming pad
What I represent is MC's gone mad
In a perfect world there's imperfect acts
We've come like a God to redirect alla that
So people with a gift can just flaunt and get money
So much, we in the bank that the shit ain't funny
Money is invested in real estate and stocks
But not inside the glamour cuz all of that stops

Outro: Consequence

Yo dis the Cons to the Quence
up in ya like a stiff one, knowwhatlmean?
It's nine-five, you got to live it or rip it
So if you step on the streets keep it movin,
knowwhatlmean?

Chorus

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