

## Nancy Sinatra

### "Oh My God"

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Chorus Q-Tip:  
Oh My God (16X)

Q-Tip:  
Listen up everybody the bottom line  
I'm a black intellect, but unrefined  
With precision like a bullet, target bound  
Just livin like a hooker, the harlett sounds  
Now when I say the harlett, you know I mean the hot  
Heat in the equator, the brothers in the pot  
Jalick, Jalick ya wind up ya hip  
Draftin of the poets, I'm the #7 pick  
Licks, licks, licks boy on your backside  
Licks, licks, licks boy on your backside  
Listen to the fader, Shaheed lets it glide  
Tip the earthly body  
Heaven's on my side  
Even in Santo Domingo  
Can I gotta Gringo  
Yo, we got mics, when do we go?  
Know a little nigga who can ryhme when you ask me  
Short, dark, and plus his voice is raspy

Phife  
1 for the treble, 2 for the bass  
You know the style Tip, now watch me rip this  
I like my beats harder than two day old shit  
Steady eatin booty MCs like cheese grits  
My man Al B. Sure, he's in effect mode  
Used to have a crush on Dawn from En Vogue  
It's not like honey dip would wanna get with me  
But just in case I own more condoms than TLC  
Now the formula is this...Me, Tip, and Ali  
For those who can't count it goes 1-2-3  
The answer...big up is how I be  
Brothas find it's hard to do, but never me  
Some brothas try to dis Malik  
You see'm catchin me  
Don't worry about them booty MCs, my shit be hittin  
Trainin gladiator, anti-hesitator  
Shaheed push the fader from here to Granada

Mister energetic  
Who me, sound pathetic?  
When's the last time you heard a funky diabetic?  
I don't know man(3x)  
I don't know(2x)

Chorus:

Q-Tip  
Complimentary it be  
The thief of Poetry  
I got a humdinger comin hook, line and sinker  
The TIMBO hits with the prints underground  
TIMBO's on the toes, i like the way it's goin down  
Down like the lady of the evenin  
When it goes in hun just beleive the sin  
Cuz Queens is the county, Jamaica is the place  
(Phife: Take off your boots cuz you can't run the race)  
See, this is how we do when we keep it on and on  
Do what...  
Got my man Big Mo with the streets and the papes  
My man Big Mo with the streets and caprice  
This is how we do when we keep the wildin sheets  
Cuz we got to do it like this, we aim to please  
See ya next LP and next CD and next cassette  
Yo, we about to jet  
We A Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight  
Marauders  
Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight Marauders  
See ya next time cuz we the Midnight Marauders  
A yo, we out cuz we the Midnight Marauders  
Go to the record store and get the shit  
We work hard  
We A Tribe Called Quest and we the Midnight  
Marauders  
Queens got it's own and Brooklyn got it's own  
Like that

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