

## A Transylvanian Funeral

### "1Nce Again"

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Intro:

You on point phife?  
1nce again tip  
You on point phife?  
1nce again tip  
You on point phife?  
1nce again tip  
Word  
Watch me bust they shit  
Ok

Chorus:

[tammy lucas]  
Ohhhh, you did it to me 1nce again my friend  
I swear you do it to me everytime  
Cause you stay crazy on my mind  
Yo you got it goin on (say word), on and on and on  
On and on and on

Verse one: phife dawg, q-tip

This is the year that I come in and just devastate  
My style is great ask your peoples can I dominate?  
My rhymes are harder than last nights erection  
Don't play me close, I'll have this mic up in your rear  
section  
My shit is lovely simply meaning that my joint is tight  
Amping up the mic making sure productions tight  
Sometimes I might catch a severe case of writers block  
But by the end of the day you'll be on my jock  
My names malik my hobbies putting mcs to the test  
And if you front I'll put my foot up in your friggin chest  
Freestyle fanatic, and never will it ever stop  
You crew is loose, you might just want to call the cops

Aiyyo I gotta put some action on paper  
Make sure my verse jump up and spread out like the  
raper  
The only tip I got for a waiter

Is watch the doorknob hit me where the dirty dog  
shoulda bit me  
That was my train of thought, but for so long I fought  
Now Im at a level supreme to the devil  
So turn up the bass and lay low on the treble  
We be the real mcs and you dead, bring a shovel  
Revitalize, the vital tribe nigga, what?  
The ladies sweat the style like the squirrel sweat the  
nuts  
You know a fellas good for the moola  
Don't smoke no woolas, read the name call me slick tip  
the ruler

Chorus

Verse two: q-tip, phife

Yo Ive been treading on this globe man for twenty-five  
joints  
Sometimes shaitan got me by the pressure points  
But I can break a fella down like sex  
You eat wheat chex but still light in the ass and can't  
flex  
If one nigga front ima make more pay  
Cause toniiiiight, we gettin off like o.j.  
And yo I got a dawg that bites, fuck the barking  
Yo I got a crew with the beats and the smarts and

I fought my shit up on linden in the one-nine-two  
Forever writing never biting aint shit else to do  
Hoping to battle, but most mcs aint ready yet  
But if they huddle, and word, then this is good as set  
You have mcs dropping bombs that's incredible  
Some of the brothers, their styles are just despicable  
As for me see I just do how I love to do  
Try to deny me of my props then I'll be seeing you  
Most of you suckers wanna be down for the tag along  
The friggin fame, someone tell em that this shit aint  
games  
You gots to do this from your heart meaning your inner  
soul  
And if it's real only then will you be on a roll  
I try to stay on top my game there aint no time to lose  
Four albums deep as a quester but still we payin dues  
So hear me out one time, you gots ta be yourself  
Cuz if you aint yourself you end up by your friggin self  
Im coming rugged with the linden boule type of slang  
And yo well see who can hang yo

You on point tip?

Yo 1nce again phife

You on point tip?  
Yo 1nce again phife  
You on point tip?  
Yo 1nce again phife  
Aiiyo that kid is hard!

Chorus

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