

A Transylvanian Funeral "Award Tour"

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Chorus dove from de la soul:

We on award tour with muhammad my man
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, N.C., VA
We on award tour with muhammad my man
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand
Oaktown, L.a., San Fran, St. John

Q-tip:

People give your ears so I be sublime
Its enjoyable to know you and the concubine
Niggaz, take off your coats ladies, act like gems
Sit down, indian style, as we recite these hymns
See, lyrically Im mario andretti on the mo-mo
Ludicrously speedy, or infectious with the slow-mo
Heard me in the eighties, j beez on the promo
On my never endin quest to get the paper on the
Caper
But now, let me take it to the queens side
Im takin it to brooklyn side
All the residential questers to invade the way
Hold up a second son, cuz we almost there
You can be a black man and lose all your soul
You can be white and blue but don't crap the roll
See my shit is universal, if you got knowledge and
Dolo
Of delf for self, see there's no one else
Who can drop it on the angle, acute at that
So, do that, do that, do do that that that(come on)
Do that, do that, do do that that that(ok)
Do that, do that, do do that that that
Im buggin out, so let me get back cuz Im wettin
Niggaz
So run and tell the others cuz we are the brothas
I learned how to build mics in my workshop class
So give me this award, and lets not make it the
Last

Chorus:

We on award tour with muhammad my man
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand

Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on award tour with muhammad my man
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, Delaware, D.C., Dallas

Phife:

Back in 89, I simply slid into place
Buddy, buddy, buddy all up in your face
A lot of kids was bustin rhymes but they had no
Taste
Some said quest was wack, but now is that the case
I have a quest to have the mic in my hand
Without that, it's like kryptonite and superman
So shaheed come in with the sugar cuts
Phife dawgs my name, but on stage, call me dynamutt
When was the last time you heard the phifer sloppy
Lyrics anonymous, you'll never hear me copy
Top notch baby, never comin less
Skys the limit, you gots to believe up in quest
Sit back , relax, get up out the path
If not that, heres the dancefloor, come move that
Ass
Non-believers, you can check the stats
I roll with shaheed and the brotha abstract
Niggaz know the time when the quest is in the jam
I never let a statue tell me how nice I am
Comin with more hits than the braves and the yankees
Livin mad phat like an over sized bam-bi
The wackest crews try to dis, it makes me laugh
When my track records longer than a dc-20 aircraft
So, next time that you think you want somethin here
Make somethin deffer, take that garbage to st.
Elsewhere

Chorus:

We on award tour with muhammad my man
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand
S.C., Maryland, New Orleans, Motown
We on award tour with muhammad my man
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo
We on award tour with muhammad my man
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand
Houston, delaware, dc, dallas
We on award tour with muhammad my man
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand
New York, NJ, N.C., VA

