

A Transylvanian Funeral "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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