

## A Transylvanian Funeral

### "The Chase Pt. II"

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"i'm bout to wreck ya body and say turn the party out" --  
> bizmarkie  
(repeat 4x)

Phife:

Them can't touch me no, them can't touch me  
Them can't hold me no, them can't hold me (2x)  
(q-tip: damn, phife you got fat!)  
Yeah, i know it looks pathetic  
Ali shaheed muhammad got me doing calisthenics  
Needless to say, boy i'm bad to the bone  
Making love to my mic like jarobi on the phone  
But um, no time for jokes (what!), there's bills to be  
paid (what!)  
Hoes to be laid (what!), punks to be sprayed (what!)  
Chumps to attack, so my man watch your back  
Cuz '93 means skills are a must, so never lack (uh!)  
Sit back and learn, come now watch the birdie  
Your styles are incomplete, same as vinny testaverde  
Battlin, whenever -- hot damn!  
Give me the microphone bwoy, one time, bam!

Q-tip:

Keep it on the corner, cuz here comes the heat  
Lyrically it stays, the jazz will pace the beat  
As we proceed to elevate you, we in fo-fo  
Run and tell your dad the abstract's the bag  
As we proceed to move your high parts, we know who  
has ass  
Poets got the gimmicks, but they lack the sassafras  
To make the average hardrock and cock the glock  
And roam the city streets on the jury, they hot  
I be ingredients, like sugar and candy  
If your life is broke, girl i'll be the handy-dandy  
That commends you, my fee is a shower  
For you, i'll scrub your back and i'll soap the butt-crack  
Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff  
Fuckin with the ab, you got the greatest of gifts  
Yo, my mic is sounding bug. bob power, you there?

(yeah)

Adjust the bass and treble make my shit sound  
clear(echo)

Chorus(x8):

(q-tip: after fourth time)

Make you shiny, spiffy in a jiff

Fuckin with the ab, you got the greatest of gifts

A-yo, my mic is sounding bug. bob power, you there?

Adjust the bass and treble...ok, could you come in tip?

Q-tip:

Whoop, back yourself man. come watch me drop it  
For showing me i could do it, for showing me i can rock  
it

Me not deal wit no changaram, bangaram business

I got soul on a hymn, like jehovah's got the witness

Musically, the three, poetically, be me

We in jammin on the airwaves, kids just rave

Obey the mcs, cuz the mcs say

We flippin more niggaz like we super dave

But noticin my stature, y'all niggaz know we gotcha

Movin to the rapture, listen how we catch ya

Movin with the grace, here we go, let's begin

Makin people jump out their goddamn skin

Lyrically, we bite like we rin tin tin

Peace to grand pu and his many, many skins

Don't mark with the arrow, cuz we know we get the wins

It's the ab, shaheed, and the dawg for the blend

Chorus(until end):

Q-tip:

I wanna say peace to my man rob p, my man jerod, and

Skeff anslem on the help out and we out like shout

Nine-tre, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh...

I don't wanna say nine-tre

Cause my man extra p said don't say the years

So, it's for eternity, know what i'm sayin?

Rock rock on, everybody in queens, rock rock on

Everybody in brooklyn, rock rock on

Money earnin mt. vernon, rock rock on

Everybody in jersey, rock rock on

Everybody in philly rock rock on

Everybody in houston, rock rock on

Everybody la, rock rock on

Everybody in the sand, rock rock on

Everybody in egypt, rock rock on

Everybody nigeria, rock rock on

Everybody in london, rock rock on  
Everybody in sweden, rock rock on  
Everybody in beware, rock rock on  
To the niggaz on the famous, rock rock on  
Everybody no name, rock rock on  
To the kids at nu-clear, rock rock on  
The cave rock rock on. mcdonald's, rock rock on

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