

2Pac F/ Nas

"Scenario"

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Chorus: Tribe and L.O.N.S.

Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario
Here we go yo, here we go yo
So what so what so what's the scenario

Verse One: Phife Dawg

Aiyyo Bo knows this (what?) and Bo knows that (what?)
But Bo don't know jack, cause Bo can't rap
Well whaddya know, the Di-Dawg, is first up to bat
No batteries included, and no strings attached
No holds barred, no time for move fakin
Gots to get the loot so I can bring home the bacon
Brothers front, they say the Tribe can't flow
But we've been known to do the impossible like
Broadway Joe so
Sleep if you want NyQuil will help you get your Z's troop
But here's the real scoop
I'm all that and then some, short dark and handsome
Bust a nut inside your eye, to show you where I come
from
I'm vexed, fumin, I've had it up to here
My days of payin dues are over, acknowledge me as in
there (YEAH)
Head for the border, go get a taco
I'll be wreckin from the jump street, meaning from the
get-go
Sit back relax and let yourself go
Don't sweat what you heard, but act like you know

Verse Two: Charlie Brown

Yes yes y'all (yes y'all!)
who got the vibe it's the Tribe y'all (Tribe y'all!)
real live y'all (live y'all!)
Inside outside come around... (who's that??)
Browwwwwwwwn
Some may, I say, call me Charlie
The word is the herb and I'm deep like Bob Marley

Layback on the payback, evolve rotate the gates..
CONTACT!
Can I get a hit? (HIT!)
Boom bip with a brother named Tip and we're ready to
flip
East coast stompin, rippin and rompin
New York, North Cak-a-laka, and Compton
Checka-checka-check it out!
The loops for the troops, more bounce to the ounce
And wow how now wow how now Brown cow
We're ill till the skill gets down
For the flex, next, it's the textbook old to the new
but the rest are doo-doo
From radio, to the video, to Arsenio
Tell me! Yo, what's the scenario

Verse Three: Dinco D

(True blue!) Scooby Doo, whoopie doo
Scenario's ready yo, rates more than four
Scores for the smores that smother dance floors
Now I go for mine, shades of sea-shore
Ship-shape plush Grape Apes to play tapes
[Papes make drapes?] great for the wakes
of an L-AH, an E-ADER, simply just a leader
Bass innerspace means peace see ya later
Later? (LATER!) Later alligator
Pop blows the weasel and the herb's the inflater
So yo the D what the O, incorporated I-N-C into a flow
Funk flipped flat back first this foul fight fight fight
Laugh yo, how'd that sound? (ohhhhhh!)

Verse Four: Q-Tip, Busta Rhymes

It's the leader Quest mission and we got the goods
here (here!)
Never on the left cause my right's my good ear (ear!)
I could give a damn about a ill subliminal
Stay away from crime cause I ain't no CRIMINAL
I love my young nation, groovy sensation
No time for hibernation, only elation
Don't ever try to test, the water little kid
Yo Mr. Busta Rhymes, tell him what I did

I heard you rushed and rushed, AND ATTACKED
Then baby puked then you had TO SMACK
Causin rambunction, throughout the sphere
Raise the levels of the boom, inside the ear

You know I did it
So don't violate or you get violated

The hip-hop sound is well agitated
Won't ever waste no time on the played out ego
So here's Busta Rhymes with the, Scenario

Verse Five: Busta Rhymes

Watch, as I combine all the juice from the mind
Heel up, wheel up, bring it back, come rewind
Powerful impact BOOM! from the cannon
Not braggin, try to read my mind just imagine
Vo-cab-u-lary's necessary
When diggin into my library
Oh my gosh! Oh my gosh!
Eating ayea toadstool like the one Peter Tosh-a
Uh, uh uhh, all over with the track man
Uh, pardon me, uhh, as I come back
As I did it yo I heard you beg your pardon
When I travel to the Sun I roll with the squadron
RRRRRROAW RRRRRRROAW like a dungeon dragon
Change your little drawers cause your pants are saggin
Try to step to this, I will, fits you in a turban
And had you smellin ripe, like some old stale urine
Checkady-choco, the chocolate chicken
The rear cock diesel, buttcheeks they were kickin
Yo, bustin out before the Busta bust a nut the rhyme
the rhythm is in sync (UHH!) the rhymes are on time
(TIME!)
Rippin up this dance just like a radio
Observe the vibe and check out the scenario!!
chorus starts Yeah, my man motherfucker!

Chorus 2X

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