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Q-Tip "Come On Everybody"

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Mic checka Yes y'all, and I am The grand, imperial wizard DMC And you're listenin' to the sounds As we take you on down To the last stop

Come on everybody, let's all get down Come on everybody, let's all get down Come on everybody, let's all get down Come on everybody, let's all get down

Coolin', relaxin' and we're coolin' (Coolin') Rulin' while we're schoolin' talk to the teacher who ya foolin'? While in, trainin', your brain and foe are entranced I talk to tiny tots and just like, "Watson elementary"

Back in eighty-two and three I made the word, "Def" Gave life to the mic now you know liggity-left Riggity-right, right, all that, swinger You was crappin' in your pampers Now don't tamper with the [Incomprehensible]

Baddest of the bad, I think of thickness here I come I get dumb, diddy, dumb, diddy diddy, dumb dumb And here we go, here we go, here we, here we here we go

A lot of niggaz bitin' off my old style flow

But up off the subject, you know I shut 'em down an' I think I seen 'em sinkin', matter fact I seen 'em drownin'

Yo who kicks the flavor? DJ Run'll keep you guessin' Here's a little tip, it's the tribe for your question

Two-seven and I'm representin', comin' from Hollis Queens is what I mean, Ma Dukes is cookin' Collards Feelin' like [Incomprehensible] and matched up sticks Down with the King and we swing it on the mix Of a funky funky, B-boy sound (New new)

So come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"

Break backs, make tracks, take acts and wax a nigga That lacks take gats tap at the trigga DMC you see, I got a little bigga Jam Master Jay a with the zigga-zigga

Produce, bamboost, let loose the sound No groups or troops could boo me down I slam and jam, command the land Don't give a damn they ban, my band will stand

I come to you all knew, my crew is true Do what I do, I do since eighty-two I got the rhyme, get mine, I got to climb I won't retire, get higher, I won't resign

I'm here to stay okay, won't fade away I'm movin' past, the past I last all day So here we go, I flow, you know the sound So check the show and yo, let's all get down

Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"

Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop

Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop Yes, yes y'all, a we don't stop

So come on and flip for me, grip and slip into a hipper tone Not on the dull your skull 'cause run'll rip a dope Snare on the tear, rare you never heard this This service served you well and I can tell you're gettin' nervous Run, here it come, get some It's on the diddy-dumb See a silly soft sucker Down there [Incomprehensible] of run

Rowdy then you're Audi gotta go don't want to be us Torn then you're gone, word bond, none can see us Hop-along on your way, skip-along little Skippy 'Fore I fly that box, me bust you all upper-lippy

Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"

Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down" Come on everybody, "Let's all get down"

Tribe called, "Quest", and you don't stop The midnight Marauders, yeah you don't stop Phife Diggidy, yeah you don't stop Ali Shaheed, c'mon you don't stop

[Incomprehensible], yeah you don't stop Check it on out because you don't stop To my niggaz out on Linden, you don't stop The hard heads in effect, you don't stop

And to my niggaz in Hollis, you don't stop All the kids up on farmers, you don't stop And to my peoples uptown, you don't stop And all my peoples up in Brooklyn, you don't stop

And all my peoples in the Bronx, you don't stop Zulu in effect, you don't stop And to my people out west, you don't stop A Run-DMC, gettin' mad props

Check it on out, thanks to run And thanks to D and J.M.J. We on the way, up to the top Never ever stop, gettin' mad props, check it out

Then I'm out like shout Oh ah There it is baby

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