

## Q-Tip "Ill Vibe"

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Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, yo, yo  
Yo, yo, yo

My rhymes create life like the birds an' the bees  
Make Funk Master Flex say, "Yo, I'm feelin' these"  
Flows make you shit in your drawers, change your  
dungarees  
Smokin' trees, gettin' cotton mouth, wild munchees

Bounce down the block, eatin' food at Luigi's  
Ass constipated, too much extra cheese  
Well anyway, while I was coolin' down at Luigi's  
I met some Siamese twins from overseas, Lebanese

Lesbians, with friends from New Orleans  
They had a fifth friend, she was straight black  
Portuguese  
Pretty palm olive soaped skin, Aloe Veralese  
She looked like the type of chick you only see in  
fantasies

The type of chick you would kill for to get between the  
knees  
Yo, I made time to chill with Miss Portuguese  
Would you believe, the bitch tried to steal my fuckin'  
house keys  
Right before my G's

Had to show this crazy broad, I mastered my degrees  
an' my Ph.D's  
Got your face on camera, motherfucker, say, "Cheese"  
You better get with your friends quick, before I start to  
squeeze  
Gettin' caught up in that freaky golddigger Jamborees

I caught that ill vibe, Tip, word Bust? Yo, yo, word  
That ill vibe, Tip, say word Bust? Yo, yo, word  
'Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be  
absurd

I caught that ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word  
That ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word  
So when I hold the mic you know my shit be absurd  
I caught that ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word

I got weight on my shoulders in the form of this beat  
Ain't nothin' sweet on the street, for good, these I  
compete  
Come off complete an' you need to get back in your  
stance  
We enhance an' we're playin' the whole world  
circumstance

So do good in your hood even though you puff life  
Positive to comply, don't screw up facin' that crowd  
Progress, don't fall back, we can't have that  
I'll hold your hand, black, we can't wind up with scratch

I put my best foot forward, when I play in life  
'Cause this world as I live it, chill's like a double edged  
knife  
In the jam we regulate 'cause we organize  
Logically thinkin' when along's enterprise

Alotta brothers from the ghetto got the gift of gab  
Peace to the West Coast an' the East, we's fam  
Need I make mention, that the crew we've got  
Make things get hot, like the FoFo shot

No we don't promote no guns, but don't turn that cheek  
In the world that we live, calmness is viewed as weak  
So, we got to stay awake for all these lizards an'  
snakes  
Some of them come as friends, some of them come as  
Jakes

We decipher all the force an' build rounds with our  
friends  
Why's that? So we can live right until time ends  
Yo, why's that? Amalgamate, so we can get these ends  
Yo, true that? Busta an' Tip, you know we make minds  
bend

I caught that ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word  
That ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word  
Yo, when I hold my mic you know my shit be absurd  
I caught that ill vibe, Tip, yo, word Bust? Yo, yo, word  
That ill vibe, Tip, say word? Yo, yo, word  
'Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be  
absurd

I caught that ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word  
That ill vibe, Bust, word Tip? Yo, yo, word  
Yo, when we in the jam you know the shit be absurd  
I caught that wild shit, Tip, word Bust? Yo, yo, word  
That ill vibe, Tip, say word? Yo, yo, word  
Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be  
absurd

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