

A Tribe Called Quest F/ Busta Rhymes "Nobody Move"

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Watch me, who but Wise Intelligent come with style
How rough and ready I get
Please baby baby baby please let me talk this
None cannot walk this, spark off the darkness
Run, pick a punk, come test me or something
No fronting, I'll bust him, not bluffing or nothing
Just because I'm deadly no you can't test me
Or the Father Shaheed, or the ??? MC Freed
Bo can't you see a teacher yard in, play me
Close I beg you niggas pardon, brawling
Who, what, when, why, how and where can we get it on
I've got enough styles and I've come to set it off
PRT posse we get max amount of live and
Check the track I'm riding, New Jersey driving
Sliding in a ya house I've come to wreck that
Show me respect, black
We cash with checks and things
Ras clots make way for the Nazarite
Born as an Israelite, change a Judah height screaming
Dreaming, just because you sleeping
I've come to wake ya, but don't make me sneak ya,
faggot
Knowledge I teach it, giving it just like it is
And boy you come again, dam none can trouble we
Lord is effect coming to wreck and do work so
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt

Nobody move, nobody gets hurt! (Repeat 8x)

Yes the, style makes a bit of differ
Hush Mr. Petty Nigga, Wise is talking
Make way for this, the new stylee
Black God body, easy daddy
I'm gonna be giving the rhythm that's ripping the roof
Off of ya house and projects be bouncing, shit Wise
Intelligent
You've got the rhymes and you've got the styles then
Pass off the blunt cause I'm champion
And PRT be teaching keeping ghetto people smiling
Pro-black and wilding, piling food stamps
Ever the voice and ??? spread the word

This wisdom I gives them comes straight from the curb
It's rough and ready to be
Nah nope nah, none can not touch me
Spark up your blunts and trick up your stunts
But don't come amongst my godly circumference
Baby baby you may let me get your head straight
Walk with the God's eyes, watch as I demonstrate
There's more to this brother than hotties and hooters
Ain't no other people like the black tribe of Judah
Lord is effect come to wreck and do work so
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt

Nobody move, nobody gets hurt! (Repeat 8x)

Don't test a teacher that be swolled and
Got soul control and
Stay out my way when I'm holding
This is a project produced protect the ghetto kids
Under the sewer lid starving
Pardon me the way I talk this
Watch the black artist, poor but I'm all that I tell ya
Hell yeah, I'm about to tear this out ya hair kid
Pro-black shampoo I suggest you
Don't fuck with me Mr. Wise when bustas realizing
I am unfit to be trying
I'm out to end a kid's career
So bring all your people, ??? and let me free ya, mind
Where went the black nationality?
Some call it a casualty, I call it conspiracy
Listen the, knowlege your pops teacher calling
Who got the props? That's who teacher's robbing
Aw man hush cause God is talking
We run this block, stop no keep walking
Now who got the balls for some battling
Speaking of the battling, it's about time for some
tussling
Take two of these and call me like right in the morn
Bout when the herb man is hustling
Lord is effect come to wreck and do work so
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt
Lord is effect come to wreck and do work so
Nobody move, nobody gets hurt

Nobody move, nobody gets hurt! (Repeat 8x)

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