

## A Tribe Called Quest F/ Leaders Of The New School, "Silent"

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[Intro: Ghostface Killah]

Yeah, six o'clock in the morning  
That's right, you gotta get your darts right  
Spray ya'll niggas on some marksman shit]

[Ghostface Killah]

I got ready to graze  
Took my hat off and the crowd went crazy  
Bitches threw their panties, the sound man was fannin'  
me  
The whole place was standin', G  
What they chant, we was family  
Jumped in the crowd and I swam to sea  
Threw me to the back, surprise, I still had my chains on  
me  
Dana Dane, front row bitches, I bang all three  
Say, yo, Meth, fuck it, throw a Jim Brownski  
Versace, banana color robes and my socks be  
Them Billie Jean shits and they real Rocky  
The fans can't knock me  
I bench Coliseums while Genius spot me  
Plus I'm cocky, bitch

[Streetlife]

Once I, took off the hoodie, revealed the face  
Cop patrol couldn't control the place  
I got groupies backstage, lined up at the gate  
The signs up, yellin', "We love your tape!"  
I'm sorry I took so long, didn't mean to make ya'll wait  
But good things take time to create  
You can find me, in your studio  
Half baked, eatin' ganja cake  
Tryin' to make my next release date  
With Ghost, Street, GZA, great minds relate  
You know a brother bond is hard to break  
When we perform we cause the Earth to shake  
Ain't nuthin' change, it's still those same niggas you  
love to hate  
GZA...

[GZA]

I set examples over amplified samples  
That's scratched in the club, ducks begin to trample  
On those fell victim, body loss they souls  
These beats when I picked 'em  
Jones played the role, soldiers brave and bold  
RZA paid the roll, GZA buries the scrolls  
Then months later it was, then years later it was  
Written on loose leaf, that old formula  
That was stolen by new thieves  
The journalist watched it, critics couldn't knock it  
A piece of history that they carried in they pocket  
With the time factor, speed was the order of the day  
What a delay, they were able to, what he would say  
Why waste the slot time, of the ridiculous rhyme  
That's only excused by a generous mind  
I kept 'em stored in the shelters like the goods in cans  
'Til I turned rap villes into harvested lands

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