

## Antique "Se Thello"

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[Q-Tip]

"Yo. Niggas be on the mic, they be all serious...  
I'd love to be serious but... effortless shit.  
Effortless... effa-efortless. Mmm-hmm.  
Turn my music up, Duro. Yo, yo, you my hero.  
Make the shit get loud-a. Even more in my headphones  
loud-a.  
Uh. Sweetheart, shake yo' ass cheeks.  
Bust it. Mmm-hmmm. Mmm-hmmm."

We gon' knock it down and put this  
rock solid Amplified shit up.  
Girl, it's like a sit-up.  
So you betta send a letta to the betta.  
We cut the bank and takin' all the bankin' chedda.  
Girls get pretty-ed up,  
then they comin' out the club. Rap cats, lock it up.  
Worldwide vision where  
everybody sees clear.  
I could get you ten here.  
Uh. Makes no fuss. Keep my shit plush.  
Compliment, I get blushed. That's just how a brotha is.  
Big Willy kids and we really run our jibs.  
Ladies, breathe easy. Let your man please thee.  
Uh. Takin' rhymes to another zone.  
Is your mother home? 'Cause we can get the moans,  
and stay strickly on a rhythemic notion, and  
keep the joint close for the commotion and  
keep movin' around. Movie stars.  
Buy a little car, buy out the bar.

[Q-Tip (Meda Leacock)]

("All in...") ...for the people who move wit' me.  
("All in...") ...for the nights of ecstasy.  
("All in...") ...for the way we work and play, doin' it  
everyday. This is how I need to be.  
("All in...") ...for the people who roll wit' me.  
("All in...") ...for the nights of ecstasy.  
("All in...") ...for the people who work and play, doin' it  
everyday. This is how I need to be.

[Q-Tip]

"Yeah. Yeah, yeah, yeah, what?"  
We do it alive, blowin' the spot of this.

Showin' to prove what rap is. ("What is it?")  
Marauder, pass the blue moon.  
Hit 'chu wit' the I'll tune.  
Ass cheeks move wit' the help of my jacket bloom.  
Insert the veteran  
who consecutively come wit' shit yet again.  
On the dance floor, chicks get horny.  
Hopin' that they all move on me.  
Word, for REAL for real.  
Do it hard for the love of the game.  
Pull your card and I'm askin' yo' name, bitch.  
Jay-Dee be champion.  
Tip be stylin' and definin' yo' chick, best compan-ion.  
I'd advise you to fix your self, for real,  
and do your shit wit' more zeal. ("More zeal.")  
We in the mix and it's thickenin',  
my rhyme and it's tickin' in.  
The hatin' and the shit is so sickenin'.  
Picasso, original. ("Riginal.")  
You forg-azy and the shit amaze me.  
Sharpen your contrast and put a little color in it.  
High Define your screen and put this brotha in it.  
[Q-Tip (Meda Leacock)]  
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