

# We the People....

## A Tribe Called Quest

We don't believe you 'cause we the people  
I'll still be in the rear, yo, we don't need you  
You ain't a killer nor good, young nigga, move  
When we get hungry we eat the same fucking food  
The ramen noodle  
Your simple voodoo is so maniacal, reliable to pull a juju  
The irony is that this bad bitch in my lap  
She don't love me, she make bunnies, she gon' study that  
She gon' give it to me, ain't gon' tell me run it back  
She gon' take the brain or weather plain, she spit on that  
The doors are signed with, don't try to rhyme with  
VH1 has a show that you could waste your time with  
Guilty pleasures take the edge off reality  
And for a salary I'd probably do that shit sporadically  
The OG Gucci wasn't spittin' with iguanas  
The IRS piranha see a nigga gettin' commas  
Niggas in the hood living in a fishbowl  
Gentrify here, now it's not a shit hole  
Trendsetter, I know, my shit's cold  
I ain't said it yet because I ain't so bold, hey yo  
All you Black folks, you must go  
All you Mexicans, you must go  
And all you poor folks, you must go  
Muslims and gays, boy, we hate your ways  
So all you bad folks, you must go  
The fog in the smog of new media that logs  
False narratives of guys that came up against the odds  
We not just nigga rappers with the bars  
It's kismet that we cosmic with the stars  
You bastards overlooking street art  
Better yet, street smarts but you keep us off the charts  
So motherfuck your numbers and your statisticians  
Fuck you know about true competition?  
Just like the [?] picture that talking about he hittin'  
The only ones who's hitting are the ones that currently spittin'  
We got your missie smitten rubbing on a little kitten  
Dreaming of a world that's equal for women with no division  
Boy, I tell you that's vision  
Like Tony Romo when he hitting Witten  
The Tribe be the best in they division  
Shaheed Muhammad cut it with precision  
Who can come back years later, still hit the shot?  
Still y'all tryna move me off the fucking block  
Babylon, bloodclot

Two pon yo headtop, yeah  
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And all you poor folks, you must go  
Muslims and gays, boy, we hate your ways  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>