# A Tribe Called Quest, We The People....

We don't believe you 'cause we the people
I'll still be in the rear, 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

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 numbers and your statisticians
Fuck you know about true competition?
Just like the IO 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, [?]
Two [?]

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