

Jazz (We've Got)

A Tribe Called Quest

We've got the jazz

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We've got the jazz Stern firm and young with a laid-back tongue

The aim is to succeed and achieve at 21

Just like Ringling Brothers, I'll daze and astound

Captivate the mass, 'cuz the prose is profound

Do it for the strong, we do it for the meek

Boom it in your boom it in your boom it in your Jeep

Or your Honda or your Beamer or your Legend or your Benz

The rave of the town to your foes and your friends

So push it, along, trails, we blaze

Don't deserve the gong, don't deserve the praise

The tranquility will make ya unball your fist

For we put hip-hop on a brand new twist

A brand new twist with the homie-alistic

So low-key that ya probably missed it

And yet it's so loud that it stands in the crowd

When the guy takes the beat, they bowed So raise up squire, adjust your attire

We have no time to wallow in the mire

If you're on a foreign path, then let me do the lead

Join in the essence of the cool-out breed

Then cool out to the music 'cuz it makes ya feel serene

Like the birds and the bees and all those groovy things

Like getting stomach aches when ya gotta go to work

Or staring into space when ya feelin' berserk

I don't really mind if it's over your head

'Cuz the job of resurrectors is to wake up the dead

So pay attention, it's not hard to decipher

And after the horns, you can check out the Phifer We've got the jazz

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We've got the jazz Competition, dem Phifer come sideway

But competition, dey mus' me come straightway

Competition, dem Phifer come sideway
But competition, dey mus' come straightway
How's about that, it seems like it's my turn again
All through the years my mike has been my best friend
I know some brothers wonder, can Phifer really kick it?
Some even wanna dis me, but why sweat it? I'm all into my music 'cuz it's how I make papes
Tryin' to make hits, like Kid Capri mix tapes
Me sweat another? I do my own thing
Strictly hardcore tracks, not a new jack swing
I grew up as a Christian so to Jah I give thanks
Collect my banks, listen to Shabba Ranks
I sing, and chat, I do all of that
It's 1991 and I refuse to come wack I take off my hat to other crews that intend to rock
But the Low End Theory's here, it's time to wreck shop
I got Tip and Shah, so whom shall I fear
Stop look and listen, but please don't stare
So jet to the store, and buy the LP
On Jive or RCA, cassettes and CD's
Produced and arranged by the four-man crew
And oh shit, Skeff Anselm, he gets props too Make sure you have a system with some phat
house speakers
So the new shit can rock, from Mars to Massapequot
'Cuz where I come from quality is job one
And everybody up on Linden know we get the job done
So peace to that crew, and peace to this crew
Bring on the tour, we'll see you at a theater nearest you Hey yo but wait, back it up, huh, easy
back it up
Please let the Abstract embellish on the cut
Back and forth just like a Cameo song
If you dig this joint then please come dance along
To the music 'cuz it's done just for the rhyme
Now I gotta scat and get mine, underlined The jazz, the what? The jazz to move that ass
'Cuz the Tribe originates that feelin' of pizazz
It's the universal sound, best to brothers on the ground
And the ones six below, ya didn't have to go
Some say that I'm a sinner cuz I once had an orgy
And sometimes for breakfast I eat grits and porgies
If this is a stinker, then call me a stink, I ask
"What what what" check it out All my peoples in Queens ya don't stop
Now all my peoples in Brooklyn ya don't stop
And all my peoples uptown ya don't stop
That includes the Bronx an' Harlem ya don't stop
Now to that girl Ramelle ya don't stop
I say because Ladies First ya don't stop
And to the JB's, ya don't stop
And De La Soul, ya don't stop To my Brand Nubians ya don't stop
And to my Leaders of the New ya don't stop
To my man Large Professor ya don't stop
Pete Rock for the beat ya don't stop

Everybody in the place ya don't stop
Ya keep it on, to the rhythm, ya don't stop
And last but not least on the sure shot
It's the Zulu nation

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