

Electric Relaxation

A Tribe Called Quest

Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down
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Honey, check it out, you got me mesmerized
With your black hair and your fat-ass thighs
Street poetry is my everyday
But yo, I gotta stop when you trot my way
If I was working at the club you would not pay
Ayyo, my man Phife Diggy, he got something to say
I like 'em brown, yellow, Puerto Rican or Haitian
Name is Phife Dawg from the Zulu Nation
Told you in the jam that we can get down
Now let's knock the boots like the group H-Town
You got BBD all on your bedroom wall
But I'm above the rim and this is how I ball
A gritty little something on the New York street
This is how I represent over this here beat
Talking 'bout you
Yo, I took you out
But sex was on my mind for the whole damn route
My mind was in a frenzy and a horny state
But I couldn't drop dimes cause you couldn't relate
Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down
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Stretch out your legs, let me make you bawl
Drive you insane, drive you up the wall
Staring at your dome-piece, very strong
Stronger than pride, stronger than Teflon
Take you on the ave and you buy me links
Now I wanna pound the poontang until it stinks
You can be my mama and I'll be your boy
Original rude boy, never am I coy
You can be a shorty in my ill convoy
Not to come across as a thug or a hood
But hon, you got the goods, like Madelyne Woods
By the way, my name's Malik
The Five-Foot Freak
Let's say we get together by the end of the week
She simply said, "No", labelled me a ho
I said, "How you figure?" "My friends told me so"
I hate when silly groupies wanna run they yap
Word to God, hon, I don't get down like that
I'll have you weak in the knees that you could
hardly speak

Or we could do like Uncle L and swing an ep in my jeep
Keep it on the down, yo, we keep it discreet
See, I'm not the type of kid to have my biz in the streets
If my mom don't approve, then I'll just elope
Let me save the little man from inside the boat
Let me hit it from the back, girl I won't catch a hernia
Bust off on your couch, now you got Seaman's Furniture
Shaheed, Phife and the Extra P
Stacy Beadle, PJ and my man L.G
They know the Abstract is really soul on ice
The character is of men, never ever of mice
Shorty let me tell you about my only vice
It has to do with lots of loving and it ain't nothing nice
Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down
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Relax yourself girl, please set-tle down
Keep bouncing

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