

# Everything Is Fair

## A Tribe Called Quest

chorus (George Clinton from Funkadelic's "Let's Take It to the People"):

"Everthing is fair when you're livin in the city"(8X)Q-Tip:

Lookin at Miss Lane, it was the fast lane  
Barely knows her name, struck by fame  
She just got a Benz, she rides with her friends  
Gotta keep her beeper in her purse to make ends  
Rollin down the block, checkin out the spots  
She winks at the cops, always give her props  
She knows she's the woman, can't nobody touch her  
Hangs out for the loot, makes her papes from the gutter  
Tried to make my moves on Miss Lane, she called me young boy  
Told her not to dis me I just want to be your love toy  
You young boy, my love toy, I doubt that very highly  
Just because you rhyme don't mean I'll let you try me  
Business oriented, egos never dented  
Always sweet scented, if it's business, she meant it  
Distractions never hurt, always did the work  
Always was alert, she never got jerked  
Queen of the feats, thrive to compete  
Love the funky beats while she drive down the street  
She was justified, couldn't get a job  
Had to feed her family, so she had to play, then rob  
Pullin out the ooh wop, listenin to doo-wop  
You don't have to say a word  
(gunshots)That's all ya heardchorus(4X)  
She's not a big kahuna, wish I met her sooner  
Instead, I met her later, my love is much greater  
Put me on her roster, to rid her of imposters  
And to sell the buddah for the sexy drug ruler  
Love is my motive, now I'm drug promotive  
Plus I needed duckets to fill up my buckets  
Supplied me with the squeezy to make my life easy  
Now I'm missing action for this fatal attraction  
But don't you let me catch you with your joint up in these bitches  
And don't you even dare to plan a plot upon my riches  
Cuz if you play me out, I think I'll let ya be  
I'll be damned if I let a brotha try to gas me  
I played my cards well, try to live swell  
For the G, I would sell, cuz I was deep in hell  
But then I really wasn't, she had a fly cousin  
Who would give me booty on the side of my cutie  
Elaine, she kinda new, that I would do the do

But she didn't tear, I did my work with care  
That's all that really mattered, he money never splattered  
As long as she was paid, she was in the shade  
You can't really blame her for holdin on a flamer  
Society taught her, but they didn't tame her  
A ten clip salute, hunny heres a troop  
She will never stop until she reach the top  
Top, top...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>