

# Ill Vibe (feat. Q-Tip)

## Busta Rhymes & Q-Tip

My rhymes profess life like the birds and the bees  
Make Funk-Master Flex say yo I'm feeling these  
Flows make you shit in your drawers. Change your dungarees  
Smoking trees, getting cottonmouth, wild munchies  
Bowed down the block eating food at Luigi's  
Constipated... too much extra cheese  
Well anyway, while I was cooling down at Luigi's  
I met some Siamese twins from overseas... Lebanese  
Let's begin with the friends from New Orleans  
They had a fifth friend. She was straight Black-Portuguese  
Pretty palm-olive-soaped skin, Aloe Vera-lese  
She looked like the type of chick you only see in fantasies  
The type of chick you would kill for to get between the knees  
Yo. I made time to chill with Miss Portuguese  
Would you believe, the bitch tried to steal my fucking house keys  
And rob me for my G's  
Had to show this crazy broad, I mastered my Degrees and my Ph.D.s  
Got your face on camera; motherfucker say cheese  
You better get with your friends quick, before I start to squeeze  
Getting caught up in that freaky gold-digger Jamborees I caught that ill vibe, Tip (Word, Bust?)  
Yo, yo, word  
That ill vibe, Tip (Word, Bust?) Yo, yo, word  
'Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be absurd.  
(I caught that ill vibe Bust) Word Tip? (Yo, yo, word)  
(That ill vibe, Bust) Word, Tip? (Yo, yo, word)  
(So when I hold the Mic you know my shit be absurd)  
(I caught that ill vibe, Bust) Word, Tip? (Yo, yo, word)  
Q-Tip  
I got weight on my shoulders in the form of this beat  
Ain't nothing sweet, on the street, for good these I compete  
Come off complete  
And you need to get back in your stance  
We enhance and we're playing the whole world circumstance  
So do good in your hood even though you puff life  
Positive to comply  
Don't screw up facing that crowd  
Progress don't fall back. We can't have that  
I'll hold your hand Black  
We can't wind up with scratch  
I put my best foot forward, when I play in life  
Cause this world as I live it, chill's like a double edged knife  
In the jam we regulate, cause we organize

Logically thinking when along's enterprise  
A lot of brothers from the ghetto got the gift of gab  
Peace to the West Coast and the East, we's fam  
Need I make mention that the crew we've got  
Make things get hot, like the FoFo shot. Blauw!  
No we don't promote no guns, but don't turn that cheek  
In the world that we live calmness is viewed as weak  
So, we got to stay awake for all these lizards and snakes  
Some of them come as friends; some of them come as Jakes  
We decipher all the force and build rounds with our friends  
Why's that?  
So we can live right until time ends  
Yo why's that?  
I estimate, so we can get these ends  
Yo true that?  
Busta and Tip, you know we make minds bend  
(I caught that ill vibe, Bust) Word, Tip? (Yo, yo, word)  
(So when I hold the Mic you know my shit be absurd)  
(That ill vibe, Bust) Word, Tip? (Yo, yo, word)  
(I caught that ill vibe Bust) Word Tip? (Yo, yo, word)  
'Cause when I'm in the place you know my shit be absurd.  
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