

# Whateva Will Be

## A Tribe Called Quest

Girl, this motherfucker's got rhythm So am I 'posed to be dead or doin' life in prison?  
Just another dummy caught up in the system  
Unruly hooligan who belongs in Spofford  
Versus gettin' that degree at Stanford or Harvard  
And by my work ethic, the way I speak  
Yo, should it be mentally weak versus bein' Malik  
Yo, should I be trapped in the trap? Would you prefer that?  
Fourth grade mean level but he knows how to rap  
Are you amused by our struggles? The English that's broken?  
The weed that I'm smokin'? The guns that I'm totin'?  
The drugs that I'm sellin'? No need for improvement  
Fuck you and who you think I should be, forward movement  
Melanin is shrouded in complexity  
Brain charge shocking like 'lectricity  
Mouth translate happens organically  
The media relates to what it thinks it sees  
Judging steps in shoes from a path they never walked  
Shot down in a blaze over phrases, how to talk  
Dark skin, walk with a bop, a trade feelin'  
I'm chillin', feelin' down at a DNA crime buildin'  
Supplement the youth, hypersexualizing women  
They ain't got the strong enough hold, so they built a prison  
Pumping false religion to all of these niggas' systems  
Every voice devoid of the truth  
Come on, listen  
Look at this, look at this  
Whatever will be will be  
Like a billionaire investin' in a nigga's dreams  
Certainly a head scratcher, like Pac and Big's killas capture  
Or a women with the wisdom who's leadin' the way  
The rarity is in the rear, but never today  
Man, picture a PD lettin' good records play  
On the strength of what it is, not the finesse of your biz  
And your lady calls you dirty, her dirts under rugs  
You'll find out only if she tells you, take her kiss and hug, cuz  
In the answer for cancer in a prodigious kid's mind  
Yes, the government will for learning is feed for everyone  
And from that lie, your leaders will rise in the eyes  
Of despair and adversity in some universal sense will be true Everybody runnin' when they see  
the stars comin'  
But whatever's gonna be will be  
Everybody runnin' when they see the stars comin'

But whatever's gonna be will be  
Some will dash to the mountain, some will crawl  
And the weakest amongst them, they will fall  
But the strongest in fate, they will stand tall  
Everybody runnin' when they see the stars comin'  
But whatever's gonna be will be I just wanna feel as liberated as lions in Liberia  
'Cause recently my heart turned cold as Siberia  
'Cause everywhere I go, bein' cold is the criteria  
Let's see how well you know all your Tribe trivia  
Green and the white, we servin' that Nigeria  
North side of Queens, one-nine-two is the area  
This is for my dawgs from Shih Tzus to Terriers  
Fuck it, it's showtime, Tip, make sure they hearin' ya

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>