

# Award Tour

## A Tribe Called Quest

We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand  
New York, NJ, N.C., VA  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Oaktown, L.A., San Fran, St. John(Q-Tip)  
People give your ears so I be sublime  
It's enjoyable to know you and the concubine  
Niggaz, take off your coats ladies, act liike gems  
Sit down, Indian style, as we recite these hymns  
See, lyrically I'm Mario Andretti on the mo-mo  
Ludicrously speedy, or infectious with the slow-mo  
Heard me in the eighties, J Beez on the promo  
On my never endin quest to get the paper on the caper  
But now, let me take it to the Queens side  
I'm takin it to Brooklyn side  
All the residential Questers to invade the way  
Hold up a second son, cuz we almost there  
You can be a black man and lose all your soul  
You can be white and groove but don't perp the roll  
See my shit is universal, if you got knowledge and dolo  
Of delf for self, see there's no one else  
Who can drop it on the angle, acute at that  
So, do that, do that, do do that that that(come on)  
Do that, do that, do do that that that(OK)  
Do that, do that, do do that that that  
I'm buggin out, so let me get back cuz I'm wettin niggaz  
So run and tell the others cuz we are the brothas  
I learned how to build mics in my workshop class  
So give me this award, and let's not make it  
the last(Dove)  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Goin each and every place with the mic in their  
hand  
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas  
(Phife)  
Back in '89, I simply slid into place  
Buddy, buddy, buddy all up in your face  
A lot of kids was bustin rhymes but they had no taste  
Some said Quest was wack, but now is that the case  
I have a quest to have the mic in my hand

Without that, it's like Kryptonite and Superman  
So Shaheed come in with the sugar cuts  
Phife Dawg's my name, but on stage, call me Dynamutt  
When was the last time you heard the Phifer sloppy  
Lyrics anonymous, you'll never hear me copy  
Top notch baby, never comin less  
Sky's the limit, you gots to believe up in Quest  
Sit back, relax, get up out the path  
If not that, here's the dancefloor, come move that ass  
Non-believers, you can the steps  
I roll with Shaheed and the brotha Abstract  
Niggaz know the time when the Quest is in the jam  
I never let a statue tell me how nice I am  
Comin with more hits than the Braves and the Yankees  
Livin mad phat like an over sized Bam-bi  
The wackest crews try to dis, it makes me laugh  
When my track record's longer than a DC-20 aircraft  
So, next time that you think you want somethin here  
Make somethin deffer, take that garbage to St. Elsewhere(Dove)  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand  
S.C., Maryland, New Orleans, Motown  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Chinatown, Spokane, London, Tokyo  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand  
Houston, Delaware, DC, Dallas  
We on Award Tour with Muhammad my man  
Goin each and every place with the mic in their hand  
New York, NJ, N.C., VA

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