

# A Tribe Called Quest, Come On Down

Ahhh... check, check it out

Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down  
Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down  
Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down

Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down  
"[Big Daddy Kane:]" Well, here I come  
Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down  
"[Q-Tip:]" Ey yo, Kane, give 'em some

"[Verse One: Big Daddy Kane]"

When I'm in motion it's just like the flow of the ocean  
The weight of the words swerve and curve  
My style flexes bigger than the state of Texas  
Quick as a Lamborghini, smooth as a Lexus  
I guess that makes me the top of the line  
Oh yes I'm the most prime of all time  
Cause as soon as I pick up the mic and begin and the lyrics just start to flowing  
Ahem ahem, coughing couldn't stop me from going  
On with the rapture, so that I can capture  
Your mind with state of the art music made to adap to  
To knowledge the God on the groove  
Because when my tongue moves I just loooove that I'm smooth  
Do it with these and in times I leave reas  
To give em a little of the flavor that please  
As I'm schoolin' the who in pursuin' and doin' and reignin' again and the gutter and stutter  
And killin and chillin, collectin the rent and jammin and slammin and damn it's  
Too much for one mind to comprehend  
A pure blend, the way that I make words mend  
And, the way that I be doin rappers in  
Michael Bivins couldn't make these Boyz II Men  
I display somethin verbally, capable to murder the  
Average MC, the tough ones I'll burn third degree  
And if you're thinkin that I'm takin a beatin'  
You're sure to see the Pink Panther speakin'

Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down  
"[Q-Tip:]" Well, here I come  
Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down  
"[Busta Rhymes:]" Q-Tip, just give 'em some

"[Verse Two: Q-Tip]"

I'm a native New Yorker, I pitch a lot of porker  
When I get my ride, I be the grill squawker  
Tip's a smooth talker, I love Alice Walker  
So get off the dillz and step back you little hawker  
Better yet you hooker, you wanna show I book ya  
The highest way I took ya, is youse a good looker  
Queens is residential, I make the presidentials  
Over instrumentals, I utilize the mentals  
First saw Big Daddy at the place called Union Square  
If you went in by yourself it was a terror  
See, I could do that cause my crew is kinda phat  
Outside we had the toolies, out West you call em gats  
It's that, oh thanks chat, well let me drop some more shit  
Bring your bats and balls and please don't forfeit  
Cause you won't get away, your status will be stank  
You can ride with me, G, I'm goin to the bank  
To meet up with Kane, up on Dollar Lane  
You get the idea, cause page times is near  
So rappers see they bug cause they really can't handle  
Position from the rappin, cause some of them be slackin  
Not in this sport of thought we block out the devil  
The three different flavors, you know we on the level

Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down  
"[Busta Rhymes:]" Uh, here I come  
Come on down, come on down, come on down, come on down  
"[Big Daddy Kane:]" Busta Rhyme, won't You give 'em some

"[Verse Three: Busta Rhymes]"  
Check it out, uhh! As I come down and get dumb  
Yes roughneck, swingin along with the drum  
Swimmin in the track, retaliatin thorough is how I react  
Busta Rhymes will attack  
As you feel the pain, bass kick impacts to the brain  
gotta make a mega migraine  
Whattup? To the Big Daddy and Tip  
My trip, flip the rhyme, then I dip  
Hey, hip-hop, cool, bust the interlude  
Wack do ya on the stage gettin booed  
This structure it takes, bust the angle of three different flavors  
On a young raider choc well that's my vocal fader  
Keep my volume on extra boom!  
All the braids in my neck symbolizes that I want room  
Word up, huh! Here I am, damn  
Dragon slayer, stackin layer after layer  
This jam will be ran while the record flim flam  
Wiggle your front pram, to the runnin man, Sam  
Busta Rhymes, comin on time  
L.O.N.S. did rip a new design  
Flavor one, taste the unborn baby  
Flip before you move or catch a bad one, baby  
Chiggy change chump, the oversized puff  
Busta pump you and the love, and then I rump  
Emotional steer point, for the wild  
Busta buckwild musically direct from Strong Isle  
Unload, catch you like smell later  
Dig on your taste of the third flavor, rrrrrrRHHH  
RARRARRRRH! Direct from the lungs of the dragon, uh!