

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, rrrarrRRHH
RARRARRRRH! Direct from the lungs of the dragon, uh!