

# A Tribe Called Quest F/ Busta Rhymes, Redman,

A Tribe Called Quest F/ Busta Rhymes, Redman

Miscellaneous

Steppin' It Up

Phiiiiife Dawg

Yo Kamal

Reggie Noble

Up in ya!

Yo Busta Bus, yo it's time to step up

You know I plas-ter, the little bas-tard  
and mastered the real way you slap the bitchest niggaz backwards  
Hah! Uh-oh, ayyo, whenever Busta Rhymes say so (mmmhmm)  
when we move yes (mmmhmm) sometimes we lay low (mmmhmm) ayyo (yo)  
Big up my little nigga Pedro  
Make you after the L like turkey, cheese and to-ma-to (to)  
Fuck is that? Especially for niggaz that will pay no  
attention to instructions, like they still wan' disobey y'all  
Wonderin how it's activate real quick?  
But then I could grow about five feet more with an extra dick!  
One dick to hold in my hand when I'm rockin the mic  
The extra dick to blow up the pussy for the rest of the night  
Then I return with more lyrics like a bunch of rough niggaz  
They tough niggaz that snuff niggaz (hah)  
I know the club got enough niggaz (huh!)  
to slap your face, expert, who the next jerk, to make me  
exert heat? FUKKIT, let me network!

Ha-hah!

Yo Reggie Noble

Feel me, yo Busta Bus

What up?

Yo Phife Dawg, yo it's time to step up

Yo what the fuck, ungh!

Check it here, peep the four-man transaction (action)

Phife diggy Dawg, we on some Todd Shaw mackin (mackin)

You know my stee', there's no time for relaxin (relaxin)

Word to Reggie (Phife Dawg) yo it's \_Time 4 Sum Aksion\_

Girl swing yo' ass, I can feel you climaxin (climaxin)

Don't even front, you know you wanna make it happen (make it happen!)

Yo Busta Bus, do you hear Violator faxin? (mad faxin)

Eighty G's for one show (eighty G's yo) that's satisfaction (satisfaction)

Now which emcee feel like he fuckin with dis heah? (This here)

Word to Queens, I keep shit hot like a canish, yeah (Nish yeah!)

Malik is back, I'm here to make you look foolish (foolish)

My roughest niggaz in the Apple (Apple) on Coolidge (Coolidge)

Remember White Shadow? My click stay sharper than an arrow (c'mon)

Plus in Trinidad I'm treated like the mighty sparrow (uh-huh)

Freestylin son, like there was no tommorrow (fuck it up nigga fuck it up)

Hence the reason why your bitch ass would love to follow (what?)

Two different toasters in your chest will make your shit hollow

How's about them apples, oh is it too hard to swallow?

Push your wig back, word to Big Moot and Bolo

Billy Razor, Fudge Lover, on down to Shine Lightro (Love Movement)

Yo Bootsy takes this mic from this fool see, make him run it

Five-foot invasion son, you can't run from it

Yo Reggie Noble

Blaowwww, yo Phife diggy!

What up?

Yo yo Kamal it's your time to step up!

Check it out, the original, shit, we makin it  
Takin it, to the extremes, we breakin it  
When we get, inside a zone then you feel that it's good  
All you jelly cats stop marinatin my wood  
Niggazm grab the mic with loads of malarky  
I bring the knowledge and wield the anarchy  
Put it on pooh-butts who's unsettled with ignorance  
Give the last sentence with poignance and diligence  
Eighteen wheelin through niggaz like truckers  
Breakin ankles, put it on like we at the ruckus  
Guaranteein that shorty can move it around  
In the place that gets you hot but leaves you here on the ground  
Contenders don't you even think to challenge the crown  
Of these brothers who so elequently hold the beat down  
Fuck the rigamarole, we vyin for the control  
We the musical equation of the whole entire nation

Yo Phife Dawg  
Yes Kamal  
Busta Bus  
What up?  
Yo Reggie Noble yo it's time to step up

Yo yo  
I'm just a ill nigga who don't got it all up stairs  
Riding dick, get the balls til they come in pairs  
Oh yeah, throw the goggles on these engineers  
Cause it might, get kinda wet when I spit this here  
Yo, I'm six-foot-one with a big ass gun  
To carry it you'd need a waistline the size of Big Pun  
But I move crowds without a gun  
like if -- The New York State Lottery is ninety nine million!!  
Hah-hah, yo, when it's time to flow I suprise and blow  
five hundred thousand units off a dime a trow  
Forty below, I'm thorough when it's time to throw  
the caboose, I'm even hard to be touched by a masousse  
Whoo-whooh! Funk Doc gets the money  
and best believe I went through more trees than Sonny  
Me, Kamal, Busta Bus, Phife Dawg  
Shittin, pussy niggaz get Lysol!  
Heh heh heh