

A Tribe Called Quest, Push It Along

[Q-Tip]

Q-Tip is my title.

I don't think that is vital for me to be your idol,
but dig this recital.

If you can't envision a brother who ain't dissin
Slingin' this and that, 'cause this and that was missin
Instead, it's been injected, the Tribe has been perfected
Oh yes, it's been selected, the art makes it protected
Afrocentric livin', Africans be givin
A lot to the cause 'cause the cause has been risen
Some brothers, they be flammin', thinkin' we ain't slammin
Comin' off like the days where we used to wear the tans and
A blue-collared talker, a hemisphere stalker
A glass of O.J and a ten mile walk-a
If you're in a Jeep and you dig what you're hearin
Can I get a beep and a side order of cheerin?
I am what I am, that's a tribal man
We all know the colours, we all must stand
As we start our travels, things they will unravel
"Que sera sera", for this unit is like gravel
Won't be gone for long, listen to the song
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

Chorus:

Push it along, push it along.

Push it along, yeah, push it along. (repeat 4x)

[Phife Dawg]

Put one up for the Phifer, it's time to decipher
The ills of the world make the situation lighter
The clock is always tickin', the systems should be kickin
Like ? ham and eggs, I eat chicken, chicken, chicken
Should I release the lever, the lever of the clever
Embellish on the funk as we start to endeavour?
The ?wraughts? of the rap filling up the gap
With the smash of a hand and a little toe tap

[Q-Tip]

The boom, the bip, the boom bip
Indicates to the brothers that we be on the flip tip
Phonies start to crumble, funky rhythm rumbles
Through the dance-hall, but my anthem is humble
It's the nitty-gritty, my time is itty-bitty
So I ?kick the slash for the gipper? and the witty
This ain't trial and error, more like tribe and error
Constantly rude as some sort of tribal terror
The street can't depart from the bloody heart
Repair the wear and tear, don't start 'fore it starts
Won't be gone for long, listen to the song
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

Repeat chorus

[Q-Tip]

Marchin' off the project, we hope that you will subject
It's good to be an object and never, ever reject
The tribe who meanders with drunken propoganda
Keep it in boom and never will we slander
? should be handed, don't let me demand it
Money gives a nudge to the poet star bandit
Control it, then recluse it, follow, you won't lose it
Mysterious is the tribe for we choose it
Although she's flippin' crazy, give my love to Gracy
God, could you help 'cause this Quest is crazy spacey?

The pigs are wearin' blue, and in a year or two
We'll be goin' up the creek in a great big canoe
What we gonna do, save me and my brothers?
Hop inside the bed and pull over the covers
Never will we do that and we ain't tryin' to rule that
We just want a slab of the ham, don't you know, black?
This society of fake reality
Are nothin' but a peg of informality
While I sing my song, sing it all day long,
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

Repeat chorus