

## Excursions

### A Tribe Called Quest

Back in the days when I was a teenager  
Before I had status and before I had a pager  
You could find the Abstract listening to hip hop  
My pops used to say, it reminded him of be-bop  
I said, well daddy don't you know that things go in cycles  
The way that Bobby Brown is just ampin like Michael  
Its all expected, things are for the looking  
If you got the money, Quest is for the booking  
Come on everybody, let's get with the fly modes  
Still got room on the truck, load the back boom  
Listen to the rhymes, to get a mental picture  
Of this black man, black woman venture  
Why do I say that, cuz I gotta speak the truth man  
Doing what we feel for the music is the proof and  
Planted on the ground, the act is so together  
Bonafied strong, you need leverage to sever  
The unit, yes, the unit, yes, the unit called the jazz is  
We deliver it each year on the street for the beat cuz  
You can find it on the rack in your record store(store)  
If you get the record, then your thoughts are adored and appreciated  
Cuz we're ever so glad we made it  
We work hard, so we gotta thank God  
Dishin out the plastic, do the dance till you spastic  
If you dis...it gets drastic  
Listen to the rhymes, cuz its time to make gravy  
If it moves your booty, then shake, shake it baby  
All the way to Africa a.k.a. The Motherland (uh)  
Stick out the left, then I'll ask for the other hand  
That's the right hand, Black Man (man)  
Only if you was noted as my man (man)  
If I get the credit, then I'll think I deserve it  
If you fake moves, don't fix your mouth to word it  
Get in the zone of positivity, not negativity  
Cuz we gotta strive for longevity  
If you botch up, what's in that (ass) (what?)  
A pair of Nikes, size ten-and-a-half (come on, come on)

We gotta make moves  
Never, ever, ever could we fake moves (come on, come on) (4x)

You gotta be a winner all the time  
Can't fall prey to a hip hop crime  
With the dope raps and dope tracks for you for blocks  
From the fly girllies to the hardest of the rocks  
Musically the Quest, is on the rise  
We on these Excursions so you must realize  
Hip hop continually, about the Zulu  
If you don't like it, get off the Zulu tip  
So what could you do in the times which exist  
You can't fake moves on your brother or your sis  
But if your sis is a (bitch), brother is a jerk  
Leave 'em both alone and continue with your work  
Whatever it may be into this society  
Everything is fair, at least that how it seems to me  
You must be honest and true to the next  
Don't be phony and expect one not to flex  
Especially if you rhyme, you have to live by the pen

Your man is your man, then treat him like your friend  
All it is, is the code of the streets  
So listen to the knowledge being dropped over beats  
Beats that are hard, beats that are funky  
It could get you hooked like a crackhead junkie  
What you gotta do to is know that the Tribe's in this sphere  
The Abstract Poet, prominent like Shakespeare

We gotta make moves  
Never, ever, ever could we fake moves (come on, come on) ...