

## Steve Biko (Stir It Up)

### A Tribe Called Quest

Linden Boulevard represent, represent  
Tribe Called Quest represent, represent  
When the mic is in my hand, I'm never hesitant  
My favourite jam back in the day was Eric B. for President

Rude boy composer  
Step to me you're over  
Brothers wanna flex  
You're not Mad Cobra  
MC short and black  
There aint no other  
Trini-born black like Mia Longs grandmother  
Tip and Sha they all that, Phife-Dawg ditto  
Honey tell your man to chill, or else you'll be a widow  
Did not you know that my styles are top-dollar?  
The Five-Foot Assassin knockin fleas off his collar  
Hip-hop scholar since bein knee-high to a duck  
The height of Mugsy Bogues, complexion of a hockey puck  
You better ask somebody on how we flip the script  
Come to a Tribe show and watch the three kids rip

Queens is in the house represent, represent  
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent  
No tamin of the style cuz it gets irreverent  
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

Huh-huh, here we go  
You know that I'm the rebel  
Throwin out the wicked like God did the Devil  
Funky like your grandpas drawers, dont test me  
We in like that, you're dead like Presley  
When we comin through get tickets to see me  
We work for the paper so therell never be a preemie  
Lyrics are abundant cuz we got it by the mass  
Egos are all idle cuz the music is the task  
Valenzuela on the pitch, curveball, catch it  
I think I got it locked, just smooth while I latch it  
Right  
Now I must move with the quickness  
Here comes Shaheed so we must bear the witness

Chorus

Stir It Up x3  
Steve Biko

Stir It Up x3  
Steve Biko

Verse 2

New York City represent, represent  
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent  
The Dawg is scientific with the styles I invent  
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent

MCs like to meddle, but heres my proposition

I let my lyrics flow, and jumped your whole position  
I'm radical with this like the man this song is after  
Yo Tip settle down, whats the reason for the laughter?

I really cant say, I guess I laugh to keep from cryin  
So much goin on, people killin, people dyin  
But I wont dwell on that, I think I'll elevate my mental  
Thanks for these bars on the Biko instrumental

Yo I take it back, Im the Indian giver  
MCs take notes as I stand and deliver  
Percussion isnt less, D's wear the vest  
While they dodgin bullets, you should be dodgin Quest  
Dont get me wrong, violence is not our forte  
I just like to rhyme, kick the lyric skills like Pele  
Tip educateem, my rhymes are strictly taboo  
Fill em with some fantasies and I'll look out like Tattoo

Okay

I am recognizing that the voice inside my head  
is urging me to be myself but never follow someone else  
Because opinions are like voices  
we all have a different kind  
So just clean out all of your ears  
these are my views and you will find that  
we revolutionize over the kick and the snare  
The ghetto vocalist is on a state-wide tear  
Soon to be the continent and then the freakin globe  
Theres room for it all as we mingle at the ball  
We welcome competition cuz it doesnt make one lazy or worn  
We gotta work hard, you know the damn card  
Try to be the fattest is the level that we strive  
Try to be the fattest also to stay alive