We Can Get Down

A Tribe Called Quest

We can get down, we can, we can get down We can get down, we can, we can get down We can get down, we can, we can get down We can get down, we can, we can get down We can get down, we can, we can get down We can get down, we can, we can get down We can get down, we can, we can get down We can get down, we can, we can get down Ah, it's like that man, it's like that Check it I'm not your average MC with the Joe Schmoe flow If you don't know me by now, you'll never know Steppin' on my critics, beatin' on my foes The plan is to stay focused, only then I can go Straight from the heart, I represent hip hop I be three albums deep but I don't wanna go pop Too many candy rappers seem to be at the top Too much candy is no good, so now I'm closin' the shop Crushin' competition like your tires on grapes My rhymes styles be blendin' like a Ron G tape My man where ya goin', you can't escape When the Tribe is in the house, that means nobody is safe How can a reverend preach when a rev can't define The music of our youth from 1979 We rap about what we see, meaning reality From people bustin' caps and like Mandela bein' free Not every MC be with the negativity We have a slew of rappers pushin' positivity Hip hop will never die yo, it's all about the rap So Marion Barry smokin' crack, let's preach about that The trash you talk won't matter, that old bogus chatter The more that you condemn us, it only makes us phatter When I talk, I know I'm talkin' for you poppers all around You know you love the sound, we get down We can get down, we can, we can get down

We can get down, we can, we can get down

We can get down, we can, we can get down
We can get down, we can, we can get down
Ah, it's like that man, it's like that
It's like that man, it's like that
It's like that man, it's like that
Check it

I'm the cherry on the top of yo ice cream I'm the Mister Thought inside your dream Listen to the way we pulsate the jam I'm the nigga here with the mic in hand Styles that we present are just a few To do away with you and your hum drum crew This is '93 and the shit is real Black people unite and put down your steel Ladies make a forum on your sexual drive Devoted to your lover and make it thrive The riff was of F, I'm a hip hop body Release my energy with the force of a shotty Standin' on the wall with my Polo on Talkin' to the girl with the Liz Claiborne Keep the poetry in my black knapsack Got my Timbo horse and my Doublemint pack Hit the city streets to enhance my soul I can kick a rhyme over ill drum rolls With a kick, snare, kicks and high hat Skilled in the trade of that old boom bap I can do a trick with the opposite breed I used to down 40's and smoke grain weed Now, I'm doin' shows with half loot down Now it's time for me to take ya uptown

It's like that man, it's like that It's like that man, it's like this

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