

# Youthful Expression

## A Tribe Called Quest

The taste of nuthin', this does somethin'  
Moms that knows that, says I'm frontin'  
Call me Smiley, 'cuz I'm wiley  
Livin' life like the life of Riley  
Smokin' blunts with a boy named Bud  
We cough up your lungs, cough up your cud  
Put out fires, with a 40, ounce of water  
You know you oughta  
Dance to this, your girl you kiss  
I like fried foods, especially fish  
Afrocentric, I'm electric  
Socialistic and eccentric  
Body's healthy, mind is wealthy  
Thoughts, they flow, that will prepare me  
To be a Native, get creative  
Original and designative  
Listen to the line that's playin'  
Listen hard to what Q's sayin'  
Politicians are magicians  
Make your vote, they hope your wishin'  
Ambiguous words, senseless verbs  
They all amount to crap that's heard  
Violent hip hop, money flip flops  
Promoters won't book, but it still rocks  
I'm a Zulu, yes, a true blue  
Red Alert is with the poo-poo  
Ozone layer, loses flava  
Here's the edge that you will savor  
The economy, politics, police, everything  
Except for the youth  
But the youth about to come back  
Alright, here they come  
Uh oh, uh oh, uh  
With expressions and I'm guessin'  
19 years is a youthful lesson  
Fallin' skies babe, open eyes babe  
Can't you see what lays inside babe  
Makin' mentions on this tension  
Rhythmic lovin', my profession

Hips, they gyrate, scripts I narrate  
No banana, I ain't a primate  
Ain't no soul glo, just an Afro  
The head is bred to let the thoughts grow  
Quest together, to lands of never  
Sleet and snow and storms can't sever  
Tribe is growin', never know when  
For this time, six necks may show in  
Dialogues have been accepted  
Negatives have been rejected  
That's the music, Negro music  
Is here for all, so you must choose it  
Phonies fondle, watch it throttle  
3-6-5 straight out the bottle  
Bustin' caps, finger snaps  
I prefer the second for ghetto tracks  
Phife, Jacobi, Ali told me  
Get the force like Wan Kenobi  
Force his teachin', beats are screechin'  
Poly plateaus, we aim for reachin'  
Trialization, freaks the nation  
A mass of peers in celebration  
Hopes been real high, since the knee high  
Days of youth, feelin' good and real spry  
Avid combos, hear those bongos  
Boom cacka boom, that's how they go  
We ain't nomads, but we real glad  
Hip hop slams through the nineties, no fad  
As a rhythm, have been given  
Hurry up, become, we breakin' out, out  
With a rhythmic instinct to be able to travel  
Beyond existing forces of life  
Basically, that Tribal  
And if you wanna get the rhythm  
Then you have to join a Tribe  
Word peace

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