

We Can Get Down

A Tribe Called Quest

We can get down, we can we can get down
It's like that man, it's like that (yes!)
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
Stepping on my critics, beating on my foes
The plan is to stay focused, only then I can grow
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 closing the shop
Crushing competition like Italians on grapes
My rhymes styles be blending like a Ron G tape
My man where ya going, 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 by what we see, meaning reality
From people busting caps and like Mandela being free
Not every MC be with the negativity
We have a slew of rappers pushing positivity
Hip hop will never die yo, it's all about the rap
So Mayor Barry smoking 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 talking for Hip Hoppers all around
You know you love the sound, we gets down We can get down, we can we can get down
It's like that man, it's like that (yes!)
Check it! I'm the cherry on the top of yo ice cream
I'm the mystic 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
Devote it to your lover and make it thrive
The rhythm's in F, I'm a hip hop body
Release my energy with the force of a shotty

Standing on the wall with my Polo on
Talking to the girl with the Liz Claiborne
Keep the poetry in my black knapsack
Got my Timbo hooves 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 40s and smoke grade weed
Now, I'm doing shows with half loot down
Now it's time for me to take ya uptown It's like that man, it's like that (yes!)
It's like this, Shaheed! "Why waste time on the microphone"

Lyrics provided by

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