

Push It Along

A Tribe Called Quest

Q-Tip is my title, I don't think that it's vital
For me to be your idol, but dig this recital
If you can't envision a brother who ain't dissing
Slinging this and that, cause this and that was missing
Instead, it's been injected, the Tribe has been perfected
Oh yes, it's been selected, the art makes it protected
Afrocentric living, Africans be givin'
A lot to the cause cause the cause has been risen
Some brothers, they be flamming, thinking we ain't slammin'
Coming off like the days where we used to wear the tans and
A blue-collar talker, a hemisphere stalker
A glass of OJ and a ten mile walk-a
If you're in a Jeep and you dig what you're hearing
Can I get a beep and a side order of cheering?
I am what I am, that's a tribal man
We all know the colors, we all must stand
As we start our travels, things they will unravel
"Que sera sera", for this unit is like gravel
Won't be gone for long, listen to the song
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is Push it along, push it along, yeah Put one up for the Phiifer, it's time to
decipher
The ills of the world make the situation lighter
The clock is always ticking, the systems should be kickin'
Like Tip said in "Ham and Eggs", I eat chicken, chicken, chicken
Should I release the lever, the lever of the clever
Embellish on the funk as we start to endeavor?
The roots of the rap filling up the gap
With the smash of a hand and a little toe tap The boom, the bip, the boom bip
Indicates to the brothers that we be on the flip tip
Phonies start to crumble, funky rhythm rumbles
Through the dance-hall, but my anthem is humble
It's the nitty-gritty, my time is itty-bitty
So I kick the slash for the gipper and the witty
This ain't trial and error, more like tribin' era
Constantly rude as some sort of tribal terror
The street can't depart from the bloody heart
Repair the wear and tear, don't stop 'fore it starts
Won't be gone for long, listen to the song
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is Push it along, push it along, yeah Marching off the project, we hope that you

will subject
It's good to be an object and never, ever reject
The tribe who meanders with drunken propaganda
Keep it in boom and never will we slander
Redeems should be handed, don't let me demand it
Money gives a nudge to the poet star bandit
Control it, then recluse it, follow, you won't lose it
Mysterious is the tribe for we choose it
Although she's flipping crazy, give my love to Gracy
God, could you help cause this Quest is crazy spacey?
The pigs are wearing blue, and in a year or two
We'll be going up the creek in a great big canoe
What we gonna do, save me and my brothers?
Hop inside the bed and pull over the covers
Never will we do that and we ain't trying to rule that
We just want a slab of the ham, don't you know, black?
This society of fake reality
Are nothing but a peg of informality
While I sing my song, sing it all day long
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is Push it along, push it along, yeah

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