

Steve Biko (stir It Up)

A Tribe Called Quest

Linden Boulevard represent, represent
A Tribe Called Quest represent, represent
When the mic is in my hand, I'm never hesitant
My favorite 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 ain't no other
Trini-born black like Mia Long's 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
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
Here we go, you know that I'm the rebel
Throwin' out the wicked like God did the Devil
Funky like your grandpa's drawers, don't 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 there'll 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, curve ball, 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
Stir it up
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Steve Biko

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 here's my proposition
I let my lyrics flow and jumped your whole position
I'm radical with this like the man this song is after
Your tip settle down, what's the reason for the laughter?
I really can't say, I guess I laugh to keep from cryin'
So much goin' on, people killin', people dyin'
But I won't dwell on that, I think I'll elevate my mental
Thanks for these bars on the Biko instrumental
I take it back, I'm the Indian giver
MCs take notes as I stand and deliver
Percussion isn't less, D's wear the vest
While they dodgin' bullets, you should be dodgin' Quest
Don't get me wrong, violence is not our forte
I just like to rhyme, kick the lyric skills like Pele
Tip educate 'em, 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
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
There's room for it all as we mingle at the ball
We welcome competition 'cuz it doesn't 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

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