## Steppin' It Up

## **A Tribe Called Quest**

You know I plas-ter, the little bas-tard
And mastered the real way you slap the bitchest niggas backwards
Hah! Uh-oh, aiyyo, whenever Busta Rhymes say so (mmmhmm)
When we move yes (mmmhmm) sometimes we lay low (mmmhmm) aiyyo (yo)
Big up my little nigga Pedro

Make you after the L like turkey, cheese and to-ma-to (to)
Fuck is that? Especially for niggas that will pay no
Attention to instructions, like they still wan' disobey y'all
Wonder twin powers activate real quick

But then I could grow about five feet more with an extra dick!

One dick to hold in my hand when I'm rockin the mic

The extra dick to blow up the pussy for the rest of the night

Then I return with more lyrics like a bunch of rough niggas

They tough niggas that snuff niggas (hah)

I know the club got enough niggas (huh!)
To slap your face, expert, who the next jerk, to make me
Exert heat? FUKKIT, let me network!Ha-hah!

Yo Reggie Noble Feel me, yo Busta Bus What up?

Yo Phife Dawg, yo it's time to step upYo what the fuck, ungh!

Check it here, peep the four-man transaction (action)

Phife diggy Dawg, we on some Todd Shaw mackin (mackin)

You know my stee', there's no time for relaxin (relaxin)

Word to Reggie (Phife Dawg) yo it's time for some action

Girl swing yo' ass, I can feel you climaxin (climaxin)

Don't even front, you know you wanna make it happen (make it happen!)
Yo Busta Bus, do you hear Violator faxin? (mad faxin)

Eighty G's for one show (eighty G's yo) that's satisfaction (satisfaction) Now which emcee feel like he fuckin with dis heah? (This here) Word to Queens, I keep shit hot like a canish, yeah (Nish yeah!)

Malik is back, I'm here to make you look foolish (foolish)

My roughest niggas in the Apple (Apple) on Coolidge (Coolidge)

Remember White Shadow? My click stay sharper than an arrow (c'mon) Plus in Trinidad I'm treated like the Mighty Sparrow (uh-huh)

Freestylin son, like there was no tommorrow (fuck it up nigga fuck it up)

Hence the reason why your bitch ass would love to follow (what?)

Two different toasters in your chest will make your shit hollow How's about them apples, oh is it too hard to swallow? Push your wig back, word to Big Moot and Bolo
Billy Razor, Fudge Lover, on down to Shine Lightro (Love Movement)
Yo Bootsy takes this mic from this fool see, make him run it
Five-foot invasion son, you can't run from itYo Reggie Noble
Blaoowww, yo Phife diggy!

What up?

Yo yo Kamal it's your time to step up!Check it out, the original, shit, we makin it

Takin it, to the extremes, we breakin it

When we get, inside a zone then you feel that it's good
All you jelly cats stop marinatin my wood
Niggazm grab the mic with loads of malarky
I bring the knowledge and wield the anarchy
Put it on pooh-butts who's unsettled with ignorance

Give the last sentence with poignance and diligence Eighteen wheelin through niggas like truckers Breakin ankles, put it on like we at the ruckus

Guaranteein that shorty can move it around

In the place that gets you hot but leaves you here on the ground Contenders don't you even think to challenge the crown Of these brothers who so elequently hold the beat down

Fuck the rigamarole, we vyin for the control We the musical equation of the whole entire nationYo Phife Dawg

> Yes Kamaal Busta Bus

What up?

Yo Reggie Noble yo it's time to step upYo yo I'm just a ill nigga who don't got it all up stairs Riding dick, get the balls til they come in pairs Oh yeah, throw the goggles on these engineers Cause it might, get kinda wet when I spit this here Yo, I'm six-foot-one with a big ass gun To carry it you'd need a waistline the size of Big Pun But I move crowds without a gun Like if -- The New York State Lottery is ninety nine million! Hah-hah, yo, when it's time to flow I suprise and blow Five hundred thousand units off a dime a trow Forty below, I'm thorough when it's time to throw The caboose, I'm even hard to be touched by a masousse Whoo-whoo! Funk Doc gets the money And best believe I went through more trees than Sonny Me, Kamal, Busta Bus, Phife Dawg Shittin, pussy niggas get Lysol! Heh heh heh

Songwriters

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