

## **A Tribe Called Quest "Excursions"**

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\* vocal interludes sampled from "Time is Running Out"  
by The Last Poets

[Q-Tip]

Back in the days when I was a teenager  
Before I had status and before I had a pager  
You could find the Abstract listening to hip hop  
My pops used to say, it reminded him of be-bop  
I said, well daddy don't you know that things go in  
cycles  
The way that Bobby Brown is just ampin like Michael  
Its all expected, things are for the lookin  
If you got the money, Quest is for the bookin  
Come on everybody, let's get with the fly modes  
Still got room on the truck, load the back boom  
Listen to the rhyme, to get a mental picture  
of this black man, through black woman victim  
Why do I say that, cuz I gotta speak the truth man  
Doing what we feel for the music is the proof and  
Planted on the ground, the act is so together  
Bonafied strong, you need leverage to sever  
The unit, yes, the unit, yes, the unit called the jazz is  
deliberatley cheered LP filled with streeet goods  
You can find it on the rack in your record store (store)  
If you get the record, then your thoughts are adored  
and appreciated, cause we're ever so glad we made it  
We work hard, so we gotta thank God  
Dishin out the plastic, do the dance till you spastic  
If you dis... it gets drastic  
Listen to the rhymes, cuz its time to make gravy  
If it moves your booty, then shake, shake it baby  
All the way to Africa a.k.a. The Motherland (uh)  
Stick out the left, then I'll ask for the other hand  
That's the right hand, Black Man (man)  
Only if you was noted as my man (man)  
If I get the credit, then I'll think I deserve it  
If you fake moves, don't fix your mouth to word it  
Get in the zone of positivity, not negativity  
Cuz we gotta strive for longevity  
If you botch up, what's in that (ass) (what?)  
A pair of Nikes, size ten-and-a-half (come on, come on)

Chorus:

We gotta make moves  
Never, ever, ever could we fake moves (come on,  
come on) (4X)  
"Time.. time is a ship on a merciless sea  
Drifting toward an average of nothingness  
Until it can be retarded for it's own destiny  
TIME is an inanimate object  
Praying and praying and praying for ??  
Time is DANCING, moving lingering all memories of  
past.."

-> The Last Poets

You gotta be a winner all the time  
Can't fall prey to a hip hop crime  
With the dope raps and dope tracks for you for blocks  
From the fly girlies to the hardest of the rocks  
Musically the Quest, is on the rise  
We on these Excursions so you must realize  
that continually, I pop my Zulu  
If you don't like it, get off the Zulu tip  
So what could you do in the times which exist  
You can't fake moves on your brother or your sis  
But if your sis is a (bitch), brother is a jerk  
Leave 'em both alone and continue with your work  
Whatever it may be in today's society  
Everything is fair, at least that how it seems to me  
You must be honest and true to the next  
Don't be phony and expect one not to flex  
Especially if you rhyme, you have to live by the pen  
Your man is your man, then treat him like your friend  
All it is, is the code of the streets  
So listen to the knowledge bein dropped over beats  
Beats that are hard, beats that are funky  
It could get you hooked like a crackhead junkie  
What you gotta do to is know that the Tribe is in the  
sphere  
The Abstract Poet, prominent like Shakespeare  
Chorus  
Edgar Allan Poe, it don't stop (uh!)  
"Time is running out on black power Africans today  
and whites blacks and reporters at night  
Everytime you see them ?? with their tongues hangin  
out  
Time is running and past and passing and running  
Running and past and passing and running  
(excursions)"

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