

## Nancy Sinatra

### "Push it Along"

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[Q-Tip]

Q-Tip is my title.

I don't think that is vital for me to be your idol,  
but dig this recital.

If you can't envision a brother who ain't dissin  
Slingin' this and that, 'cause this and that was missin  
Instead, it's been injected, the Tribe has been  
perfected

Oh yes, it's been selected, the art makes it protected  
Afrocentric livin', Africans be givin

A lot to the cause 'cause the cause has been risen  
Some brothers, they be flammin', thinkin' we ain't  
slammin

Comin' off like the days where we used to wear the  
tans and

A blue-collared talker, a hemisphere stalker

A glass of O.J and a ten mile walk-a

If you're in a Jeep and you dig what you're hearin

Can I get a beep and a side order of cheerin?

I am what I am, that's a tribal man

We all know the colours, 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

Chorus:

Push it along, push it along.

Push it along, yeah, push it along. (repeat 4x)

[Phife Dawg]

Put one up for the Phifer, it's time to decipher

The ills of the world make the situation lighter

The clock is always tickin', the systems should be kickin

Like ? 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 endeavour?

The ?wraughts? of the rap filling up the gap

With the smash of a hand and a little toe tap

[Q-Tip]

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 tribe and error  
Constantly rude as some sort of tribal terror  
The street can't depart from the bloody heart  
Repair the wear and tear, don't start 'fore it starts  
Won't be gone for long, listen to the song  
If you can't pull it, all ya gotta do is

Repeat chorus

[Q-Tip]

Marchin' 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 propoganda  
Keep it in boom and never will we slander  
? 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 flippin' crazy, give my love to Gracy  
God, could you help 'cause this Quest is crazy spacey?  
The pigs are wearin' blue, and in a year or two  
We'll be goin' 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 tryin' to rule that  
We just want a slab of the ham, don't you know, black?  
This society of fake reality  
Are nothin' 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

Repeat chorus

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