

## A Transylvanian Funeral

### "Push It Along"

Visit "[Push It Along](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Verse 1: q-tip

Q-tip is my title.  
I dont think that is vital for me to be your idol,  
But dig this recital.  
If you cant envision a brother who aint dissin,  
Slingin this and that, cause this and that was missin.  
Instead, its been injected, the tribe has been perfected.  
Oh yes, its 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 aint  
slammin,  
Comin off like the days where we used to wear the tans  
and  
A blue-colllar talker, a hemisphere stalker,  
A glass of o.j and a ten mile walk-a.  
If youre in a jeep and you dig what youre hearin,  
Can I get a beep and a ? of cheerin?  
I am what I am, thats 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.  
Wont be gone for long, listen to the song.  
If you cant pull it, all ya gotta do is

Chorus:

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

Verse 2: pfeife, q-tip

Put one up for the pfeife, its time to deceipher.  
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,  
Embelish 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.

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.  
Its the nitty-gritty, my time is itty-bitty,  
So I ? kick the slash for the gipper? and the witty.  
This aint trial and error, more like tribe and error,  
Constantly rude as some sort of tribal terror.  
The street cant depart from the bloody heart.  
Repair the wear and tear, dont start fore it starts.  
Wont be gone for long, listen to the song.  
If you cant pull it, all ya gotta do is

Repeat chorus

Verse 3: q-tip

Marchin off the project, we hope that you will subject.  
Its 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, dont let me demand it.  
Money gives a nudge to the poet star bandit.  
Control it, then recluse it, follow, you wont lose it.  
Mysterious is the tribe for we choose it.  
Although shes 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,  
Well 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 aint tryin to rule that.  
We just want a slab of the ham, dont 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 cant pull it, all ya gotta do is

Repeat chorus

Visit [A Transylvanian Funeral](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.