

Movin Backwards

A Tribe Called Quest

I hope my legendary style of rap lives on
A fix to the earth like my feet that got kicks on
Moving backwards never, that was never the plan
Pushing shit along, weren't the stillest in the quick sand
Asphalt jumpin', lyrical concrete
My Jetta be moving me throughout the many dark streets
Backwoods, boondocks, whatever terrain
Auf Wiedersehen, aloha, man, our feet ain't the same
I won't abuse these shoes ain't made for reversing
Trudging through these motherfuckers first album footprint
Never ever ghostwritten, your shit free, bitten
Grab my shit with both hands
Iron grip, steel mitten
Bloviated, Jarobi ate it, and now it's gone
Closed mouths don't get fed or move ahead to my hustlers with customers
Amateurs are being petty
Trap lords with the fatty, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
No backward ass nigga, don't be no backwards, no
Don't do it, nigga
I spun around without a care, when I stopped, I felt lost
I'm two heels from the top tier, I really want to be boss
I figured out, I figured it out somewhere
Maybe the answer's not up there
Maybe it's on the ground somewhere
When I stopped, I felt lost
Do you ever feel lost? They wanna see my downfall
Turn a good day into a downpour
Thorns in the crown and the cross I bear
Why they wanna see me hangin' like a towel somewhere
One eye, two meals, three tears, a heart still
How I'm feelin' in my mind right here
I think I'm moving but I'm going nowhere, nowhere
Better not feel lost
How I'm supposed to know how home feels, I ain't even my home field
Better not feel lost
It's not a cruise that brought us here
I'm gone for long
And I refuse to be stuck right here
I'm going to it backwards, and oh
Can somebody just give me, can somebody just give me, can somebody just give direction?

I don't want to move backwards, no
Can somebody just give me, can somebody just give me, can somebody just give direction?
I don't want to move backwards
Can't go backwards
I don't want to move backwards
Moving backwards never, that was never the plan
Can I vent? I was content being my own man
Up until that night, ill faded, walking home, I was faded
Cocos races on my wrist like he was clapping his hands
How demeaning y'all, who could be blind to racism
[?] girl wrote to me for the brother baptism
Instead of slaps give 'em, the dose of ab wisdom
He'll make it out of the jungle some way
Hey, it's figurative, it's not a real place you stay
Ayy, it's mind scape, filled with fucking malaise
I got direction without using Waze
Submitting myself to praying these days
We walking backwards, it's only for stageFeds coming out, with riot gear
And everybody's hands in the air
Four-fives get your ass 'round somewhere
Come between and jump in the spare
Say it loud, with a different ring my niggas
(somebody just me, somebody just give me, somebody just give me)
Cool out, chill out nigga, I'm cool
Cool out nigga, nah, nigga I'm through
Head down, ain't no tellin' what you gon' do
(somebody just me, somebody just give me, somebody just give me directions)
I don't want to move backwards, and oh!
Cops, killing us niggas everywhere, maybe we should get some guns too
She come around every now and a few
Man I hope she really loves you
Living high ain't hard to do
She'll be in the clouds somewhere
Feel fresh, I strut your bitches out of here
Might even take your broad too
Oops, I'm 'bout to get kicked out here
Tell mama I'mma slide through
Still I, I'm trying to get out of here, but stuck up in the same room
Too many open miles in here, sick of eating out at drive thruHahaha
(Look at this motherfucker)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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