

Mr Incognito

A Tribe Called Quest

[Chorus](12x)

Mr. Incognito, Incognito[Verse 1: Q-Tip]

Yeah yeah yeah

Mr. Incognito is back again

Now all I want is peace and papes, and a physical frame

Jottin down my list of positives in life

I want a ride, crib, mutt, wife

The look on my girl is filled with conviction

Gonna get what I need, to leave restriction

Babble on the Boulevard to brother hood buddies

Pokin in my pocket it's the E for the moneys

Jay and all the jokes that jet in the jettas

While I'm at the boob tube watchin Boo-Betta

Swig up on a forty cause I'm feelin thirsty

Mama says she taught me, better so she cursed me

Throwin on my hoodie low-profilin, whassup with the Twister

Brother man be wildin

While I be on mission that's beyond eye level

Questin out the devil and this styles that I sever-

-al Quest with the Questers, a Quest on a solo

Boomin in a Benzo, Beamer or a Bronco

Boom pack a boom boom, boom pack a boom

If my sight isn't seen, silly saps will assume

That we fallin off the earth with the Nina and the Pinta

The Five Foot Assassin with the shade of magenta[Verse 2: Phife Dawg]

Magenta is the shade for the mystic parade

Physical Trini boy lyrically I enstrain

Livin of Lyndon 1-92nd

Chillin at the rest other brothers wreck it

Easy like I'm on it, Commodore Sunday

Waited for tuesday, for a manic monday

When I woke wednesday persons was groundin

Don't know the whereabouts can't be foundin

Chillin for the villain the one they call the PhiFer

Still on the smooth but a tidbit hyper

Get with the gat one as I hit the D-L

It's my thing what I bring I try to do it well

You can bet your bottom dollar that the Tribe will not be slippin

Makin hit after hit as we commence to start rippin

People think I'm buggin or I have the heebiejeebies
The reason they can't find me is because they can't see me[Chorus](12x)

Mr. Incognito, Incognito[Verse 3: Q-Tip]

It's like the war's goin on in the middle of your mind
But your mind can't contain Incognito's on the brain
So you chill by yourself don't really sweat nobody
Speak to all the brothers and say peace to every hottie

But lurkin in the ghetto is a germ that insist
Should you back the germ away or utilise your fists
Neither of the two, just continue with your thoughts
And rush away your pain with the power of the thought
Ain't got no time for girls, cause girls be on some bull

Checkin for a nigga who got crazy pull
On some deep rooted sexual, highly intellectual
Not checkin for the fame although it's propetual

I enter the world the same way I'll exit
If you really think the groove, than hey glad you checked it

Cause Incognito's strong not urkin like a blister
Before you speak about me, make sure you call me Mister[Chorus]

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

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