

## Mardi Gras At Midnight

A Tribe Called Quest

African American with the power, just tapped in to the  
cultural gin  
That be swallowin our minds, whole, but yo must it  
Empty ass rappers get me fueled and disgusted  
Can't even kick a rhyme about yourself properly  
Listen man I'll show you why you ain't toppin me  
Epitome of levelheadedness  
Whose concern is how I'll I come off and how that I'll  
that I dress  
I don't, hit you with a whole bunch of bullshit  
On the microphone I keep my pros fluid  
Speakin to the people in a Tongue that's Native  
Not with an ego that's anti-creative  
Conscious to the fact that I'm a talented lad  
Make your move at a jam and feel better when sad  
Hey, "Assalamu Alaikum" to them firm true believers  
Hope y'all pretty good as the message receiver  
Cause yo we got to take things in-to our own hands  
And be aware of these dangerous, plentiful lands  
That we exist within and combat and shake on  
But do it over Tribe because Tribe is the bomb  
We get through, especially if you got my back  
The Abstract, machete cuttin down all slack  
And we do it like this, rarely do we miss  
Catch you in the chest with an eagle claw fist  
And back you, get it two by four and she'll lack you  
Tip you only find a nigga now that out raps you  
Or gets at you, and insists that you do it  
Cause you make it smooth and you make it like fluid  
Sometimes I just be wonderin  
How these cats be com-in IN  
I think we need to rectify this right?  
(And show these muthafuckas how we Mardi Gras)  
The name's Digga and I'm on, a mission to be larger  
Than them crackers that be running Time Warner (That's-  
right)  
I take it further, even runnin' shit in Persia  
With acquisitions and merges  
"You takin' me? " I might have you stressin  
"Your rap styles clear, " but I'm the only danger  
pressin  
Rah lyrics with "UMMAH" productions  
Be "phatter" than a chick that had liposuction  
They wasn't ready, for that which came  
T'was a slim little hunny after the fat bitch sang  
I break it down like quadratic equations  
You luke warm, my shit hotter than cajuns  
{Blazin} Stop, you ain't even worth my while  
Mama boy tryna play it like he motherless child  
The whole rap industry is another evil  
They play enough times then I just might believe you  
Heads was still rhymin glock with clock  
I was puttin shit together phatter than ten Shirley  
Murdocks  
Ain't nuthin but a buncha, thorns in my side like you  
was acupuncture  
Bust it, playin post with me? that's unruly

No matter how bougie you'll still be a mooley  
It's Rah Digga from the O-U-T's  
Having bullshit rappers going "Whoa it's" me  
We demonstrate MC and their music  
Laced with the real P-funk you must choose it  
We Buck Rogers, ayo we sun you like Twiggie  
Girls be like (he's jiggy), and they friends be like  
(who is he?)  
Mastering the mic like Jordan with the pill  
Showing a nigga love cause a nigga got skills  
A little sumthin sumthin, corny cats must flee  
Rah Digga forms the lines with the Ab' MC  
Ahhhhh...  
Peace Tip, the love flows abundant  
To Pace One, the underdopeless and youngin  
Rappers be off on a tangent  
I could flow longer than the van with  
Backwards stan smith  
When I go bring the noise  
I sweep rappers by the "Bunch" like they Brady's boys  
So change your sound 'fore I claim that crown  
That's for all y'all home girls on dangerous grounds  
Sometimes I just be wonderin  
How these cats be com-in IN  
I think we need to rectify this right?  
(And show these muthafuckas how we Mardi Gras)  
Yeah yeah Native Tongue's in the house (Mmm, hmm)  
Yeah yeah Outsider's in the house (Outsiders in the  
hosue)  
Yeah the UMMAH's in the hosue (UMMAH's in the house)  
Big Tribe in the house