

Mr. Incognito

A Tribe Called Quest

Mr Incog[Chorus] (12x)
Mr. Incognito, Incognito
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, mud, wife
The look on my girl is filled with conviction
Gonna get what I need, the league 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 jettters
While I'm at the booth tube watchin ?beretta?
Swig up on a forty cause I'm feelin thirsty
Mama says she taught me, better say 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 pensa
The Five Foot Assasin with the shade of magenta
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, fourmatic 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 ring I try to do it well
You can bet your bottom dollar that the Tribe will not be slipp
in
Makin hit after hit as we cnito