

A Tribe Called Quest "Mr Incognito"

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[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, 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 jettors

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 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, 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

slippin
Makin hit after hit as we c

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