Eazy E F/ Dr. Dre "Mardi Gras at Midnight"

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[Q-Tip]

African American with the power, just tapped in to the cultural gin

That be swalloin 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 Apitamy a levelheadedness

Whose concern is how ill I come off and how that ill that I dress

I don't, hit you with a whole bunch of bullshit On the microphone I keep my pros fluid Speakin to them people and the Tounges and Native Not with an ego that's anti-creative Concious to the fact that I'm a talented lad Make your move at a jam and feel better when sad Hey, "asalaam alaikum" to them firm true believers Hope yall pretty good as the message reciever 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 use machete cuttin down on slab And we do it like this, rarely do we miss Catch you in the chest with an egale 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

[Q-Tip](Rah Digga){chorus} 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)

(Rah Digga)

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 "phater" than a chick that had liposuction

They wasn't ready, for that which came

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

[Lacin]Stop, you ain't even worth my while

Mama boy tryin to 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 glock

I was puttin shit together phater than T. Shirley murda Ain't nuthin but a buncha, thornes in my side like you was acupuncture

Bust it, playin post with me? that's unruley No matter how loose you'll still be a muley It's Rah Digga from the O-U-T's Having bullshit rappers going "Whoa it's" me

[Q-Tip]

We domonstrate MC and their music Laced with the real P-funk you must choose it We Buck Rogers, aiyyo 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

(Rah Digga)

Ahhhhh....

Peace Tip, the love flows abundant
To paste one, the underdopeless and youngin
Rappers be off on a tangent
I could flow longer than the van with
Backwards stand 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 yall home girls on dangerous groudns

[Q-Tip](Rah Digga) {chorus X4} 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]

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