

# Mobius

## A Tribe Called Quest

I break bread, ribs, hundred dollar bills  
Dream about Bugattis and other four-wheels  
They say Illuminati and other ordeals  
Is how my lawyer got me to avoid a raw deal  
And now it's more real than it is for any other star  
And that's enough to have you tearing up the mini-bar  
I should probably get awards where the Emmys are  
For how I deal with the pap like Remy Ma  
I get in the car like a sniper's on the roof now  
But don't confuse how you see me have to move now  
I got bars like a cypher's in the booth now  
Ooh, child, things are gonna get easier  
'Long as they get my page right on Wikipedia  
'Long as they say my name right in the media  
If you don't, that's a sin like Cincinnati  
'Cause ever since I had the polo suit at the Grammys  
I been spittin' at the camera like Trick Daddy  
So swaggy, he could've broke up with IG  
I ain't surprised that they broke up on IG  
I got the game on IV, might as well have a live feed  
Keep a fresh cut from IB  
So I always match the picture in my ID  
They packin' Dub C had ran with Mack 10  
I was still a baby Similac then  
And what the crack era did to black men  
It had to be an error if you had a Cadillac then

How I rock mine, I throw it up  
Makin' sure that you niggas all are on the same page  
Powerful force, you better look both ways

f\*ck that, I'm chokin' niggas, it's goin' down  
I'm from a different cloth, we the oracles of the sounds  
Skip town, hit 'em with impeccable pound  
Lost, found, the way I flood it, niggas gon' drown  
Rip shit-ayo, wait, wait, wait, wait-  
I gotta do it again, I gotta do it again  
You already know the script, roundhouse kick  
She lookin' at me, lickin' her lip  
Put my arm around her like a bowl of chip with a dip  
With yo' bitch, what the f\*ck, niggas erupt  
I got the half moon clip, that's banana  
A good planner, a new anger like a larger Bruce Banner  
Out the house, nigga, if you open your mouth  
Man, nigga, if you open your mouth  
f\*ck the press, I'm leavin' every room in a mess  
Like herds of bulls with they aprons on and bakin' soda  
Keep it movin', keep the convo short  
And bring a case of Henney (case of Henney)  
House of pain, I control many (control many)  
House of lies, you niggas go run, hide  
Peep the way this vibe conflict with they real lives  
(Nigga) Fanatic shit, we go bizarre (we go bizarre)  
Bad news for niggas as I go emphatical, radical  
National animal rulin' like a czar  
Every time I black for the record, the shit splatter  
The whole batter, no bullshit, the boom bapper

I pull the gat up, whip the shit, cook the batter  
When I pull up on niggas, even your momma gon' scatter  
Barishkaaa