

## 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 jetters  
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