

Mardi Gras At Midnight

A Tribe Called Quest

African American with the power, just tapped in to the
cultural gin
That be swallowin 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
Epitome of levelheadedness
Whose concern is how I'll I come off and how that I'll
that I dress
I don't, hit you with a whole bunch of bullshit
On the microphone I keep my pros fluid
Speakin to the people in a Tongue that's Native
Not with an ego that's anti-creative
Conscious to the fact that I'm a talented lad
Make your move at a jam and feel better when sad
Hey, "Assalamu Alaikum" to them firm true believers
Hope y'all pretty good as the message receiver
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, machete cuttin down all slack
And we do it like this, rarely do we miss
Catch you in the chest with an eagle 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
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)
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 "phatter" than a chick that had liposuction
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
{Blazin} Stop, you ain't even worth my while
Mama boy tryna 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 clock
I was puttin shit together phatter than ten Shirley
Murdocks
Ain't nuthin but a buncha, thorns in my side like you
was acupuncture
Bust it, playin post with me? that's unruly

No matter how bougie you'll still be a mooley
It's Rah Digga from the O-U-T's
Having bullshit rappers going "Whoa it's" me
We demonstrate MC and their music
Laced with the real P-funk you must choose it
We Buck Rogers, ayo 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
Ahhhhh...
Peace Tip, the love flows abundant
To Pace One, the underdopeless and youngin
Rappers be off on a tangent
I could flow longer than the van with
Backwards stan 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 y'all home girls on dangerous grounds
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