

# A Tribe Called Quest, Rumble In The Jungle

(Come on)

Root to the fruit, more bass than Bootsy Collins

You verses me, that's like Ali verses Foreman

(Aha)

God's act, stand back and watch, Devil's time out

Can't be timed with no swatch watch, who I am? The black Abraham?

Zunga, zunga, zang, yellow man, Vietnam

Add an extra bar as I spar with literature

Taking kingdoms from tsars, winning more wars than the Moors

Hey, what's the deal? I seen the Devil spar with Allah

Mathematics was the key to set my whole race free

You might debate we, a refugee

No harm hurt me, dying, thirsty from the struggle

To my own hustle bubble, on the low, woe is me

To show the Free Bob right, the righteous Asiatic thinker

While Satan rob light, civilized like the Molly

Burgundy, wildy rocking seen the fifth when Ali clocked him

John Forte will keep you locked in

People all around, you got to recognize and witness

The Mister who swift enough to knock you out with Mic fitness

Hands blistered from holding the mics tight

Some say, it's fright night

Well, throw the R after the F 'cause I'm gonna take away your breath

The bell rings and now it's just a daily operation

Yo, you saw my lubrication, you can see this occupation

(The winner)

Eh, you know we're from Q-Borough

L-Booie and Clef the trainers, Prazwell promote the throw

We used to bite bullets with the pig skin casing

Now, we perfect slang like a gang of street masons

(Uh)

Scribe check make connects, true pyramid architects

(Yeah)

Replace the last name with the X, the man's got a God complex

(X)

But take the text and change the picture

Watch Muhammad play the messenger like Holy Muslim scriptures

Take orders from only God, only war when it's Jihad

See Ali appears in Zaire to reconnect 400 years

But we the people dark but equal give love to such things

To the man who made the fam' remember when we were kings

Blocks on fire, fiends getting higher

(Block's on fire tonight, uh, huh)

Robbing blue collar, killing for a dollar

(Hey, yo, we rob them blue collars, stick 'em up)

Youths get tired, we're dealing with them liars

(Ali, ah, yeah, Ali, ah, yeah, we're dealing with too many liars)

From Brooklyn to Zaire, we need a ghetto Messiah

(Uh, huh, ah, yeah, ah, yeah, come on)

Send me an angel in the morning, baby

Send me an angel in the morning, darling

Send me Muhammad in the morning, baby

Send me an angel in the morning, darling

Once the pen hits the pad it's danger, to this, I be no stranger

Step inside the ring and I'll derange you, I'm hearing no comments

(Come on)

Everyone looks despondent, dejected, rejected similar to Liston

Catching lists, beat it, sonny, my man is still the greatest in this

To hell with Frazier yappin' about that negative shit

Now listen, you can try and escape if you want to

But ask yourself, who the hell you gonna run to

Like Sade Abu you got a punch that I can sleep to

Fugees, Tribe, Busta Rhymes forever coming through

We sing Amazing Grace over two dollar plate

One roll snake eyes like Jake The Snake  
Many lies put up for stakes, wash our sins at the Great Lakes  
You and I cannot see eye to eye, so therefore we cannot relate  
I'm here when I make myself crystal clear  
You fled to Cape Fear when I laced you in Zaire  
Tussle with a lasso in the Royal Rumble  
Separate boys from men in the concrete jungle  
I remember when Cassius Clay flipped the script, taking trips  
To Zimbabwe, Africans started calling the God Ali Bumbaye  
(So bwoy)  
It be the God stricken, God nutrition, lightly stricken  
(Ha)  
Blow that make you feel like you was poison bitten  
Ha, yo, I'm 'bout to blister you and your sister  
Predicting every ass whipping before my fights my nigga  
This be your last warning once you walk past the doorman  
Ali and Foreman gonna lock ass until the morning  
Marvelous finances provided by Joseph Mobutu  
Special guests of honor like the Archbishop Desmond Tutu  
We watched the Rumble In The Jungle  
To see who be the targeted uncle to be the first to fall and fumble  
Nuff blows they getting thrown, like solid milestones  
Internally shaking up niggas, imbalance your chromosomes  
With the force of a thousand warriors  
When I bust your ass identify me as the lord victorious  
Blocks on fire, fiends getting higher  
(You're a star, blocks on fire, you're a star)  
Robbing blue collar, killing for a dollar  
(You're a star, yeah rob them blue collars, you're a star)  
Youths get tired, we're dealing with them liars  
(You're a star, youths getting tired, you're a star  
We're dealing with too many liars)  
From Brooklyn to Zaire, we need a ghetto Messiah  
(You're a star)