

## De La Soul

### "Ego Trippin Part Three"

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Once again my friend the funky beat has hold and we  
going on down to  
the A.M. for you and your friend sounds here tough on  
the ear You  
know that coming at you so loud and clear so you have  
no fear we got  
the voice of the people's choice the man with the plan  
who's got the  
the groove that makes you move take your body higher  
set your soul  
on fire playing so dance to the beat and move your  
feet, top  
performers cold hardcore music deejays....)  
(Ego trip, ego trip, taking a train to the ego trip)  
POS:  
Johnny fever, I won't catch  
I'm Mr. Shockin' body rockin' finger pop I never stop  
That means I run it to the break  
'Cause I'm a sugar blizzard  
I'll blow you like a chicken and stab you in your gizzard  
Nah nah, let me back that up  
I think I'll freakin' shoot ya  
Parlay and smoke a L with my honey for the future  
Man, I'm happy as can be 'cause I got my OE  
Nah nah, let me back that up, let me back that up  
Johnny fever, I won't catch  
I'm Mr. Shockin' body rockin' finger pop I never stop  
That means I run it to the break  
'Cause I'm a sugar blizzard  
So when I come girls run the tongue like a lizard  
Yo, my style was created from the tapes of boys and  
girls  
WHO had the second generation dubs of crews at  
Harlem World  
Like the Fearless, the Crush, the Furious  
Where I transform to the physical in the Latin Quarters  
I was curious to how Kris and Scott blew the stage  
Back then I didn't know you kept the ego front page  
I didn't know you had to keep the ego front page  
I didn't know you had to keep the ego front page  
I didn't know you had to keep the ego front page

Like my man from Black Moon when he enters the stage

I didn't know you had to keep the ego front page

I didn't know you had to keep the ego front page

DOVE:

I got seventeen kids who speak to peak rhythms

And they all know I didn't come to make any sense

I heard Mikey Roads bust licks like

"Hey ma, what's for dinner?", spit cuss like a winner

Malibu down 'cause they can't see the standard I clown

Bundles and bags is sniffin' like

Dragons (ow) and dragons (oww!) and dragons

(OOWW!!)

Hit the pit stop on the corner 'cause I see brothers

flaggin'

Party on the moon but first I gots to spoon

It's wiggle your ass man, you made the jam jiggle like

Whoomp, not that, ain't it? I hit the elephant

Damn, Super Lover Man, your shit look thick

But first things first I'm gonna take it to the sea

The Chattanooga champ is gonna take it to the sea

I'm the employer, you're my employee

You gots to bust your ass for the cash money

Double on a bobo, Mr Bartender

Got to make this tree look pretty tonight

I'm on a kite, never trippin' on the ego

You know how we go, if I had a million bucks

I'd go buy me an Amigo, a house and a pinball machine

Slip myself some Spanish Fly and wet dream

Amazing how I zoom to the pervert mode

You wanna know why, you ask me why

(Why you trippin'?) (Good love, good love)

You wanna know why, you ask me why

(Why you trippin'?) (Good love, good love)

You wanna know why, you ask me why

(Why you trippin'?) (Good love, good love)

Do you wanna know why, you ask me why

POS:

Well you wanna know why, I'll tell you why

Classic example of a date rape

Check the moves in the laces so the shoes won't fake

Standing on the bread, honey take the moves to the

head

DOVE:

Nah nah nah, just sit to this permanent

'Cause I'm a never movin', I clown it like

Get down, get down on the illegitimate

Yes I am the Chattanooga

I know this girl named Joelle, her mama drives a

Cougar

POS:

Ay yo, I flaunt gets way beyond the bets  
Little girl be cheesin' when I'm twirling her barrettes  
I'm entering through the centre in 'cause she sweats  
Now her Mister needs to see if my construction can be kept  
I run it back to when I had Millie in the sack  
Where she did the nothing 'cause her father showed her something  
I ain't frontin', I'm mashing all the comp 'cause I'm thorough  
Like crack, that's here to clear the inner city boroughs  
But jump inside your mind so there's no escapism  
Yo, De La Soul is here to stay like racism  
You wack-ass rappers, they don't take much to see  
If you don't sync with my mental  
What the fuck makes you think you can touch me?  
Well anyway, I'm levelling the masses, which gets me asses  
Now tell me who be the tramp  
Hey yo honey, what the fuck you riffin' about?  
Love should have brought me home but sex kept me out  
Love should have brought me home but sex kept me out  
Love should have brought me home but sex kept me out  
Hey yo honey, what the fuck you riffin' about?  
Love should have brought me home but sex kept me out  
(Lesson three, lesson three, lesson three, lesson three)  
(Ego trip, ego trip, ego trip, ego trip)  
(What you want, nigga, what you want)

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