

Tribe Called Quest

"I Left My Wallet in El Segundo"

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Q-Tip:

My mother went away for a month-long trip
Her and some friends on an ocean-liner ship
She made a big mistake by leaving me home
I had to roam so then picked up the phone
Dialed Ali up to see what was going down
Told him I pick him up, so we could drive around
Took the Dodge Dart, a '74
My mother left a yard but I needed one more
Shaheed had me covered with a hundred green backs
So we left Brooklyn and we made big tracks
Drove down the Belt, got on the Conduit
Came to a toll, we paid and went through it
Had no destination, we was on a quest
Ali laid in the back so he could get rest
Drove down the road for two-days-and-a-half
The sun had just risen on a dusty path
Just then a figure had caught my eye
A man with a sombrero who was four feet high
I pulled over to ask where we was at
His index finger he tipped up his hat
"El Segundo," he said, "my name is Pedro.
If you need directions, I tell you pronto"
Needed no civilization, some sort of reservation
He said a mile south, theres a fast food station
Thanks, senor, as I started the motor
Ali said, "Damn, Tip, why you drive so far for?"
When he said "why?" I said we gotta go
Cause I left my wallet in El Segundo

I left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
I gotta get it I got got to get it
I left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
Left my wallet in El Segundo
Come on, lets go

Anyway, a gas station we passed, we got gas

And went on to get grub, there was a nice little pub
In the middle of nowhere, anywhere would have been
better
I ordered Enchiladas and I ate 'em
Ali had the fruit punch
When we finished we thought for ways to get back
I had a hunch
Ali said, " Pay for lunch", so I did it
Pulled out the wallet and I saw this wicked beautiful
Lady
She was a waitress there
Put the wallet down and stared and stared
To put me back into reality, here's Shaheed:
"Yo, Tip, man, got what you need?"
I checked for keys and started to step
What do you know, my wallet I forgot.

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Lord, have mercy, the heat got hotter
Ali starts to curse me
I feel bad but he makes me feel badder
Chit-chit-chatter, car starts to scatter
Breaking on out, we was Northeast bound
Jettin on down at the speed of sound
Three days coming, three more going
We get back and there was no slack
490 Madison, we're here, Sha
He said, "All right, Tip, see you tomorrow"
Thinking about the past week, the last week
Hands go in my pocket, I can't speak
Hopped in the car and torped to the shack
Of Shaheed, "We gotta go back!"
When he said, "why?", I said we gotta go
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