

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill

"Ego Trippin"

Visit "[Ego Trippin](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(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)

Visit [Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.