

De La Soul, Me, Myself & I

Dove:

Mirror, mirror on the wall
Tell me, mirror, what is wrong?
Can it be my de la clothes
Or is it just my de la song?
What I do ain't make-beleive
People say I sit and try
But whan it comes to being de la
It's just me myself and i

It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i

Pos:

Now you tease my plug one style
And my plug one spectacles
You say plug one and two are hippies
No, we're not, that's pure plug bull
Always pushing that we've formed an image
There's no need to lie
When it comes to being plug one
It's just me myself and i

It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i

Dove:

Proud, I'm proud of what I am
Poems I speak are plug two type
Please oh please let plug two be
Himself, not what you read or write
Right is wrong when hype is written

On the soul, de la that is,
Style is surely our own thing
Not the false disguise of showbiz
De la soul is from the soul
And this fact I can't deny
Strictly from the dan called stuckie
And from me myself and i

It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i

Pos:

Glory, glory hallelu
Glory for plugs one and two
But that glory's been denied
By kizids and dookie eyes
People think they dis my person
By stating I'm darkly pack
I know this so I point at q-tip
And he states, 'black is black'
Mirror mirror on the wall,
Shovel chestnuts in my path
Please keep on up with the nuts
So I don't get in aftermath
But if I do I'll calmly punch them
In the fourth day of july
'cause they tried to mess with

Third degree, that's me myself and i

It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i
It's just me myself and i