

# Dog Eat Dog

## De La Soul

It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)  
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)  
'Cause i ain't got time  
For hangin around When you're fuckin' my love  
In all the wrong places  
It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)  
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out) 'Cause i ain't got time  
For hangin around  
When you're fuckin' my love  
In all the wrong places Extra extra  
What's that all about?  
I'm wishin the position  
Of my loving's sorted out I shed a tear cause i'm hearin'  
Nothing new or particular  
Status once parallel  
Now it's perpendicular And everything is just as clear as day  
Realistically explicit  
In the things you say  
I guess a "bitch" in the batter's Gonna make the flavor fatter  
But you gots to keep it for real  
Forget about your jewels and gems  
You won't be needin None of them  
The tool'll fix the era  
My mellow used to wear a  
Namebuckle, now he chuckle 'Cause he earn a dime Quicker  
Talkin bout a burnin'  
Sippin on some malt liQuor  
And all these kiddies Wishin they were supa emcees  
But to earn my "s"  
I had to learn some less  
About a crime'll make million A dime'll make a call  
I'd rather hop on the line  
And drop a rhyme to prince paul  
'Cause it's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt) I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out)  
'Cause i ain't got time  
For hangin around  
When you're fuckin' my love In all the wrong places  
Hey kid  
What's the word?

Man, it's all about mind Keeping focused  
On them self-mechanisms of rhyme  
So no longer stand erect  
'Cause your thoughts are drained Walkin' round  
Manifesting attributes of shame  
Used to squabble for the mic  
But now accordingly We act  
Unless a club can't afford the fee  
We act  
So name that any best man To put us under  
Created from the ground  
Yet know nothin  
'Bout the under Take a glimpse  
At them pimps  
Playin record exec  
Addin up all your zeros So's to cut you a check  
Saying why the blunder wonder  
Could've g'd today  
So you can put up some swings For your seed to play  
But a swing ain't that important  
When the park's around the corner  
Filled with life causing death Greeting victims for the morning  
It was the moment i feared  
Nah, the moment i steered  
Upon the right path To know the right math  
To over stand  
It's a dog eat dog competition (no doubt)  
I'll be gone like you're wishin (and i'm out) 'Cause i ain't got time  
For hangin around  
When you're fuckin my love  
In all the wrong places

Songwriters

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