Me, Myself & I

Tha French Lokos

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 aint make-beleive
People say I sit and try
But whan it comes to being De La
Its just me myself and IIts just me myself and I
Its just me myself and I
Its just me myself and INow you tease my plug one style
Where my plug one spectacles
You say plug one and two are hippies
No, were not, thats pure plug bullAlways pushing that weve formed an image
Theres no need to lie
When it comes to being plug one
Its just me myself and IIts just me myself and I
Its just me myself and I
Its just me myself and IProud, Im 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 writeRight is wrong when hype is written
On the soul, De La that is
Style is surely our own thing
Not the false disguise of showbizDe La Soul is from the soul
And this fact I cant deny
Strictly from the DAN called Stuckie
And from me myself and IIts just me myself and I
Its just me myself and I
Its just me myself and IGlory, glory Hallelu
Glory for plugs one and two
But that glorys been denied
By kizids and dookie eyesPeople think they dis my person
By stating Im darkly pack
I know this so I point at Q-tip
And he states, Black is blackMirror mirror on the wall
Shovel chestnuts in my path
Please keep on up with the nuts
So I dont get in aftermathBut if I do Ill calmly punch them
In the fourth day of July
Cause they tried to mess with Third Degree

Thats me myself and IIts just me myself and I
Its just me myself and I
Its just me myself and I
Its just me myself and I

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