

Ego Trippin' (Part Two) (Original Version)

De La Soul

I'm buggin'
E ghostbusters
Mercy mercy
(Ego trip, ego trip)
Mercy
(Ego trip, ego trip)
MercyAah, aah, aah, aah
Aah, aah, aah, aah
Aah, aah, aah, aah
Aah, aah, aah, aahYep, yep, big trucker man's rollin' in town
How ya do, how ya do
I got the joints to make ya
(Jump)
Because I'm headin' eastbound
Tired of the merry go round and aroundAnd everybody's talkin' 'bout you're so funny
But they still tellin' lies to me
I got the trees in my backyard
And it's hard for them to tell a lie to meAnd who's the foot, I'm the foot but who's steppin'
(Ain't no half steppin')
You know where I'm steppin'
Skirts play wit it 'cause I'm slick like that
I'm the greatest MC in the worldYou gots to gimme, gimme mine
'Cause I'm heavy when I weigh it
Watch the way I say it
(Ego trip)
Change my pitch up, smack my bitch up, I never did it
The flavor's bein' butt but brothers ain't gettin' itGet it or else you're a goner
When I rolls over ya gonna have to wanna lamp
'Cause it's the chattanooga champ
Takin' a train, takin' a train, takin' a train, takin' a trainNow I'm somethin' like a phenomenon
I'm somethin' like a phenomenon
Well, I'm the hourglass cat
Drug it out of jack
For Jill'Cause I spilled the phenomenon
Pack the holes in my lawn
The girls in my sauna
Word is born I'm a livin' phenomenonWell, I'm a better brand 'cause I'm a Superman
I run the block with my circle 'cause I'm Nubian
I got the platinum rust, so don't even fuss

'Cause DJ Paul, he's down wit us Now people stop takin' my stylin' for a joke

I don't sassafrass I put the foot up the ass

Sometimes I'm fast, blow off like a seal

When they reminisce over you

For realMase chopped the record down to the bone

And now Renee King is on my telephone

But I got the ring, ring, ha, ha, hey, hey

'Cause this type of shit it happens everyday

I got to make me a connection so my imports stuff

(Word)Wo, word 'em up, 'cause I'm so fly

Yes on and on

I'm ins like [unverified] go buy my yacht

I got Gills like Johnny, sail at 7 elf

(Well, good for ya)

Bigger than bigs, dig it

(I dug it)

Ways that amazes popesI am the is equals is 'cause it's caught up

When the tides taught me the ropes

No weights for the baits

(Man I'll give you four)

For a verb unheard of

(Man gimme one more)Alright you got it if you're special

With a dapper toe tapper when a lot's goin' on

(And ain't a damn thing happenin')

The answer to the riddle is me and here's the questionWho can be

(Fresh?)

Who can be

(Dope?)

Who can be

(Nice?)Who can be

(Beautiful?)

Who can be

(Word?)

Who can beMe be the Jericho turnpike bandit

Yes, competition try to troupe my way

I sing the song you never heard before

I feed the famine in your mind

So mind ya manners babyI run a line on ya

Lay ya on the springs then sway ya

All this and a condom 'cause I be a taxpayer

Promotin' of a moccasin, I skin like Danny BooneWhen I swallow hear the

(Gulp)

So give me room just give me room back the hell up

Back the hell up

Know what I'm sayin'

Or when I run the mic there won't be no delayin'
Pressure 40 does it like a Easy Bake ovenBlues got the muffin
Eat it
Blues got the muffin
Eat it
Intoxicate many wit my talk
Without intoxicatin' myself low
So I gots to walk slow but
Don't you get too highEgo trip, ego trip, ego trip, ego trip
Ego trip, ego trip, ego trip, ego trip
Ego trip, ego trip, ego trip, ego trip
Ego trip, ego trip, ego trip, ego trip
Ego trip, ego trip, ego trip, ego trip
Ego trip, ego trip, ego trip, ego tripAah, aah, aah, aah, aah
Aah, aah, aah, aah, aah
Aah, aah, aah, aah, aah
Aah, aah, aah, aah, aah
Aah, aah, aah, aah, aahSomebody's cryin'?
I know somebody's cryin'
Who's cryin'?
Yo, somebody's cryin' here
(Trippin' down the fuckin' stairs, yeah)

Songwriters

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