

The Magic Number

De La Soul

(got to have soul!)

Pos:

3

That's the magic number

Yes it is

It's the magic number

Somewhere in this hip-hop soul community

Was born 3 mase, dove and me

And that's the magic number

(what does it all mean?)

Difficult preaching is posdnuos' pleasure

Pleasure and preaching starts in the heart

Something that stimulates the music in my measure

Measure in my music, raised in three parts

Casually see but don't do like the soul

'cause seein' and doin' are actions for monkeys

Doin' hip hop hustle, no rock and roll

Unless your name's brewster, 'cause brewster's a punky

Parents let go 'cause there's magic in the air

Criticising rap shows you're out of order

Stop look and listen to the phrasin' fred astaires

And don't get offended while mase do-se-do's your daughter

A tri-camera rolls since our music's now set

Fly rhymes are stored on a d.a.i.s.y. production

It stands for "da inner sound y'all" and y'all can bet

That the action's not a trick, but showing the function

Everybody wants to be a deejay

Everybody wants to be an emcee

But being speakers are the best

And you don't have to guess

De la soul posse consists of three

And that's the magic number

Dove:

This here piece of the pie

Is not dessert but the course that we dine

And three out of every darn time

The effect is "mmmm" when a daisy grows in your mind

Showing true position, this here piece is

Kissin' the part of the pie that's missin'

When that negative number fills up the casualty
Maybe you can subtract it
You can call it your lucky partner
Maybe you can call it your adjective
But odd as it may be
Without my 1 and 2 where would there be
My 3

Mase pos and me
And that's the magic number
Focus is formed by flaunts to the soul
Souls who flaunt styles gain praises by pounds
Common are speakers who are never scrolls
Scrolls written daily creates a new sound
Listeners listen 'cause this here is wisdom
Wisdom of a speaker, a dove and a plug
Set aside a legal substance to feed 'em
For now get 'em high off this dialect drug
Time is a factor so it's time to count
Count not the negative actions of one
Speakers of soul say it's time to shout
Three forms the soul to a positive sum
Dance to this fix and flex every muscle
Space can be filled if you rise like my lumber
Advance to the tune but don't do the hustle
Shake, rattle, roll to my magic number
Now you may try to subtract it
But it just won't go away
Three times one?
(what is it?)
(one, two, three!)
And that's the magic number
(yo, what's up?)
(1, 2, 3)
(I say, children, what does it all mean?)
(woah-woah-wo, 1, 2, 3)
(I wouldn't lie to you)
(no more no less, that's the magic number)
(no more no less)
(what it is?)
(no more no less)
(is this the future?)
(no more no less)
(do the shang-a-lang)
(no more no less)

(no one on the subway ever chats to me)
(no more no less)
(anybody in the audience ever get hit by a car?)
(no more no less)
(how high's the water, mama?)
(no more no less)
(how high's the water, mama?)
(no more no less)
(three feet high and rising)
(no more no less)
(three)
(that's the magic number)

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