

# I Left My Wallet in El Segundo

A Tribe Called Quest

My mother went away for a month-long trip  
Her and some friends on an ocean-liner ship  
She made a big mistake by leaving me home  
I had to roam so then picked up the phone  
Dialed Ali up to see what was going down  
Told him I pick him up, so we could drive around  
Took the Dodge Dart, a `74  
My mother left a yard but I needed one more  
Shaheed had me covered with a hundred green backs  
So we left Brooklyn and we made big tracks  
Drove down the Belt, got on the Conduit  
Came to a toll, we paid and went through it  
Had no destination, we was on a quest  
Ali laid in the back so he could get rest  
Drove down the road for two-days-and-a-half  
The sun had just risen on a dusty path  
Just then a figure had caught my eye  
A man with a sombrero who was four feet high  
I pulled over to ask where we was at  
His index finger he tipped up his hat  
'El Segundo,' he said, 'my name is Pedro.  
If you need directions, I tell you pronto'  
Needed no civilization, some sort of reservation  
He said a mile south, there's a fast food station  
Thanks, senor, as I started the motor  
Ali said, 'Damn, Tip, why you drive so far for?'  
When he said 'why?' I said we gotta go  
Cause I left my wallet in El Segundo

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Come on, let's go

Anyway, a gas station we passed, we got gas  
And went on to get grub, there was a nice little pub  
In the middle of nowhere, anywhere would have been better  
I ordered Enchiladas and I ate `em  
Ali had the fruit punch  
When we finished we thought for ways to get back  
I had a hunch  
Ali said, 'Pay for lunch'', so I did it  
Pulled out the wallet and I saw this wicked beautiful Lady  
She was a waitress there  
Put the wallet down and stared and stared  
To put me back into reality, here's Shaheed:  
'Yo, Tip, man, got what you need?'  
I checked for keys and started to step  
What do you know, my wallet I forget.

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Lord, have mercy, the heat got hotter  
Ali starts to curse me  
I feel bad but he makes me feel badder  
Chit-chit-chatter, car starts to scatter  
Breaking on out, we was Northeast bound  
Jettin' on down at the speed of sound  
Three days coming, three more going  
We get back and there was no slack  
490 Madison, we're here, Sha  
He said, "All right, Tip, see you tomorrow"  
Thinking about the past week, the last week  
Hands go in my pocket, I can't speak  
Hopped in the car and torped to the shack  
Of Shaheed, "We gotta go back!"  
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