

# Me Myself and I

De La Soul

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 ain't make-beleive  
People say I sit and try  
But whan it comes to being De La  
It's just me myself and I

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Now you tease my Plug One style  
And my Plug One spectacles  
You say Plug One and Two are hippies  
No, we're not, that's pure Plug bull  
Always pushing that we've formed an image  
There's no need to lie  
When it comes to being Plug One  
It's just me myself and I

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Proud, I'm 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 write  
Right is wrong when hype is written  
On the Soul, De La that is,  
Style is surely our own thing  
Not the false disguise of showbiz  
De La Soul is from the soul  
And this fact I can't deny  
Strictly from the Dan called Stuckie  
And from me myself and I

It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I

Glory, glory hallelu  
Glory for Plugs One and Two  
But that glory's been denied  
By kizids and dookie eyes  
People think they dis my person  
By stating I'm darkly pack  
I know this so I point at Q-Tip  
And he states, 'Black is Black'  
Mirror mirror on the wall,  
Shovel chestnuts in my path  
Please keep on up with the nuts  
So I don't get in aftermath  
But if I do I'll calmly punch them  
In the fourth day of July

'Cause they tried to mess with  
Third degree, that's me myself and I

It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I  
It's just me myself and I