

# The Magic Number

De La Soul

(Got to have soul!)

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

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)