

# Pharoahe Monch, Desire (Feat. Showtyme)

Unh! Oh!  
Oh! Oh!  
Oh! Oh!  
Oh!

(Hook)

Said it's my desire!! Yes it is! yeeaaaah  
Yes it is, yes it is, oh yea....

Comprehend the guidelines  
My chest out, chinchilla'd or relaxed on the sidelines  
I'm so famous, understand  
New York City respect my game like Joe Namath  
And I protect my name like yo' anus...in prison  
Y'all don't hear me  
Y'all don't listen  
Y'all just wanna shine  
Y'all just wanna glisten  
Floss, knowin' that the soul is still missin'  
Who am I? I'm the poetical pastor  
Slave to a label but i own my masters  
Still get it poppin' without artist and repertoire  
Cause Monch is a "Monarch", only minus the A & R  
When my brain excels  
Your train derails  
Pop shit, make you feel the 'Clipse'/clips like Pharell  
You will feel me  
You will admire  
My struggle  
My hustle  
My soul  
Desire

(Hook 2)

(Hook)

Said its myyyy desire  
yeeaaaah

My book's an ovary, the pages i lust to turn  
My pen is the penis, when i write the ink's the sperm  
Desire - the fire that ignites the torch that burns  
This is not rocket science, this is easy to learn  
My mic's a gavel, when i talk court's adjourned  
Respect, even if you was 'ashes' you couldn't 'urn'  
I embody antibiotics, you are infected with germs  
Rap's fatally ill, please get concerned  
Players pick turns to play, get burned  
I telecommentate the game like Chick Hearn  
This is the moment of truth for my opponent's ?alliance?  
Vocals alone evoke the emotion of black choirs  
Fire, you don't wanna get burned like Richard Pryor  
Move back, who's that there, the livewire  
You will feel me  
You will admire  
My struggle  
My hustle  
My soul  
Desire

(Hook 2)

(Bridge)

Thats my desire  
Keep pushin'  
Keep strivin'

My passion  
My fire

{{(Bridge), (Hook)}} x3