

# The Pharcyde, Somethin

(Slimkid 3)

I sleep wit one eye open, that's my third, that's my word  
Gave it one try hoping to fly the whole bird  
Turbulence occurred  
Cause shit was turbulent and terminal just like an illness  
How to be real with myself to even feel this  
In grip with my controls to wheel and deal this  
Chinks upon my jugular vein  
Tryin' to kill this immaculate state of harmony

(Imani)

He gave me the impression that he was making real strides  
Thinkin' of real progression  
But only spoke on worthless earthly possessions  
Brainless, dealing with the strainless  
Needin' a correction for this infection  
A Brand Nubian direction that left me in true shock  
Like when 2Pac got shot  
The whammy  
I drop my secrete scripts of the uncanny  
Broadcastin' live and direct throughout the galaxy

(Slimkid 3)

See I don't think you value what you got  
See look in your hands  
I'm just tryin' to be I hate to spoil your plains  
We from separate destinies and separate trails in the sand  
Even when we walk together side by side, hand in hand  
You need a ride? Hey, are (are) you going my way?  
Now we can kick it for while don't know how long I'll stay  
But the key is to love you for that day  
Can't control what we found or what's around the way

(Chorus) 4X

And I... I don't know what it is... but  
Somethin's got to give

(Bootie Brown)

Runnin' low on the resources  
Heinie missions, future conditions  
Don't look bright for the next generation  
Temperature's rising  
So are the prices  
You strung out on the vices  
\$2 million dollar ad to entice us  
We live to want sometimes forgetting what we need  
Overwhelmed with greed  
The creed is so misleadin'  
The plan seems to work and we're right on time  
Got us like crabs in a bucket, all tryin' to climb

(Imani)

We lookin' for those critical signs in these pivotal times  
Where it is not time for at-ease  
The mission is the collection of G's  
So please understand  
If you remain man, take a real stand like a man  
And don't follow the masses caravan  
But for you it could already be too late  
Cause your lost (lost) and it ain't no stoppin'  
And going out at all cost is your only option

(Bootie Brown)

As I remember relations unfold  
Good ol' day stories are always told  
He was optimistic  
Everyone falls under "statistics"  
Callin' on the mystics, psychic vibes, to add some insight  
Air sicken, mid-flight  
No turning back, leave you fall prey  
On the attack, a contact with the sack to ease the pain  
Completely fall victim to a game  
In debt to retain  
Balance always ricochet to regain

(Chorus)

Oh I... I don't know what it is... but  
Somethin's got to give

(Chorus) 6X

And I... I don't know what it is... but  
Somethin's got to give round here...