

# The Pharcyde, Trust

(Intro - Imani)

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes

I'd like to welcome all of you

Into the secret sessions of the sacred talisman

You are here with the three conductors of rhythm

Yes, constructors of reality through musical composition

Yes, relax and interface as we take you into the next phase

(beat change)

(Imani/Citizen Strange)

Where ya at, where ya at? They keep asking where ya been

We been preparing for two thousand and beyond, Pharcyde

What's the gripe, clown, turn that hype down

You had your chance but wasn't able to advance

Now you're stuck in a trance

All caught up in our rhythmic avalanches

Biting our sound like sandwiches

You fucked up your chances

Due to certain circumstances that you could've controlled

But had no real substance so under pressure you fold

Freak the peak of this lick, ghetto chic over fresh beats

Overexposed and cheats with verbal traction like cleats

Trying to get skeets, huh

Yup, they trying to get mine but I walk that fine line

Cause fools carry heat like sunshine

Damn! Pharcyde's popping, they hiping and they hopping

And it ain't no stopping, repeated shots to they noggin

Banging until they jaws is dropping, again

(Chorus x2)

When it seems there's no one to trust

You can always count on Pharcyde to bust

We readjust, combust from dawn to dusk

Leave fly girlies with a crush, wack rappers on hush

(Bootie Brown/Frank Fiction)

Waiting around, it's like a hot day to burn it up

With another hot plate, got your neighbours irate

Volume way past 8, keep me booming in your system

>From your residence to your auto, niggas envious

Green like an avocado, no beef, only equals cattle

Por favor, give you what you want and more

At the record store, first letters h' as in phosphorous

Learn to enrich my mind, working on being prosperous

A fool with money is quick to part

Some things start off sweet and end up tart

I speak in the front like a (???)

When you was expectant it the crew and I connected

Keep it collective from first to last

Is it banging is the question that they ask

(Chorus)

(Slimkid3)

Impressed with the wrong impression

About this rap shit, it's more than my profession

It's heartfelt, this life dealt a deadly hand

Life's lessons, hard times made a deadly man

Out of the soft, stressing, I fall down to my knees

For my blessings, push my wants aside for a minute

Cause greed had me testing my own fate

My own self-worth and how it goes to waste

All these things that I'm supposed to face

It gets scary on my planet sometimes  
My intuition in the back of my mind  
Tells me right from wrong  
Giving me strength to write this song  
I might not be here long  
So I take it serious and stop chasing a dream  
Cause it made me delirious  
All cats are curious entering wrong

(Chorus x4)