

# The Pharcyde, Groupie Therapy

(Bootie Brown)

I was standing, one of the cast of many  
I would give anything to swing hand in hand  
with her But it was just a blur  
I couldn't blame her, why give up fortune and the fame  
for a nigga who can barely afford his name  
So the dame kept aim at the stars  
I'm often thinking about her  
when I'm waitin on calls across the border  
Made sure my rhymes in order cause  
that moment could be near and it was  
Now my attorney is tellin' me to sign here  
So I appear and perform international  
The time came she stepped to me I thought rational  
But she knew I wanted it  
she walked around and flaunted it like a peacock  
I knocked the Reebok Now she jock  
Blowin up the Pactel and the doorbell  
Had to check myself as well love boat won't sail  
Cause I'm not captain let them know from the start  
I let you break me off but I won't let you  
break my heart

(Slim Kid3)

So I'm surrounded by bitchery now this is  
the most incredible shit in Slim Kid history  
So watch if you will the moment some good  
shit pops and they be foggin up ya grill  
Overly thrilled to get you in ya ass like massingil  
Still burnin shit now and I'm still learnin how not to fuck  
With ya baby or make ya my old lady  
You just overcasting ya ass is shady tryin to block  
the sunlight with all of that hype and now I'm discontinue'n  
All of this pipe that I've been layin as long as you keep  
swayin to anotha crew's tempo I gotta let you go and that's  
simple so get it through ya two temples because I'm  
tryin' to live fatter than a blimp ho  
and you're exempt and I won't symp on a write off  
So step out my world and turn the light off

(Fat Lip)

She was my high school sweetheart down from start  
When all I had was high hopes my health and my art  
But when I got fame she became unsure  
If I could still feel the same when I came off tour  
I said "for sure" cuz what God gave us, girl, I'm grateful  
No need to be insecure baby your nigga's faithful  
So now I'm off doin' dates in a gang of states  
And as my status elevates I see the baddest eights  
At the backstage gate lookin' great straight  
waitin for a nigga so now I figure  
"Hey I only live once I'm goin' all out today"  
Made a call out to L.A. to say what had to say...  
Now I get back the very next week only to learn  
the tables turned like a technique twelve hundred  
Last thing in the world that I wanted was my girl goin' out every  
night gettin blunted  
And zooted with a clique of well known  
reputed groupie hos from all the hip hop shows  
Backstage with her little backpack tryin to get chose  
By anotha nigga with talent wealth and fame  
Oh I suppose I guess I got myself to blame for turnin  
her out into a hip hop freak Now I seek counseling  
from a therapist twice a week

(Imani)

So let me speak about the freak So let me speak about the  
freak

Instantly she made another selection  
because he was in the lime plus had  
the money connection &quot;correction&quot;  
&quot;way more paid&quot; is why she laid and played  
A charade in the game of deception

This Miss-mysterious mistress is just an actress  
of the mattress cuz she's a wanna be mack-tress  
Well built-but equipped with the tackiest of tactics  
And I hate it why this is dedicated to all of them  
type of women who still be swimming Lost and confused  
in the lake of illusion with no values is why they're  
constantly losin'