

# The Pharcyde, Pharcyde

(Imani)

"None of that's true"  
We do it not you  
That's why I got you  
stuck on  
to my style like glue!  
The crew  
definitely is back again  
but I'm back to win  
so just tell a friend  
that I'm still  
twisting and bending  
minds and rhymes until the very end  
with the rhymes  
and the loops  
stomping out wack troops  
in my big black boots  
collecting respect and the loot!  
From the way I grab the microphone  
and execute, "iahp's" think I'm cute

(Bootie Brown)

(SAY WHAT?)

Yo man, I pay them no  
attention I stay deep into  
the cut cause I leave the  
tricks alone cause my name  
is not David Copper-Filled  
pockets, never net a man  
who don't hate it  
so let it be stated  
niggas couldn't fade it with an  
edit,  
and Xerox M.C.'s  
are pathetic, they tryin' to  
duplicate but their comin'  
out synthetic  
the name is Bootie Brown and phony M.C.'s forget  
it.

(X2)

Imani Bootie Brown Fatlip and Slimkid Tre  
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Imani Bootie Brown Fatlip and Slimkid Tre  
We do it this way  
We do it this way

(Fatlip)

I step toward the MIC grinnin'  
the lyrical imperial award winnin'  
rhymes like a balloon that got a pin in it  
because my shit be poppin'  
like gin & juice I seduce these iahps to get  
loose  
when I'm droppin'  
these rhymes on drums  
like my nigga Def Jef  
my style is more unknown than what happens  
after death  
I come fresh like your breath after your brush  
wack MC's like that orange soda got crushed

(Slim Kid3)

Well it's apparent that many  
are so transparent you  
can't believe ya eyes when  
ya starin it's ghostly and  
mostly the wise who  
yeah they just run these games  
before ya eyes to tell you  
lies framed in gold glitter  
for many moons I've been  
a go getter took miles of  
manure from the purest bullshitters  
now them mutha fuckas ain't wit us  
to get us  
m-walk shake the cut through their  
neutro-transmitter

(X2)

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(Imani)

You must respect me  
because I come directly from my internal  
while my eternal  
infernus steadily towering  
and over-powering  
all sour sounding wishin' wishy-washy  
competition

definitely wack and lackin'  
and stable ammunition  
change ya mission  
men and listen  
my way your salutations  
get no validations  
just rejections and ejections  
outta my Hitachi

(Slim Kid3)

Come on and taste the real  
step on inside and confide  
in the feel I reside  
by steel waters just a gear  
on the wheel no fear on  
the steel just a son of Jiva  
who won't leave my field