

Illusions

The Pharcyde

Yeah!

What?

I know outside looking in the grass is greener
Keeping up with the Joneses, got your pockets leaner
Then, Jimmy Dean making all the moves you're making
Don't do in the burbs with the female shakin'
Your head banging on walls, making collect calls
Like Tia and Melissa tryna keep in touch
The same homies used to hit you up for lunch
Are the same ones leave ya in the cool, in the crunch

We've been good (Could be that), even if you couldn't see that
(Could be that) Even if [?] (You can't just struggle)
(Could be that) That's right (Yeah)
It's like... (Even in illusion)

Huh, damn, now I got a brand new Benz
Damn, so many brand new friends
But when I didn't have no Benz
It was so you to frown on those you get down
You used to having everything sugar-coated
Though you hear the way up
And take it with the arm and roast it
I hate when niggas be trying to act all hard
When the cameras on
When the lights go off, they soft like lamps in the camera hair
Pharcyde gon' play the air and take you there
You know the routine, you know the episode
Take ya cream, take your whole team to a new city
Got a new persona now
You can be whoever or whatever you wanna— (Wanna, wanna, wanna)

We've been good (Could be that), even if you couldn't see that
(Could be that) Even if [?] (Don't be shut up)
(Could be that) Even if [?] (You can't just struggle)
(Could be that) Even in illusion

Yo, what you see may not always be
As we pass the popularity and MTV
You're barely twenty-six minutes, a yacht in the sea
Hustling the streets, coming home at three
But what about a nigga locked up with no plea
Only seventeen, rushed to emergency
Didn't make it, he's a boy, he struggled for, he'll never see
I felt hella bad when his girl let off at me
There's mice upon your man, give it all to the Gs and Feds
Mama do away the work, we'll clean advance
It was on consignment, so the city ya fled
So much shit is wrong that you wish you was dead
On the escalator to heaven with the one-night ticket
They say you got the blues like Wilson Pickett
You can't kick it 'cause you're hot in every hood
Got hyped on the game, but you misunderstood
The lights and the shine, champagne, all the dimes
Caught up in the candlelight, infiltrate your mind
The cash and the clothes, fake fans, real foes

Wrong place, wrong time, well played, real close

Get the bullshit outta my face
Get the bullshit outta my face, huh
Get the bullshit outta my face
Get the bullshit outta my face

Ya, ya

You need to stop fronting, actin' like you got everything covered
But you ain't really takin' care of nothin'

You need to stop frontin' and jokin', fella

Stop using all them smoke and mirrors

You need to focus

Hella, please, don't make me laugh

Your style is fake as the man cuttin' a lady in half

Huh, they use illusion, tryna be illusive

Known to stay true with the flow

And cruise on like a cruise ship

We've been good (Could be that), even if you couldn't see that

(Could be that) Even if [?] (Don't be shut up)

(Could be that) Even if [?] (You can't just struggle)

(Could be that) Even in illusion

(Could be that)

(Could be that)