

Storm

The Pharcyde

This is a story about—
Yeah, yeah
Turn it up a lil bit
Yeah, just a lil bit (Alright, man)
One time, it's all you, right now
(The— the— the music)
One time
(The— the— the music)
One time for chapter one
(The— the— the music)
(The— the— the music)
Right, turn it up some
(The— the— the music)
Uh-huh, you know that's— (The— the— the music)
Uh-huh, how we gon' do it?

Money and sex and drugs and violence
And ice and dubs
And mics and love and beats and rhyme
And, every single time
I try to tell you, but you never listen to the rhyme and
Love and romance
Hip hop don't stop
When I'm on the microphone, I try to take it to the top
Overpriced ice and overpriced whips
It seems like they're hearing, but nobody listening
Unless it's on MTV, BT or [?]
Dosier got rhymes, forget about those silly hoes
Money and sex and violence and drugs and guns and ice and dubs and thugs
It's got to be more than just cornrows and braids and the names on the back
of your throwback
Dosier is the name and I think that it is so wack
That nowadays people bite on the mic and get props on the mic
And they know that ain't right and forget about (The music)

(The— the— the music)
(The— the— the music)
(The— the— the music)
(The— the— the— the— the— the music)
(The— the— the music)

Yo
People talk and complain, do not want to change (The— the— the music)
Everything is the same
Always want to get over, wanna pull my chain
Carry some insurance 'cause you wanna pull my chain
Show mix with business, that's oil mixed with rain
A slick road ahead, there's love with the pain
Family could be tight until someone wants to gain
Man, it's a shame
Now they lookin' at me like an outsider
Pharcyder rider, one live wire
Get ready for another all-nighter
Who got the fire when we need a lighter?
Dosier get you higher than Isaiah Rider
Once you hit then take a hit then
Hold it in and close your eyes then exhale slow through your nose then ride

Money and sex and drugs and violence and ice and dubs and mics and love And
money and sex and drugs and violence and ice and dubs and mics and love
And money and sex and drugs and violence and ice and dubs and mics and love
And money and sex and drugs and violence and ice and dubs and mics and love
and beats and rhyme

And every single time

I try to tell you, but you never listen to the rhyme and love and romance, h
ip-hop

Yeah, the streets do watch and they do get hot

But they don't know, we smashin' they flow

'Cause they get up on the microphone and act like a fashion show

I don't care whose name you got on the back of your jeans

Your shit ain't hot, Pharcyde been OG since the day we drop

Some make it to the summit, some plain-out flop

Pull me over to the side and we can chop underground to pop

We have not forgot about the- (The music)

We won't forget about the- (The music)

(The- the- the music)

Pay homagin'

Pay respect to the- (The music) -the great performers of yesterday (The- the
- the music) that paved the way

So we may be able to do our thing today

From slave ships to spaceships

From guitars to ASRs

Drum machines to drum kicks, back to drum machines, back to kicks

We've seen it all

Ain't nothing new under the sun

Yes, yes, y'all