

Trust

The Pharcyde

[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]

[ImaniCitizen 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 hippping 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 BrownFrank 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