Time2

Pharoahe Monch

Love, love, love
Well well well well well
Help me cleanse my sins
Help me lift this spell, mmmWe fight demons from our past only to face new monsters
I ask, are we comatose or unconscious?
My top spin's perpetual, make the connection
You sleep cause reality bites, inception
Protection orders for my Post Traumatic Stress Disorder
Molested Mexican daughters, stretch across the border
The streets paved in gold often fade
When the paint they use to pave the streets is henna
And greener is the grass on the other side
Except for when that other side is geno
Or sewer, you smile while you sippin' a cup of Kahlua
That makes me wanna mainline a fucking fifth of Dewars
I'm trying to utilize my time to shine here
I realize we only have limited time here
Dudes on my line try'na sell me a timeshare
That'll be me with a nine losin' my mind in Time Square
Like, "Is this how you wanna treat me?
You know what this business was before you hired me
A piece of shit!
Everybody on the floor right now!
Everybody get the fuck down!"Love, love, love
Well well well well well
Help me cleanse my sins
Help me lift this spellLa-la-la-last ye-ye-year they hired me
And this-s-s-s we-we-we-we-week the-the-they fired me
And I g-g-g-got all these b-b-b-b-bills to pay
And what the f-f-f-f-fu-f-f-fuck am I supposed to say
T-t-t-t-to my wife she's p-p-p-p-pregnant
And if the kid does not go to college his life's irrelevant
And my-my-my melanin-n-n-n makes me a felon
And-nd I just wanna take this fuckin' c-c-crack and sell it
To the planet
Panic, I'm a manic depressive mechanic that manages to frantically do damage
To his brain with Xanax, and it's, like the word "anxiety" is branded panoramic
To the back of my eyelids in a variety of fonts
Ariel, Bold, Gothic

Lost it in Time Square and going home is not an option
Is this illusion optic
Perhaps it's just a chemical reaction with my Zoloft and acidophilus
The section of my brain that forms sentences isn't operative
Danger! Danger! Danger, Will Robinson
A bizarre ride, Pharcyde, Fatlip, Collagen
My tolerance is volatile and it feels like I'm losing oxygen!

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