

# 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-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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