

# Pharcyde

## The Pharcyde

[Imani]

"None of that's true"

We do it not you

That' why I got you

Stuck on

To my style like glue!

The crew

Definitely is back again

But I'm back to win

So just tell a friend

That I'm still

Twisting and bending

Minds and rhymes until the very end

With the rhymes

And the loops

Stomping out wack troops

In my big black boots

Collecting respect and the loot!

From the way I grab the microphone

And execute, "iahp's" think I'm cute

[Bootie Brown]

(Say what?)

Yo man, I pay them no

Attention I stay deep into

The cut cause I leave the

Tricks alone cause my name

Is not David Copper-Filled

Pockets, never net a man

Who don't hate it

So let it be stated

Niggas couldn't fade it with an

Edit,

And Xerox M.C.'s

Are pathetic, they tryin' to

Duplicate but their comin'

Out synthetic

The name is Bootie Brown and phony M.C.'s forget

It.

[Chorus: x2]

Imani Bootie Brown Fatlip and Slimkid Tre  
Imani Bootie Brown Fatlip and Slimkid Tre  
Imani Bootie Brown Fatlip and Slimkid Tre

We do it this way

We do it this way

[Fatlip]

I step toward the MIC grinnin'  
The lyrical imperial award winnin'  
Rhymes like a balloon that got a pin in it  
Because my shit be poppin'  
Like gin and juice I seduce these iahps to get  
Loose  
When I'm droppin'  
These rhymes on drums  
Like my nigga Def Jef  
My style is more unknown than what happens  
After death  
I come fresh like your breath after your brush  
Wack MC's like that orange soda got crushed

[Slim Kid3]

Well it's apparent that many  
Are so transparent you  
Can't believe ya eyes when  
Ya starin it's ghostly and  
Mostly the wise who  
Yeah they just run these games  
Before ya eyes to tell you  
Lies framed in gold glitter  
For many moons I've been  
A go getter took miles of  
Manure from the purest bullshitters  
Now them mutha fuckas ain't wit us  
To get us  
M-walk shake the cut through their  
Neutro-transmitter

[Chorus: x2]

[Imani]

You must respect me

Because I come directly from my internal  
While my eternal  
Infernos steadily towering  
And over-powering  
All sour sounding wishin' wishy-washy  
Competition  
Definitely wack and lackin'  
And stable ammunition  
Change ya mission  
Men and listen  
My way your salutations  
Get no validations  
Just rejections and ejections  
Outta my Hitachi

[Slim Kid3]

Come on and taste the real  
Step on inside and confide  
In the feel I reside  
By steel waters just a gear  
On the wheel no fear on  
The steel just a son of Jiva  
Who won't leave my field

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Jermaine

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