

# Drop

## The Pharcyde

[Bootie Brown:]

Let me freak the funk,  
Obsolete is the punk that talk more junk than Sanford sells  
I jet propel at a rate that complice their mental state  
As I invade their masquerade  
They couldn't fade with a clipper blade  
10 years in the trade is not enough, you can't cut it  
I let you take a swing, and you bunted  
For an easy out, I leave mc's with doubt  
Of exceeding, my name is Bottie Brown and I'm proceeding, leading,  
They try to follow but they're shallow and hollow  
I can see right through them like an empty 40 bottle, of O.E.  
They have no key, or no clue  
To the game at all, now they washed up  
Hung out to dry  
Standing looking stupid, wondering why  
(why man?)  
It was the fame, that they tried to get  
Now they walking around talking about represent  
And keep it real, but I got to appeal  
Cause they existing in a fantasy when holding the steel

[Slim Kid 3:]

Rock a bye baby,  
Listen to my heart pumping to a fine ravine  
Of all things it's a vain of a shrine  
All missions impossible are possible, cause I'm  
Heading for a new sector 365 days from now, I'll  
Wipe the sweat from my brow  
And each and every true will stick, or fall from the sky of my cloud nine  
From homies all the way to chics, no matter how fine  
Controlling is a swollen way to wreck a proud mind  
You hold it in your hands and watch a man start crying  
Tear after tear in the puppet man's hands  
Every time you take a stance you do the puppet man's dance  
And the worlds at a stand-still  
Deep in broken mansville, trapped in the moat with an anvil, still  
Killing yourself, and dogging ya health

You ain't amphibious, so grab a hold of yourself

[Knumbskull #1:]

Shit is-shit is ill, my flow still will spill  
Toxic slick to shock you sick like electrocute  
When I execute, acutely over the rhythm  
On those that pollute, extra dosages is what I gotta give em  
Got em mad and trembling  
Cause I been up in my lad assembling  
Missiles, to bomb the enemy  
Because they envy me, and the making of my mad currency  
Currently I think we're in a state of an emergency  
Cause niggas done sold their souls, and now their souls is hollow  
And I think they can't follow  
They can't swallow, the truth because it hurts  
This is how I put it down, this is my earth, my turf  
The worth of my birth is a billion, and you know what time it is  
I'm going to make a million

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