Desire

[Pharoahe Monch](#)

(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

Said it's my desire, yes it, yeah

Yes it, yes it is, oh yeah, yeahComprehend the guidelines

My chest out chinchilla

All relaxed on the sidelines

I'm so famous, understandNew York City respects my game like Joe Namath

And I protect my name like your anus

In prison y'all don't hear me, y'all don't listen

Y'all just wanna shine, y'all just wanna glistenFloss, knowing that the soul is still missing

(Who am I?)

I am the poetical pastor

Slave to a label but I own my mastersStill get it popping without Artist And Repertoire

'Cause march is a monarch only minus the A&R

When my brain excels, your train derails

Pop shit, make you feel 'The Clipse' like PharellYou will feel me

You will admire

(My)

Struggle

(My)

Hustle

(My)

Soul, desireOh, said it's my desire, yes it, yeah

(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)

Said it's my desire, yeahMy book is a ovary, the pages I lust to turn

My pen's the penis, when I write the ink's the sperm

Desire, the fire that ignites, the torch to burn

This is not rocket science, this easy to learnMy mic's the gavel when I talk courts adjourned

Respect, even if you were ashes you couldn't earn

I embody antibiotics, you are infected with germs

Rap's fatally ill, please stick to the serumPlayers, pick turns to play, get burned

I color commentate the game like chick perms

This is the moment of truth for my opponents and liarsTalk is alone invoke the emotion of black choirs

Fire, you don't wanna get burned like Rich Pryor

Move back, who's that, there, the live wireYou will feel me

You will admire

(My)

Struggle

(My)

Hustle

(My)
Soul, desireSaid, it's my desire, yes it, yeah
Yes, my desire, people should keep fighting
My passion, my fire
Yes, my desire, people should keep fighting
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)Yes, my desire, people should keep fighting
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)
Yes, my desire, people should keep fighting
(Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh)