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)

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