

# Trust

## Mark Tremonti

[Intro: Imani]

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes  
I'd like to welcome all of you  
Into the secret sessions of the sacred talisman  
You are here with the three conductors of rhythm  
Yes, constructors of reality through musical composition  
Yes, relax and interface as we take you into the next phase

[beat change]

[Imani & Citizen Strange]

Where ya at, where ya at? They keep asking where ya been  
We been preparing for two thousand and beyond, Pharcyde  
What's the gripe, clown, turn that hype down  
You had your chance but wasn't able to advance  
Now you're stuck in a trance  
All caught up in our rhythmic avalanches  
Biting our sound like sandwiches  
You fucked up your chances  
Due to certain circumstances that you could've controlled  
But had no real substance so under pressure you fold  
Freak the peak of this lick, ghetto chic over fresh beats  
Overexposed and cheats with verbal traction like cleats  
Trying to get skeets, huh  
Yup, they trying to get mine but I walk that fine line  
Cause fools carry heat like sunshine  
Damn! Pharcyde's popping, they hiping and they hopping  
And it ain't no stopping, repeated shots to they noggin  
Banging until they jaws is dropping, again

[Chorus x2]

When it seems there's no one to trust  
You can always count on Pharcyde to bust  
We readjust, combust from dawn to dusk  
Leave fly girlies with a crush, wack rappers on hush

[Bootie Brown & Frank Fiction]

Waiting around, it's like a hot day to burn it up  
With another hot plate, got your neighbours irate  
Volume way past 8, keep me booming in your system

From your residence to your auto, niggas envious  
Green like an avocado, no beef, only equals cattle  
Por favor, give you what you want and more  
At the record store, first letters 'ph' as in phosphorous  
Learn to enrich my mind, working on being prosperous  
A fool with money is quick to part  
Some things start off sweet and end up tart  
I speak in the front like a [?]  
When you was expectant it the crew and I connected  
Keep it collective from first to last  
Is it banging is the question that they ask

[Chorus]

[Slimkid3]

Impressed with the wrong impression  
About this rap shit, it's more than my profession  
It's heartfelt, this life dealt a deadly hand  
Life's lessons, hard times made a deadly man  
Out of the soft, stressing, I fall down to my knees  
For my blessings, push my wants aside for a minute  
Cause greed had me testing my own fate  
My own self-worth and how it goes to waste  
All these things that I'm supposed to face  
It gets scary on my planet sometimes  
My intuition in the back of my mind  
Tells me right from wrong  
Giving me strength to write this song  
I might not be here long  
So I take it serious and stop chasing a dream  
Cause it made me delirious  
All cats are curious entering wrong

[Chorus x4]

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