

## Pharcyde "Bullshit"

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You gotta get up off of that bullshit, stop fighting that feeling

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Let me entertain you

And Interphaze you, with the new sound

The sound is the "Cyde" And the Phar is the "Cyde"

And no matter who you are, you know you can't hyde

Not from the eyes of the sun

Nor the moon nor the stars

No matter who you are

So come in and commence to the sound of my drummin'

You need to get up off of that shit and stop fighting that feeling

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Time to go all the way with it

Don't just sit there and stare or play with it

'Cause were committed to the seeds of the new breeds

The Motha Ship of dreams where fiendz breast feeds

Step thru reality into reality so surreal you feel you never knew reality

Until it stood still now your far from a lie

When the truth tantalizes ya eyes see we'z

Already in the skies or outer space

Standing here on the face of this earth

To the state to the grid of my turf where my mom gave

birth

To all that she loves be it small to others but  
Yo, it's bigger than love

They did a cross examination of it  
But you can't duplicate the state of our relations thru  
translations  
That's not the ticket breaking code in Heiroglyphics  
Trying to get down to the specifics

You need to get up off of that shit and stop fighting  
that feeling  
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that feeling

Yo, when money talks fools are always checkin'  
Depositing their two cents  
Foolishly convinced blinded by their ignorance  
That becomes a hinderance for them to rise

When you going to recognize  
Time waits for no man  
When you going to stand and  
Get up offa that Bullshit, stop fighting that feeling

Yo, yo, now let me change the topic just a bit  
Talk about the iaHP's with the fat ass and tits  
Comin' to the club looking for a star  
Ain't got ten dollars for a drink at the bar

Scoping around looking for the best dressed  
Smelling for the indo passing up the stress  
Sniff sniff yo what does the iaHP smell  
A brotha like Suave with pockets that swell

Action was thrown the iaHP was blown  
Next thing you know I had her at my home  
All alone object to get paid  
The only thing that happened was her ass got laid

Now no end and her ass was sprung  
Used a little tongue but believe I'm well hung  
So listen, a lesson well learned for all you club hopping  
ho's  
It ain't about the stardom and it ain't about the dough  
so

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