

## Pharcyde "Front Line"

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[Chorus x2]

No time to relax, nowhere to run  
Living on the frontline (x2)

[Slimkid3]

Who could believe in you if what you say isn't true  
If he's deceiving me then what's he see for you  
When they raise the flag who do I pledge allegiance to  
Life in paper bags, sometimes they fall through  
Best love I ever had was this world when it was new  
Back in nineteen-seventy all the way to eighty-two  
Things were heavenly around the town where I grew  
Family love was the sound that I knew, or ran home to  
Don't it make your brown eyes blue?  
When somebody loves you just for you  
With no competition testing you  
What's the proposition of our disposition unable  
You said that I'm a finish, my style won't replenish  
You reckon I'll diminish, fuck a demolition  
I'm steady on a mission with no intermission  
Cramped up in rough conditions like a Cessna in a  
hurricane  
I get my best nuts standing on virgin stages  
Feeling timeless and ageless  
Seen those like embryos in our invasion  
It's universal, God is amazing

[Imani/Citizen Strange]

They mad cause my rhymes even sound fresh a  
capella  
Hella fellas is hella jealous, had me feeling  
uncomfortable  
Cause they're unacceptable while we're the exceptional  
Here to let you know they're influenced by the  
phenomenal  
While you're unable cause you're too unstable  
All of your progress is minimal and that's the  
inescapable fact  
Verbal rhyme visionaries equipped with stacks of wax  
Rhythm that varies and carries like the wind  
Travelling and elevating towards unattainable heights  
Exercising my rights and just trying to do what I feel is

right

[Chorus x2]

[Bootie Brown/Frank Fiction]

There's a lot of players in the game  
And they seem they can't remember why, forgot their  
goals  
Lost then stole like skipper in the minnow  
Now they got a long face like Leno  
Stressed, feeling gray, nervous  
Asking what they did to deserve this  
Maybe it's not what you did but what you did not  
You're like snot, uncomfortable, agitated  
We inter raining what was said in the past  
Nigga could buy a Benz and can't afford gas  
Getting nowhere fast in a hurry  
My visions not blurry, to quote Mr Flave:  
Don't Believe the Hype unless his last name is Williams  
Then it's guaranteed play, am I lying?  
If you ask me how I'm doing, I'm trying  
To stay above six feet outside of the bars and the  
concrete  
Love pumping grass making a bomb beat  
This is for my niggas on the late night creep  
Watch where you sleep, watch where you sleep

[Chorus x8]

[Slimkid3]

Oh yeah, 342nd airborne  
Paratrooper platoon..

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