

Pharcyde

"Manifest"

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Intro:

Next shit. We know it. Man. Man. Right. DJ EQ. 2000.
2000. EQ

Verse 1:

Who rocks who rocks unorthodox

Methods to wreck it so expect shit to get hectic

>From my direct hit

The fly hits bullseye respect it

I don't do cheap tricks to get chicks

I just stand by my word (word) full attention

And still get attention

And still it should be noted

They all folded from me and potent quote yeah

We rock words unorthodox awkward

Hey you gotta get it together or leave it alone

You gotta lead the way or be the clone

Stand there before the world holdin' microphones

You gotta freak what ya feel cause to each is own

Don't like what I kick you can't see my zone

I'm from deeper galaxies than regions unknown

And my legion is grown in amazin' ways

Preparing for these crazy days hey

Hook:

"What an expression you are manifested"

Manifested

Pharcyde manifested

Verse 2:

My brain's on lock like two hungry pits in an alley
fightin' over T-bone

Shit is fowl like cheap cologne

On your Uncle's Sundays shoes straight from Penny's

Pob's droppin' math while we sip on Henny

I hate it when my pockets on skinny

But shit happens

If you don't stay on top

Tryin' to bubble not pop

Like gats on New Years down in South Central

You must of spread yourself to make life instrumental

Hook

Schmooche Cat:

Peepin' through my foresight

I ain't got my forth right

I wake up everyday behavin' to display men

Havin' to be trick and cheat to get on first deadly
gamin' to keep

maintainin'

To keep things from gettin' worse

When some player hater get what's all peace (it's all

peace)

Been gamin' waitin' operatin' do it all team

Needin' to be condemned by a government agency

Mad at the way them niggas and hoes thought they
was playin' me

Yeah I usually give niggas the benefit of the doubt

Thinkin' that eventually they come arrrrround

? from jumps who thought it would pump?

Now we over the hump tryin' to get skrilla like Trump

Never been a chump

Show my ass like Gump

Use to dream about the hump

Tryin' to get my pockets to lump

Like cancer in titties

Spread through cities

I'm smooth with mine like pimps roll Kiddies (eeeeeeer)

Hook

Outro:

Still gotta give a shoot out to Schmooche Cat.
Youknowwhatl'msayin'? 2000.

P.h.a.r.c.y.d.e. You you know how we do. Two triple low.
2000

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