

## Pharoahe Monch "What It Is"

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As we move forward towards the new millennium  
We will no longer communicate with vocal inflections  
It will be necessary to communicate through telekinesis  
We will open your mind and concentrate harder  
Focus, focus, focus, focus, hey brother, what it is?

Raps like Star Wars, only the stars die  
It's no sequels, B3 cases, C3P0's  
Before Morpheus and Neo was killin' 'em  
We was duckin' roulettes in the hood like Remo  
Williams

Understand an underground bomb cipritate  
Get serious or die laughin' like John Ritter  
Young Eastwood, just tryin' to eat good  
Breathe easy, relax, Mac like Fleetwood

Keep snorin', keep sleepin', I'll keep tourin'  
Come back, lay in the cut like Neosporin  
Came out of the fallopian blastin'  
Pharoahe hungrier than Ethiopians fastin'

Flies all in my teeth, stomach stickin' out  
Niggas want dibs on the weed but ain't kickin' out  
See this is not 'American Idol'  
This is me tryin' to eat, human survival

Spit at your favorite rapper, take his title  
Stick needles in his eyeballs 'til his signs are no longer  
vital  
This is ain't that, I'm not them  
These ain't those rhymes, I'm not him

This is more like cocaine all night  
Shine like the new five halogen fog lights, no  
More like sunshine and one line in your mind  
To remind you of when you were nine

Before you were bustin' cherries  
It wasn't necessary to grind them  
Now we all on our grizzly  
And you got the nerve to press frisbees, what it is?

What it is?  
What it is?  
What it is?

If I'm not home on the range, catch me at the range  
Practicin? my aim, gat you in your brain, shame  
They thought I was backpacks, slept  
Didn?t know that he kept inside the knapsack

Today's niggas do skate by hits  
Run in your crib on some 'Queer Eye for the Straight  
Guy' shit  
But not homosexuals, they master in gunplay  
Rearrange your furniture, fix your Feng Shui

They be swearin' it's cute  
But a B up in the glove box, cutter in the boot  
With the sex appeal and no ice either  
To fight the bear arms, I'm not talkin' wifebeaters  
either

When they see me they say that's that nigga  
My last name should be 'That's That Nigga'  
Sounds kinda nice, Pharoahe that's that  
Never catch me with them plastic cat fast niggas

With the flow that's so influential  
Niggas fucked up, they get no instrumentals now  
Next time you spittin' on mine  
Bet your bottom dollar you be spittin' over rhymes,  
what it is?

What it is?  
What it is?  
What it is?  
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