

Vapors

"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.
Youknowwhat!msayin'? 2000.
P.h.a.r.c.y.d.e. You you know how we do. Two triple low.
2000.

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