

## Pharacyde

### "Drop"

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Bootie Brown:

Let me freak the funk,

obsolete is the punk that talk more junk than Sanford  
sells

I jet propel at a rate that complice their mental state

as I invade their masquerade

they couldn't fade with a clipper blade

10 years in the trade is not enough, you can't cut it

I let you take a swing, and you bunted

for an easy out, I leave mc's with doubt

of exceeding, my name is Bottie Brown and I'm  
proceeding, leading,

they try to follow but they're shallow and hollow

I can see right through them like an empty 40 bottle, of  
O.E.

they have no key, or no clue

to the game at all, now they washed up

hung out to dry

standing looking stupid, wondering why

(why man?)

it was the fame, that they tried to get

now they walking around talkin about represent

and keep it real, but I got to appeal

cause they existng in a fantasy when holding the steel

Slim Kid 3:

rock a bye baby,

listen to my heart pumping to a fine ravine

of all things it's a vain of a shrine

all missions impossible are possible, cause I'm

heading for a new sector 365 days from now, I'll

wipe the sweat from my brow

and each and every true will stick, or fall from the sky  
of my cloud nine

from homies all the way to chics, no matter how fine

cotrolling is a swollen way to wreck a proud mind

you hold it in your hands and watch a man start crying

tear after tear in the puppet man's hands

every time you take a stance you do the puppet man's  
dance

and the worlds at a stand-still

deep in broken mansville, trapped in the moat with an  
avil, still

killing yourself, and dogging ya health

you ain't amphibious, so grab a hold of yourself

Knumbskull #1:

shit is-shit is ill, my flow still will spill

toxic slick to shock you sick like electrocute

when I execute, acutely over the rythym

on those that pollute, extra dosages is what I gotta give  
em

got em mad and tremblin

cause I been up in my lad assemblin

misslies, to bomb the enemy

because they envy me, and the making of my mad  
currency

currently I think we're in a state of an emergency

cause niggas done sold their souls, and now their  
souls is hollow

and I think they can't follow

they can't swallow, the truth because it hurts

this is how I put it down, this is my earth, my turf

the worth of my birth is a billion, and you know what  
time it is

I'm going to make a million

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