

Pharoahe Monch F/ Apani

"Dope Rhymes"

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I'm the Chill Rob G, not many are equal
To my rhymes I write my own damn sequel
I keep your mind jumping with the things I said
My talent is comeasurement with my pen
Stay the hell away if you know you're gay
Cause the game all about, I do not play
You're confused, your mind is abused, so is your body
Enough about sissies, back to the party
I'm one black man strong, will those chill
Into your head these things I want to drill
I am the Future shock, I'm here to rock your knot
The Future's here now, this ain't no pow wow
So drop the pipe, punk, you're puffing poison
Yo it's annoying, destroying my homeboys and
Girls I grew up with, I had enough of this
You try to pass me the pipe, you'll make my posse
pissed
And you don't want to, I'm only warning you
Making these boys mad is something you don't wanna
do
Cause they be smiling, when they be wildin'
Beating you down is like a ten man pile and
I'm cold serious, don't mess with this
Cause I'm the G and these rhymes you don't wanna
miss
Dope rhymes, dope rhymes

Fresh rhymes crowd my mind, sometimes I get
insomnia
I can't wait to break so I can bomb me a
Soft, silly, stupid, simple, slow dumb chump
Been sitting on his ass like an old tree stump
Compositions I design I use as a blueprint
The envious try to oppose but those who sprint with
Speed, can always tell
If a rapper is fresh or weak as hell
What I say seems to separate sucker MC's
>From the ones with the ability to build skills like these
It isn't easy, but I supply enough power
To write rhymes that wake you up like a shower
Sure you're right like dynamite I ignite on the mic

Inspiring your mind to float like a kite
To places unseen until I brought them foot
Inserted inside your skull, then you were caught
In a mental conflict, your will versus mine
Then I release you, cause I win every time
So chill back for a minute as your hear me say
I am a PG-ologist born in May
My sign is Taurus, yeah I use Lavoris
We don't listen to suckers cause you know they bore us
Dope rhymes, dope rhymes

My timing and rhyming starts you unwinding
Have you on the floor bumping and grinding
Bass from the bottom bouncing off the wall
Suckers try to run, things can't even crawl
I'm fly, flying, flew the coup
I'm going going gone and got me another
Group of admirers, female desirers
Ego boosters, rhyme inspirers
I can do anything I want to
All I have to do is put my mind to
Work jerk and go bezerk
This is a high-powered party so pump til it hurts
Cause I flirt with every skirt, forever, forever
I'm souped up to surpass in every endeavor
I challenge obstacles and oppose opposition
A mic in my hand is like the key in the ignition
Of a ??? Mercedes, this ain't play time
This is the Chill One, with the Dope Rhymes
Dope rhymes, dope rhymes

Yeah, going out to my man The 45 King

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