

# Soul Flower

## The Pharcyde

People hint and wonder and they wanna know how and why  
But let me first introduce myself I'm tagging name Romye  
I'm 20 years of age I ran across some bullshit  
People promise you bowl of cherries but don't forget there are pits

No hints, it's quicks, it's like the water and grits  
They got another boy who can rhyme and do the fly flips  
And that's I high I better get by because my ally  
About to flip that crazy shit while I go look for some thai

I need some zig-zag, zig-zag  
I need some zig-zag, zig-zag  
I need some zig-zag, zig-zag  
[Incomprehensible]

What the oh what the heck? Niggas just wanna get wrecked to the track  
It's brand new and heavy as a Chevy and in fact  
The Pharcyde is coming and I hope we're not wack  
But at this point there's no turning back

But to be exact, I've got more flavors than a bucket full of fruit  
In 92 we take cabs 93 we take loot  
'Cause the vinyl is delicious  
I'm the nigga who's got bitches

Michael Ross is the genie he's giving our wishes  
One I wanna just jam with your band  
You gotta play it all across the land  
The plan is grab the ducats and say fuck it to the critics

Hey now I was walkin' down the street bailin' to the beat  
Phat beats in my head tennis shoes on my feet  
Nigga tried to flex but he had to be smoked  
So I shot him in the ass on the downstroke

Shot him in the ass on the downstroke  
What? Shot him in the ass on the downstroke  
Yep, shot him in the ass on the downstroke  
Shot him in the ass on the downstroke

Shot him in the ass on the downstroke  
Shot him in the ass on the downstroke  
Shot him in the ass on the downstroke  
Shot him in the ass on the downstroke

Souped on the beat like a bowl of chicken noodles  
I love Spanish dishes but no I'm not Menudo  
I can dig Kung-Fu I flip hoes like Judo  
Never date a chick who has a mom named Bruno

A anna bonanna bananafanafuno  
Yet you know Shafino met her in a trio  
Souped up my glass jet flew her ass to Rio  
I'm somewhat Creole don't like the man of steel

I'm not your carbon copy but your first draft jalopy for real  
I used to deal but the fuzz popped me, I had the hydros

But they repo'd my crops and still, I chills like scotch on the rocks  
'Cause I just gets paid for them hard-core props, you know

How long can you freak the funk? How long can you freak the funk?  
I separate the good stuff from the junk, how long can you freak the funk?  
Yeah, freak the funk, all right, freak the funk  
Freak the funk, freak the funk, freak the funk, freak the funk

I want the farmer man, farmer man  
I want the farmer man, you want the farmer man?  
Yeah, I want the farmer man, you don't want no farmer man  
Give me the farmer man, once again it's the farmer man

I go from skip-skop to hip-hop to be-bop to P-funk  
Cutting enough bullshit to turn a tree into a tree trunk  
'Cause we've sunk ships from the Pacific to the Atlantic  
I dig dips who've got the hips that are gigantic

'Cause I'm frantic take you in a frenzy  
Takin' you out is easier than pullin' a pull-out out of a Benzi  
Box well I rocks the orthodox styles to make you squirm  
Yes I come from Cali no I do not have a perm

I stand firm on the mic device when I gets nice  
Don't roll the dice if you can't pay the price  
I got more flavor than 7-11 Slurpees  
If Magic can admit he got AIDS, fuck it, I got herpes, yeah

Ah shit, NS, NS  
Sounds like NS to me