

[Intro - Imani]

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes  
I'd like to welcome all of you  
Into the secret sessions of the sacred talisman  
You are here with the three conductors of rhythm  
Yes, constructors of reality through musical composition  
Yes, relax and interface as we take you into the next phase

[beat change]

[ImaniCitizen Strange]

Where ya at, where ya at? They keep asking where ya been  
We been preparing for two thousand and beyond, Pharcyde  
What's the gripe, clown, turn that hype down  
You had your chance but wasn't able to advance  
Now you're stuck in a trance  
All caught up in our rhythmic avalanches  
Biting our sound like sandwiches  
You fucked up your chances  
Due to certain circumstances that you could've controlled  
But had no real substance so under pressure you fold  
Freak the peak of this lick, ghetto chic over fresh beats  
Overexposed and cheats with verbal traction like cleats  
Trying to get skeets, huh  
Yup, they trying to get mine but I walk that fine line  
Cause fools carry heat like sunshine  
Damn! Pharcyde's popping, they hippping and they hopping  
And it ain't no stopping, repeated shots to they noggin  
Banging until they jaws is dropping, again

[Chorus x2]

When it seems there's no one to trust  
You can always count on Pharcyde to bust  
We readjust, combust from dawn to dusk  
Leave fly girlies with a crush, wack rappers on hush

[Bootie BrownFrank Fiction]

Waiting around, it's like a hot day to burn it up  
With another hot plate, got your neighbours irate  
Volume way past 8, keep me booming in your system