The Pharcyde, Drop

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 stpud, 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 exisitng 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 fron 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 swollow, 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