What It Is

Pharoahe Monch

As we move forward towards the new millennium
We will no longer communicate with vocal inflections
It will be necessary to communicate through telekinesis
We will open your mind and concentrate harder
Focus, focus, focus, focus
Hey brother, what it is
[Verse 1:]
Raps like Star Wars
Only the stars die, it's no sequels
B-3 cases, C3P0's
Before Morpheus and Neo was killing 'em
We was duckin' roulettes in the hood like Remo Williams
Understand an underground bomb-cipritate
Get serious or die laughing like John Ritter
Young Eastwood, just tryin' to eat good
Breathe easy, relax
Mac like Fleetwood
Keep snoring
Keep sleeping, I'll keep touring
Come back, lay in the cut like Neosporin
Came out of the fallopian blastin'
Pharoahe hungrier than Ethiopians fastin'
Flies all in my teeth, stomach stickin' out
Niggas want dibs on the weed but ain't kickin' out
See this is not American Idol
This is me tryin' to eat, human survival
Spit at your favorite rapper, take his title
Stick needles in his eyeballs 'til his signs are no longer vital
This ain't that
I'm not them
These ain't those rhymes, I'm not him
This is more like cocaine all night
Shine like the new five halogen fog-lights
No
More like sunshine
One line in your mind to remind you of when you were nine
Before you were bustin' cherries it wasn't necessary to grind them
Now we all on our grizzly
And you got the nerve to press Frisbees
What it is
"What it is"[Verse 2:]
If I'm not home on the range

Catch me at the range, practicing my aim
Gat you in your brain, shame
They thought I was backpacks
Slept, didn't know that he kept inside the knapsack
Today's niggas do skate-by-hits
Run in your crib on some Queer Eye for the Straight Guy shit
But not homosexuals they master in gunplay
Rearrange your furniture, fix your feng shui
They be swearin' it's cute
But a B up in the glovebox, cutter in the boot
With the sex appeal, and no ice either
To fight the bear arms, I'm not talkin' wifebeaters either
When they see me they say "That's that nigga"
My last name should be "That's that nigga"
Sounds kinda nice, "Pharoahe that's that..."
Never catch me with them plastic cat fast niggas
With the flow that's so influential
Niggas fucked up they get no instrumentals now
Next time you spittin' on mine
Bet your bottom dollar you be spittin' over rhymes
What it is"What it is"

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