

# 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"

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>