

# The Pharcyde, Hey You

(Slim Kid3)

Beam me up Scottie not as to where I have no control of my  
body tweaking diodes I walk the roads like karate masters  
most the time my mind be ghost like Casper sinkin faster  
But coming up in this shit sometimes I'm alienated under  
rated suckas hate it that I made it as a misfit  
But you know if the shoe fit's I'm a wear it like a glass slipper  
Hike to the big dipper dip like a skipper not top could be  
tipper (say what?) but fools be tryin to rape friends to make friends  
And that's one big twisted ass picture like Jack the ripper  
Caught up in the net like Flipper on a tuna protest yeah  
Where's the focus got me fuckin with these friends and  
they're crackin my lens and now shit be'z foul as a mutha  
Word to my sistas and my brothas and my color

(2X)

Hey you...  
Can I take up a moment of your precious time  
to realize and define the whole truth...  
Hey you...  
Yeah take up a moment and clarify this for you

(Imani)

Because of my high altitude the attitude of this one dude  
was just so lewd that he was viewed as rude and pursued  
by the CYDE -- he was booed and chewed like food in the  
feud  
Ending a career way shorter than an interlude and dude  
The word I heard is that your vision is blurred That's why  
you  
speackin the word so absurd BUT you get exactly what you  
deserve  
As I hit and you swerve to hit the curb  
Cuz you be totally guilty of the filthy  
type phrasing faltering for sure under pressure  
Overhype and amazing

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