

Voice Of The Beehive

"Makin' Music"

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[Verse One]

In my ninety-nine Saturn, switchin four lanes
Hollerin out the window, "Can I borrow some change?"
This broke shit got me goin deranged
Thinkin it'd be so much easier if it was a Range
And my man Tomas said, it could be arranged
but, the last thing I need now's to be arraigned so
I do my best to maintain on the right side of sane
and not complain about my very few pesos
Yo, I can make 'em start to move
like I was pushin through the crowd to the front actin
rude
Or, I can make 'em nod they necks
like when they ask did they wreck you'll be noddin yes
So there's your options, and I don't need much room
for you to get it twisted like vision on mushrooms
Lexicon's got the strength to crush crews
But instead we make music and add a FUCK YOU
See? Ain't nuttin changed but the haircut
Man still got the right, Oak's got the left hand and
I don't ask for shit, I demand
It's so live in here I got you lookin for the band

[Chorus]

We're makin mu-SIC, you better learn how to use IT
You got the skills better step up and prove IT
If you got a title pretty soon you're gonna lose IT
Cause the L is here to stay, okay?
We're makin mu-SIC, not the corny-ass shit
that permeates the airwaves and makes my hair gray
Alright okay, they can't take all the blame
but it's not us, we're just here to save the day

[Verse Two]

Check it, we're makin music while you're makin money
But in a couple years, where you gonna be? (Gone)
Your records are disposable, while mine are straight
quotable
Oak will change the game like quarterbacks callin
audibles
Yo, you can find me at the scrimmage line

I'm the one who calls the shots and packs 'em in like
dinnertime
(hah) We're makin music while you only make noise
Puttin out lousy songs you can't even sell to your boys
What you thought (what) and what you're thinkin
currently
all gets tossed out the window courtesy of me
{*WHOOSH*}
It's time to start thinkin differently (uh-oh) just like that
Mac ad
And if you act bad you'll get the backhand {*SLAP
SLAP*}
Like that, and don't fight back
Just stop and stare like at a girl with a nice rack
{*WHISTLE*}
Lexicon's your wake-up call
That ringin in your ear you hear is cause y'all dropped
the ball
You coulda made a difference, you coulda made your
mark
But instead of makin music you were blinded by the
dark
But that doesn't matter now anymore (why?)
Lexicon is walkin straight through the open door

"Here I come to save the dayyyy!"

[Chorus] - repeat 2X (last repeat last line - "Lexicon
saves the day")

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