

## Shaquille O'Neal F/ Erick Sermon, Redman

### "The Knack"

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[Odario]

From dusk til dawn my click bringin hits heavy by the  
ton

Odario and Spitz, yeah we moving on

Kicking balistics

All night long, your favorite song

[Spitz]

I've got this obsessive, compulsive type reaction

Craving for perfection when it comes to rhyme  
selection

No detection, or flaws

We got the rhymes to drop drawers

Reservoirs that are fluid and drown competitors

[Odario]

Word

Without a doubt we got The Knack to entice

Quick to shout it out to all the brothers on the mic

Give the people the style they like

Respect ya like, so your mic sound nice

[Spitz]

Yo, microphone check one, hip hop expression

In it's simplest form it means pay attention

No exception, we gets biz with no questions

So ahead of my time, had to wait for my reflection

MCs want to test but I got exemption

Lay on the pressure like water retention

I feel bloated, spill what I got and reload it

In Mood Ruff they trust tot bust raw, don't misquote it

CHORUS

[Odario] We are the architects

[Spitz] We innovate the now to achieve the next

[Odario] Fine design and when we build a track

A known fact, we got The Knack for that (yeah)

A Knack for that

[Odario] We are the architects

[Spitz] We innovate the now to achieve the next

[Odario] Fine design and when we build a tralock

A known fact, we got The Knack for that (yeah)  
A Knack for that

[Spitz]

I'mma get nice on this mic device with 'nuff lyrics  
To crush spirits of MCs that generic  
Mood Ruff sound just like WHAT  
I won't hear it  
Why's there a need to compare it?  
T-O Engineering to make the head nod, body rock  
Light up the spot so B-boys can pop lock  
Vinyl in the hands of Stress and Dr. Shock  
Finesse and Grasshopper got the city on lock  
Go on with your big talk  
Sure shot, Mood Ruff outline wack rhymes in chalk  
You defeat me is like hail mary jumpshots  
From the parking lot with no time on the clock

CHORUS

[Odario]

System automatic, my rhyme sporadic  
I have you out your dills like bad credit  
You can't let it, get inside your head  
Situation down to leave a man dead  
Like infrared I apply mad pressure  
The lost one need some new direction  
I run tings, like a pacemaker  
The breath taker, the mover the shaker  
The mountain top when it comes to hip hop  
My mood's real smooth and proves to show shock  
With the Mood Ruff sound going from town to town  
Respect the local, see the world reknown  
Then advance at the hands of time and reason  
See the promised land, let let me in  
Tell 'em who's the man  
Tell 'em why we're here  
Now rewind this back and let let me begin

CHORUS (repeat 2x)

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