

Cesar Chico

"Rock the Beat"

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(*DJ Supreme One cuts up*)
(Rock the Beat) --> L.L. Cool J

[VERSE 1]

Yo, I'm the doloist soloist
Who got 'dro to twist, prefer the brew over Cris'
To my independent women and my male chauvinists
Throw your fist before you wish
Stick your nose in this, we closin this
Edo's maniacal - Supreme get the record
Loop it and chop it, now it's unrecognizable
Cut off the unreliable
If it's hot it's undeniable
Type of shit you start a riot to
He fire one, I fire two, inspire you
Make you believe the bullshit, that's what liars do
See, we roll like tires do
If you admire me, then I admire you
Cause it's a cold, cold world for this warm-blooded
mammal
Keep it off the handle, filled with rap ammo
The revolution will be televised on every channel
More than a little bit of lootin and vandals

[CHORUS]

This is far from gangsta
It's that hip-hop shit filled with anger
It's the streets, to beef it's no stranger
It's these beats and rhymes that might change ya
It's the peace of mind that I'm chasin
Livin life with less aggravation (say what)
It's mind tellin body about to lose patience
Writers, DJ's, MC's, and breakers

[VERSE 2]

I got a second chance to make the same mistake twice
My advice for the un-nice, don't try to break the ice
Unless you wanna sacrifice your life
I'm authentic, you artificial, man
A sacrificial lamb, we got issues at hand
High-rankin officials, launch missiles at anybody who

ain't fam
You understand cause we overstand, it's over, man
You either bend, fold or show your hand
You're overpowered and undermanned
Cause Edo.G and Overlooked got the upper hand
From the 'Bury, Dorchester to Mattapan
You can fall for it all but I know where I stand
So where you stand?
If it's about poppin shit and coppin shit
Go 'head and rock the platinum, I rock some copper
shit
The total opposite
I ain't with that stupid suit-and-tie office shit
It's that Boston shit

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Hey yo, my ritual for rap's traditional with facts
Subliminal to callin niggas out on wax
We ain't equal, it's for my people
Who got they eyes wide and ain't lookin at the world
through a peephole
The mind, soul and body attack the ungodly
Who wanna make rap a big party
See, I'ma get what I'm supposed to get
I only got about 10 real friends, rest of y'all's just
associates
From indie labels, rappers to strip dancers
Get pounds and hugs, numbers I never answer
Travel frequently
We ain't down if you ain't competin with me
I'm on the airwaves on different frequencies
How much dough did you go through
Budgets did you blow through to get the industry to
know you?
Your life is on a auction block, bid quick
Heard it all before and ain't impressed with shit

[CHORUS]

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