

## Chill Rob G "Ride The Rhythm"

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Here's a bright notion, stop the commotion, I'll ad my  
dose in

We cruising, the beat Im bruising, you need coaxing  
Fluid as I do it, the motion is similar to the ocean  
Bringing waves of emotion

This feeling, that I'm dealing, is so appealing  
It's shocking, look how I got you rocking and reeling  
My ripplin rhythm is reminiscent of a river when it's  
roaring

The King is reigning, I'm pouring  
This music, yeah you can use it, but don't abuse it  
Move it, you said you were a dancer, prove it  
Hours full of powerful percussion get you rushing on  
line

When it's 45 King time  
Master of the Game, marks his fame, Mark's his name  
The 45 King is the self same  
Man who made the music that matched with the lesson  
When I said "Court is in Session"  
Feel it, ride the rhythm

Rhythms, I can get paid just for riding 'em  
Suckers seem to be afraid cause I'm sliding 'em  
Glidin'em, cold dividing 'em when I cut 'em up  
Hit 'em with speed, they don't know who, why, when,  
where, what

Word its weird when your song is wrong  
On the strength, I go the length, cause I'm long and  
strong  
Freedom of choice lets me greet 'em with a forceful  
voice

So they know, I ain't no oreo  
I'm solid, all the way through, what's up with you?  
My cup runneth over, here's a drop or two  
Rob is a roller, a writer, a schooler  
And when it comes to gold then I'm a jewler  
Feel it, ride the rhythm

My rhyme collection's under protection so now I'm  
flexing

We ruling, that's how we cooling, and how we plexing

What'll we do next, you'll probably never guess  
Flavor Unit MC's are the cleverest  
I'm sleek, think on my feet, rock to a beat  
In my brain, I'm not insane, and never weak  
When you're ready to rock to raw rhythms, reach for  
my record  
This I perfected, and you can check it  
Listen, I'm in position, to start dissing  
Instead I use my head to stay fed  
Never starving Mastercharging past the margin  
Whatever price you paid, it was a bargain  
Freedom is priceless, knowledge is twice that  
That goes for everybody, Latin, white, black  
Depends on who you are and how you living  
But in the meantime, just ride the rhythm

Muscleheads on a mission cold be wishing they be flip  
in  
This fashion, I'm not asking, I'm just ripping  
I'm real, and I'm the deal, now how you feel?  
You beg, borrow, or steal, you gotta peel  
Step off, get lost, or get tossed  
Like a salad, your rhyme has no value  
An invalid waste of breath, a taste of death is all that's  
left  
When I get these rhymes off my chest  
Indeed, I have exceeded, what you expected  
You know that I'm dope, but can you accept it?  
There's no doubt about the clout that I rout  
To make sure everything turns out  
Perfect, as close as we can work it, to perfection  
Fly girls, they give me an erection  
Plexing, something that I do with the Flavor U  
By the way, that's my family, too  
Feel it, ride the rhythm

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