

Clan Of Xymox

"Sound, Noise, Music"

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Intro:

Sound, vibrations traveling through air
or other materials that can be interpreted by the nerves
in the ear. (ah)

[Eligh]

Ha ha as my sound transmits from the bottomless pit
I compound to irrigate my garden, keep it freshly lit
Like a torch in the Olympics make it the first thing you
spy

The first thing notice the potency and poetry I got
Try not to down another style

It disagrees with me

MCs come a dime a dozen shows are always free (not
always)

A connoisseur of soul clapping beats to crack the
concrete

React in a millisecond so disrespect's beyond me

Always moving up, sound could be better

High quality can't you tell?

Like a fellow producer I work with to excel

Cancel out the negatives rise above adversities

Modifying techniques my sound I'm always ?

[The Grouch]

I'm only out to be heard, now it occurred to me

It's not really what you see it's what I say to you

That's how you knew

Everyday I deal with dynamic ranges

Fuckin' with the pitch and amp, documenting changes

Felt it was the strangest, realm to try and conquer

Even close my eyes and it still wasn't gone to

My surprise I got wise

Grown to utilize cone

In an intangible zone

I call home

I own a deed

With tunes to bump it's what I breed

Always walk the talk so I maintain the lead

Sayin' sounds to Heath

So listen, close

Hope you're getting, most
Of the point
Man

Hook:

"Rock the beat"

Noise a disagreeable sound made by irregular vibration. Noise.

[Eligh]

Comin' in with no rhythm they're comin' in with no style
The radio they want repeats, same old people on weak
beats
Monotonous, but I get the knock list
And we on top of this
Kill the noise
You and your boys all sound the same
Fill the void
Between your eardrum and your brain
Cause everything you make sounds like it's blessed by
Plain Jane
Like PSC I happen to agree
Rap will never change
Unless we get a chance to break the chain and make a
name
As the one's to blame for making standards higher in
the range
Of what's considered music in this melting pot of losers
Won't confuse you for me (Why?)
Cause I do this for me (Oh)
And you do it for the money (Ah)
That's why your songs are crummy and my clothes are
hella bummy
Now you tell me who's the dummy?
You're makin' noise
I'm makin' fun of the face that's hella runny
You's a fake (you's a fake)
I can see right threw you man. You's a fake!

[The Grouch]

Death to the wack MC's
Now if it isn't pretty then my ear disagrees
Oh please won't you please um, never be my neighbor
If the sound you make is noise then I'm a catch you
later
Awkward ass voices they annoy
And sometimes accents destroyed
And though
Passion is enjoyed

That can be void if the frequency is off
In a simple conversation
You can be a loss
For being way too soft
Spoken
Worse yet, she can sound like a he and then my ding-a-
ling is broken
Sing if for a token or cry it for a debt
Try it for a living than it better sound fresh

Hook

Music. Sounds having rhythm, melody or consonant.
Agreeable sounds. Music.

[Eligh]

A musician is a beautician
Sound waves we listen to
Superstition, a condition that holds us back
I got the Exlax to relax your bowels you're smelling fowl
(damn)
Pop in a tape ? instant relief (ahh!)
Music it's my savior that most agreeable frequency
Sit back, relax, motivate
Let everything flow sideways
Instead of taking the highway
I do it all my way
In a Who's the Boss kind of fly way
Not a low self esteem cry way (boo hoo hoo)
I like to fly away
Make music for a brighter day
For inner city alien or private school Homosapien with
everything getting
paid for them (Hey, I need some money)
My scope is wide range
So low my pride hangs
But you can't smash it with a stick
cause I won't forget from where I came

Sound, noise, music, music, sound.

[The Grouch]

I eat, breathe and sleep the shit to keep fit
Didn't really like to study but the music brought wit
Fill the hole, ear the soul straight medicine for life
Theme music is the reason, I'm headed down the right
Path, do the math
There is no better answer
Common denominator's folks and it doesn't cause
cancer
For once, praise the board,

The mic and the Lord at that
There's more to phat than which meets the eye

Noise, noise, music, sound, sound

"All together now" - Jackson 5

Music, sound, music, music, sound

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