

**Bill Haley****"Just Rhyming With Tock"**

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[Count Bass-D]

Four minutes and seconds, is all that we share  
You've got dope high hats, ill kicks, and fresh snares  
Though it's hard to resist, EQ and the bass til it eclipse  
But no other sound's gonna do  
So I'm saving all my rhymes for you

[Tock]

On the 4th day of February, a star was born  
Bound to be legenday, and perform  
Miracles from 24th Street to the jungle  
Coming you to reach speak cause I'm humble  
I wonder, if I take your crew  
Evaluate your freestyle and make ya, stand alone  
Until he break ya, leave your mind in pandemon  
Me, I'm a break ya, spirit mind in flesh and bone  
Up this, black fist activist  
Polygamist rap tactition, young guns pugilist  
It's on a mission, so all hail funk and listen  
Buck the system, we running up and in the prison  
Incarsarating wardens and releasing prisoners  
Sip the Rimi Martin, shhhh, is for the listeners

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Ha ha ha, check this out, it's how we do it  
Used to be on Sony now I'm taking a Spongebath  
It's a long story, all y'all brothers don't know the half  
This is mental telegraph from phonographs my epitath  
Cause I'm sick of the riff-raff  
I don't mean to offend all the citizens  
But I extend my blends for friends that get bent  
Only that got sent, I'm scheming on a way to pay the  
rent  
With computer accompiament  
And to you, I present a present

It's raw talent at it's finest  
I kicked it with Schroder, you kicked it with Linus  
And there's no need to define us cause that confines  
us  
You wasn't down when we was riding the bus  
So don't align us with you, you, and all of you  
In the back, and in the middle, and in the front, yo  
Y'all miss the pesos, we gets the spinach queso  
I'm Kadeem Hardison, y'all ???

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