

House Of Love

"Never Missin' A Beat"

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Listen up, learn, you'll get your turn
I'm sendin this out to all it may concern
The party master Everlast is here
Before we begin I'm gonna make this clear
I take no short cuts, Bilal adds dope cuts
If girls were around I'd grab and grope butts
And if she got a man and he tries to step up
It's ashes to ashes and dust gets swept up
Tryin to step to me, boy, you must be sick
Got a nine in my pocket, takin heads out quick
I make my music loud, my parents proud
There's not an artist alive drawing a better crowd
Than the Everlasting operator droppin a groove
To make you get up and dance while I bust this move
And talk about myself, I don't need a partner
Bilal has the cuts, then I'll help start the
Show, let a lyric flow and you'll know
I make you jump up out your seats, scream and say
"ho!"
You fall back down completely exhausted
Once you had the sound, but now it seems you lost it
You're worn out, you can't take no more
Since Everlast and Bilal took control of the floor
So jump out your seat, move your feet cause the beat's
complete
I'm never missin a beat

(Never missin a beat) --> George Clinton

There's no need for askin, I'm the Everlastin
My mind is a poll and I'm gonna cast in
The ocean of words and pull out a new rhyme
And if it feels good, then I'll do it two times
Or maybe three, four, or even five times
When I'm done Bilal cuts up my rhyme
He's my partner, not a stand-in
On a 'highway to heaven' just like Mike Landon
And when it comes to battles my boy's a sure win
He's been in more scandals than J.R. Ewing
Busted up more parties than five-o
When it comes to a fight my boy's good to go

So step on stage, we duke it out like men
I beat you down with every word that flows out my pen
And I was the Green Hornet Bilal'd be Kato
Right by my side kickin up dust
And if a sucker acts stupid, grab my gat and bust
You can't run away cause my clip holds ten rhymes
If you been beaten once, I'll beat you ten times
Worse than you ever been beaten before
I don't drop my mic unless my throat gets sore
And that don't happen because when I'm rappin
My rhymes'd beat Gregory Hines if they was tappin
So jump our your seat, move your feet cause the beat's
complete
I'm never missin a beat

(Ain't it funky)

Lyrical and linguistic, somewhat artistic
Some call me a devil, others call me mystic-
Al like a crystal ball
And if you step to me you'll take a fall
Just like the Roman Empire
Feel the wrath of a devil's hellfire
Callin me a devil, some think it's a diss
To me it's just a name, it's not stones and sticks
You can't hurt me, I got a positive outlook
Readin my good book
Or maybe some philosophy like Socrates and Plato
Step to me with drugs, I just say no
But I'll drink some lemonade if it's (?)
I'm down with DLC and the Styler
The D-i-v-Einstein of rhyme
Is down with me cause he knows that I'm
On my way I will not stray
From the path of knowledge that'll earn my pay
I think for myself, I take advice
And if I did it wrong once, then I do it twice
I check my steps, make sure they're correct
And that's why me and DLC get respect
So jump our your seat, move your feet cause the beat's
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