

## Lloyd

# "Drums of Steel"

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[ VERSE 1: Bret E.B. ]

Stop what you're doin, cause the plane's takin off  
Miss a second of instructions, and you might get lost  
In a crazy cloud of madness, [?spanish?]  
Ultimate extravaganza, the style and finesse  
Now he's the S-e-a-double n-i-e  
Father's last name is Bouldin, so he uses the B  
Captivator of the cuties, understood by few  
Makin money for a livin, cause this is what we do  
You just have a man if your soul is hollow  
The crew has chose to lead cause we never learned to  
follow  
So all you who flex, and yo, you know the deal  
Just listen to my drummer, y'all, and his drums of steel

Listen to my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang  
To my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang  
Listen to my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang

[ VERSE 2: Bret E.B. ]

Good time guaranteed, take no nonsense  
Yo Muggs, that's your cue, so let the beat commence  
So all you lovers, watch your girl, cause we'll take em to  
Utopia  
Hold her real close, cause we might be scopin her  
Sean has the dream, I have the vision  
I think it's 'bout time the coalition starts this mission  
See, prophets speak with knowledge, the truth they  
never mitigate  
Our bond is strong, for no more thou shall desecrate  
Cold rock a rabble, question when we quibble  
Don't understand? Then figure out the riddle  
Cause I'm speakin knowledge, everything's for real  
Listen to my drummer, y'all, and his drums of steel

Listen to my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang  
To my drummer

As my drummer goes bang  
Listen to my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang  
To my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang, bang

[ VERSE 3: Bret E.B. ]

Inventin lyrics is the motive, and this is the life  
Live for the moment and rollin the dice  
Cause gamblers always takin a chance  
The drums are slammin, so let's all dance  
Brother, listen to that good old hip-hop music  
There's no comparison, so don't you confuse it  
With any other, in a class of its own  
Some might say it's the vocal tone  
Word, talkin in English, never speakin in tongues  
It's the bass in the voices and the air in the lungs  
Grandmixer Muggs, show em what hip-hop means  
Baby boys outta Brooklyn, DJ from Queens  
But now we cool in Cali, live in L.A.  
Makin money for a livin, livin day by day  
Even heavy metallers give up and yield  
When they listen to our drummer, y'all, and his drums  
of steel

Listen to my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang  
To my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang  
Listen to my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang  
To my drummer  
As my drummer goes bang, bang, bang

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