

Christi Warner "The Rhythm Of Love"

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I'm not tryna " (ooh) be superstitious
I'm not asking for a mystical civil society,
That would just be too " Ooh hoe hoe hoe
factitious
And I ain't dropin just another cliché
Wits say someone's gotta start this discourse
And if you wanna pass hey yeah yeah this course
Facts don't rest with Adam and Eve
Just leave the past or you'll be deceived
The mission today " today, today " is to fight
for equality
In actuality that means quality action " quality
action
That's if you fancy a true connection
We gotta set the table and go full course
I promise you won't dose " oh no no no
Curiosity's got you going louse on my noise
Cause this time I spit what's stored in your heart
I must be hinting on silence
Compared to violence! Silence is just as crude
Dude I could lie but I promised to set the mood
(set the mood, yeah-yeah set the mood. Oh-oh)

On the rhythm of love
The rhythm of love
The rhythm of love
The rhythm of love

When you see quiet waters
Hey, yeah yeah yeah na na
It could be that deep down underground
where the sound is bona fide
(Trouble's winning an award for destruction " yeah yeah)
Couples in correlation making promises but no action
Empty words sounding smooth
like African Boy's versus (yeah yeah yeah)
Silent love portrayed in purple blue stains
She's in chains, but she's deceived
And she believes (oh) that she's weak
Solitude scares her more (scares her more)
And so she stays in shackles

Making you and I (ooh na na na na) believe that those
are jewels of love
Dream on if you believe " dream on " (na na
na na ooh dream on, dream on)

Talk about shackles, (fettters they be hidden too)
Sisters wanna play (mould the clay)
See how we play our artistic flavour on brothers
She can't find Mr. Right
No no no no no
But she sure knows how to choose him right
She's got the craft to make him spot on
Her favourite game? (To put the puppet show on)

And if he doesn't wanna bend
She won't say nothing but give him the look on
And he will say nothing " nothing -, but repent
With Dolce & Gabbana maybe Versace, Gucci,
(Truworths if you're local),
come on girls " yeah, yeah, yeah ye ye ye "
the truth must be vocal

If he ain't got the loot, some chocolate will do
And when she's stout and loud,
He'll have reason to leave or deceive this boat "
na na na na na

See I got food for thought,
I'm a word kleptomaniac
Lord, let this soul sister spill some facts
Let me spill it, let me, let me, le me, le me, le me spill it

The rhythm, the rhythm, the rhythm of love
The rhythm of love
Name brands " ooh, ooh, na na " and papers
make life a game of traps
Penda knows he's game is lame lame, lame
but seeks his fame. He's ready for clubbin,
He's got his gear on. Stay clear cause
the plan is to dunk some girls,
He made some bills now
he's revolutionized Fellies for Timbo's
He's the star in his own music video,
Jacob the jeweller's asleep on his arm
Been off duty since he nicked it off some tourist
It sure is big enough to charm,
no one will notice " na na na na na ooh "
the battery's on strike

Ooh, he's not sad, check out his mouth's
going on platinum. Enough to make

the girls go frozen
See how some brother's be trappin you
You're hooked like a fly to a piece of stake
Oh, She's going on a date~ She think it's fate
And so she's late~ He's gone out the gate
He ain't coming back, his heart is black
The game is on; he's got another fool for lovin
Maybe another bun in the oven
Will she sue? What's the use,
he ain't got no money honey
ooh, na na na na na na
She had no clue. And she's so blue.
Oh, now she's blue

Show the other side of the coin,
Hey yeah yeah yeah
It's only fair~
Come on girls, (the truth must be vocal) be vocal, be
vocal
Hey yeah yeah yeah
She got burnt ~" burnt, burnt,
Cause she thought
she could get this fake millionaire trapped ~"
trapped, trapped
But he ain't got no money, honey
She had no clue and she's so blue

See I got food for thought,
I'm a word kleptomaniac
A brainy act that knows when to stop
Might just find myself on the
wrong side ~" of the sword
Lord, lord, save me ~" save me! ~" if this
precision causes a riot,
a riot, a riot, a riot, Amen.

Rhythm of, rhythm of, love
Rhythm of, rhythm of, love
You know it,
You know this rhythm
You know it

Written by: Christi Warner (2008) ~,Â© Afrochica
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