

Pigeon John

"The Heartbeat"

Visit "[The Heartbeat](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro] Rap time. It's my nine to five. Wake up in the morning, got to go This goes out to so called art form, once-upon-a-time known as hip hop. Brrring. Clock in. Exactly [Verse One] This is hip hop Unfortunately It's hard to see the pure uncut when it's foggy Now it's just a shirt that you wear The rhymes that you fake And put the food upon the plate It's just another job, just another career When it was young it caused a Planet to Fear Now it's an overweight thirty year old Up in a suit with a necktie Waiting for the food to get cold Cause it can't hunt no more The teeth too sore We're just dummin' on some money and we're asking for more We're addicted It used to be an art for sick kids Now it has succumb to a target market And I wish hip hop would die Like disco And supply a seed for something new to multiply Cause we the walking dead We forgot breaking ground and sucking deep on the blood that's red [Chorus] It's called the heartbeat (c'mon) [Verse Two] Most of you dudes don't even know the pulse Without a video and a director that's notable Or a Source approved verse up in the Quotable Right next to a Lugz add, saying they're affordable You probably can't breathe without the media Telling you how to dress with colorized pictures of graffittia (eat it up) And here we go Chompin' at the mall shop Not to long before we heave it up And now we brag when they brag We sad when they sad Monkey see, monkey did and we followed down the path It's deeper than a beat It's deeper than the 180 plus on your feet Deeper than these wanna be gangstas on the street Deeper than these weed head underground geeks Deeper than the check at the end of the week It's kinda like a cheetah on the hunt for some meat C'mon baby it's the heartbeat [Chorus] [Verse Three] Check it Most of the time I hate rap But I'm cursed with the gift that makes the hands clap So I gotta do it and run through it Even though I'm surrounded by clones Part of my bones, I'm glued to it And I can't pull the reigns cause it runs in my veins I'm a part of a body that runs games and breaths shame And I play for change but it's not and dollars are It remains the same, wondering where the scholars are

So I just close my eyes and drift back All alone,
Hawthorne, in my room writin' raps twice Makin' beats,
makin' tight tracks Then I realized exactly where I'm at
It's called the heartbeat [Chorus]

Visit [Pigeon John](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.