

Virtuoso

"Keep The Time"

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Guess who this is
Big Virt
Slam to the real

All my life I've talked like this but I guess I'm just too
honest
Cause it's, so hard to speak your mind
When half of the people clocking don't know how to
keep the time
Yo
Bringing the kick smash stinging the sticks the Virtuoso
Your bird wants to step so beware like Coco
Oh no, he did it flip it the meticulous
Rhythmic precision of a metronome mechanism
Is it him? Why yes in the flesh it's
Miguel-ito can I speak so fresh
Through techniques hypodermic needles filled with
antidote
Necessary precautionary measures for my cancer
quotes
Grammar slow, fiery the burned sun
Oxygen tank numb box cutter shank tongue
Rolled over Moses, soldiers in the bulldozer choke
Gods high rollers smoke lah from Angola
That's been dusted with Ebola
Strike frames like world champ bowlers
So fly they call me air traffic controller
The leader of a team of tigers like mac notes
I patch most and my backstrokes will slap folks
Don't discriminate between Muslims and Christians
I speak to those who listen, spit in repetition
So it sticks in your mind like a thorn in your side
We been born and divide goin to war over pride
Now were gonna decide wether to hold a grudge
Put the gun to the side it's better to show some love
And roll some bud and get high as a kite
If god take me now it's aite, I wanna die on the mic
It's like
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The most integral parts of our community are usually
number two or three
On our list of priorities, who's the minority who's
majority
And what seniority accepts somebody sayin all for me
In this american dream it becomes more apparent the
scheme
Is that the rich will inherit the cream
We need to integrate, interracially interface
Cross inseminate summer and winter makes a splinter
hate
I'm into safe livin, and if it means giving up people
thinking I'm hard

Well that's okay I hate prison
In rap I'm the best there is, I ain't [?]
Or half as fresh as this so give me your cash and
Lexus's

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The Archbishop pass me the bread spark this bitch up
Hit them dark sisters with rhythm there hearts switch
up
To match the pitch up so get up outta your seat
My fat grammar, jackhammer powder the streets
It's Virtuoso the most cunning linguist
I practice my raps while I'm performing cunnulingus
Rappers say they let more shells fly than beetles
Then in the same verse complain about they dying
people
Now son you ain't got nothing to prove
And they just bucking at you cause they got nothing to
lose
The true lesson, we need to stop stressin
Who's the hardest, walk away see another day stay
modest
Lay with ya goddess, get weeded up and seated up
Time for creation no more destruction I've seen

enough
Virtuoso's on a global change mission
To get the oppressed switched to the best social
positions
We puff a double dutch, pass and skip past ya'll like
double dutch
Chill and let the deep thoughts bubble up
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