

## Nesian Mystik "Rhythm"

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### Chorus

Keep time with the rhythm / We rhyme over rhythm/  
recite revolutionary type vision / Enough for the  
mental prisons / We endeavour for melodic living / So  
keep your mind on the rhythm / x2

### Verse

Spread it smooth on my page like a brush/ IÂ'll  
illistate your mind like paint without placing a touch  
/ Keep it to a constant beat for those who fuss even to  
a bumpin beat so those can bust / Even to them riders  
bumpin out them trunks to all them low keys getting  
pleased off that funky stuff / We doing this anyhow  
anyway jamming it more louder every time and every  
day

My life donÂ't end if these records donÂ't spin /  
WeÂ're  
the new school of Nesians weÂ're known as fresh men /  
A.k.a safe investment, home is best when / WeÂ're  
supporting our own, cause their quality tested / I keep  
time with the rhythm for those that never none / When  
ever we riding the beat, you calling shotgun /  
Formidable stanzaÂ's, eloquence enhances /  
Charismatically candid / You know how we handle it

### Repeat Chorus

### Verse

Got a continuos flow smooth like a dialtone/ some call  
it a gift I call it a Milestone/ Aint never heard me  
spit in a mild like tone / untouchable when Im in my  
zone / You will never know cos Im guile when I roam /  
It aint bout what you heard its what youÂ've been told /  
With every rhythm I rhyme / I spit rhythm in rhyme/  
donÂ't lose the rhythm / Keep the rhythm when I rhyme  
/

Give me a moment as I dust it off as I only take a

second as I shift my attention just to serve another  
lesson / As I stroll with bounce roll with the flow  
lose my sense on an once rhythm takes control / So  
keep time with the rhythm coz you already been told  
got  
the same to deliver like SABRE n OLD / So keep time  
with the rhythm coz the rhythm is the bass / The bass  
is the treble the treble tremors up the place

#### Bridge

Concentration / Keep the rhythm / Concentration / Keep  
the rhythm

#### Verse

I flown the global cipher with the mic in hand / As Mos  
Def defined Iâ€™m the travelling man / The system could  
never be able to comprehend / The life of a musician  
ainâ€™t driven like vision I pen / Living on the edge of  
the beat where the baseline sits / They say pay my  
dues, but first who gona pay my rent? / These words  
are  
testimony of my life lived / And the score of dreams  
after realising what the price is.

Rhythm and I go together like apple and pie / Whenever  
I spit, ignite mics to feed the fire / So feel the burn  
of the heat before the flame expires / A simple  
drumbeat is all that I require/ Got rhythm, got a beat  
now Im ready to go / Aint got a clue son Old let em  
know / With every rhythm thatâ€™s rhymed / We spit  
rhythm  
in rhyme / You didnâ€™t lose the rhythm kept the rhythm  
when we rhymed /

#### Repeat Chorus

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