

## A Transylvanian Funeral "Rhythm"

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Shaheed:

Its a new decade

The native tongues are about to proceed with the usual  
lingo

The usual rhythm

Q-tip:

Devoted to...the art of moving butts

The rhythms happenin, and it's movin up

The tribe has been on hold for much too long

Don't fear the rhythm because it's strong

On the corners, brothas bop their heads

>from the high-tops to the knotty dreads

Im a nubian yall, look what we did

Took the crust away from the third eye lid

Now, it's kinda open, longs to see the site

Rhythms of the tribe which is passed out right

Night after night, day after day

Questin for the rhythms of the native tongue lay

Rhythm is the key as we open up the door

Things a b-boy has never seen before

Polyrhythmic with a big fat boom

You have an eargasm as you start to consume

The ghetto beat with a ghetto poem

Yeah, it's from the heart, cuz it's from the home

Jarobi, phife, ali shaheed

Call me koala, got what you need

Youre a disc jock, then jock this

Rhythms can't lose, rhythms can't miss

If you feel uptight and you need to freak

Itll be alright once we drop this beat

Chorus:

I got the rhythm, you got the rhythm(8x)

Q-tip:

Ma ma sa ah, ma ma coo sa

Gets hectic, freak a bourgeios

We quest around for the musical hard

On the avenues, streets and boulevard

Not sellin out, that's a negative

Lovin hip hop, lovin heritage  
Got the instinct to travel miles and miles  
Gotta whole lot of room for piles and piles  
Now, you're kinda with it, wanna get the funk  
>from the zulu nation, toppin all the junk  
Standin on the top like the temptations said  
Rhythms are obese, yeah, you gotta keep em fed  
Read what I read, can't be better said  
Tribalic motions dabble in the head  
Sweetbacks bad, not as bad a beat  
Its a stone groove baby  
Continue, on the windy road  
But, Im luggin, a crazy big load  
Will we be on point for the ninety deck  
Is it muscle bound and will it flex?  
But trudgin, we are used to  
You don't quest alone, quest with a crew  
Were four, once more, must make the tracks  
You see four fronts, but now you see four backs

Chorus(unti end)

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