

## **Rahzel**

# **"Make the Music 2000"**

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Ladies and gentlemen we got TJ Swan in the house  
tonight

Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen  
Ladies and gentlemen we got Rahzel in the house  
tonight

Please enter your password

It's the human sound wave straight out your comic  
book

Sound effects blazin' through your rhymin' book  
Just imagine all the time it took  
For me to master this the art of noise is hazardous

Imagine this, every sound from my lips  
At my fingertips I levitate the audience  
So ask Brooks and Dres who's got the effects  
More Dogg than Mardi Gras, rugged like Goretex  
Reach out and touch your whole crew like Nine-X  
Sprint for the stage cause MC Onyx

Flip more connects than your Internet  
Rhymes is on time, I'm always on-line  
Pump this in your Lex coupe, Benz, or Pathfind  
Reverse the third verse nigga, then press rewind

Make the music with your mouth  
Make the music with your mouth  
Make the music with your mouth  
You make the music with your mouth  
The music with your mouth

Yeah yeah, I'm takin' the world by storm when I perform  
Arm arm, leg-a leg-a head, watch me transform  
Decepticons! Rainin' on your college ass, this goes on  
I'm animated, never dormant, so change the format  
What I'm strong at mortal kombat, so Cheech and  
Chong that

Hey, brother damn you  
Hey, seems you're pretty good with your kung fu  
Now where's my Yong Fu at, my glass of cognac?  
Digital readout with a comsat, but I'm not that

[Incomprehensible]

Let's track back, slick wanna eat that, you want my  
feedback?

Now let's delete that

Now repeat that, I'm takin' the streets back like I'm  
sweep back

Think you could beat that? I'm bringin' the heat back on  
the street track

Marley Marl bring the beat back

Make the music with your mouth

Make the music with your mouth

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The music with your mouth

Rahzel, call me Optimus Prime

Third verse, eight bars, ain't no stoppin' this rhyme

I did this years ago, I guess I'm ahead of my time

Computerized, that's my mental design

Prince Short of Euclid

I'm runnin' through clicks with a few tricks

An acoustics, John Woo flicks on some new shit

Hey, all I wanted was some rice cakes

Rahzel sound wave controllin' your whole prostate

Make the music with your mouth

Make the music with your mouth

Make the music with your mouth

You make the music with your mouth

Make the music, make the music, with your mouth

Make the music, make the music, with your mouth

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