

## Saul Williams "Twice First Time"

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Sung)

i will not rhyme on tracks

niggas on a chain gang used to do that (Huh!) way

back

i will not rhyme over tracks

niggas on a chain gang used to do that (Huh!) way

back

don't drop the beat on me

don't drop the beat no

ah

i am not the son of sha klak klak

i am before that

i am before

i am before before before death is eternity after death

is eternity

there is no death there's only eternity

and i be riding on the wings of eternity like

CLA CLA CLA SHA KLACK KLACK

GET ME THE FUCK OFF THIS TRACK

as if the heart beat wasn't enough

they got us using drum machines now

the hums of the machines

tryin to make our drums humdrums

tryin to ??? our magic

instruments be political prisoners up inside computers

as if the heart were not enough

as if the heart were not enough

and as heart beats bring percussions

fallen trees bring reprocussions

citys play upon our souls like broken drums

redrum the essence of creation from city slums

but city slums mute our drums and our drums become

humdrums

cuz city slums have never been where our drums are

from

just the place where our daughters and sons become

offbeat heartbeats

slaves to city streets  
and hearts get broken and heartbeats stop  
broken heartbeats become breakbeats for niggas to  
rhyme on top, but..

i won't rhyme on top no tracks  
niggas on a chain gang used to do that (Huh) way back

i won't rhyme over tracks  
niggas on a chain gang used to do that (Huh) way back

don't drop the beat no  
don't drop the beat noooo

not untill you've listen to Rakim on a rocky mountain top  
have you heard hip hop  
extract the urban element which created it  
and let a open wide country side illustrate it  
riding in a freight train  
in the freezing rain  
listening to Coltrane  
my reality went insane  
and i think i saw Jesus  
he was playing hopscotch with Betty Carter  
who was cursing him out  
in a scat-like gibberish for not saying 'butterfingers'  
and my fingers run through grains of sand  
like seeds of time  
the pains of man  
the frames of mind  
which built these frames  
which is the structure of my urban superstructure  
the trains and planes can corrupt and obstruct your  
planes of thought  
so you that forget how to walk through the woods  
which ain't good cuz you ain't never walked through the  
trees  
listenin' to nobody beats the biz and you ain't never  
heard hip hop

and you must stop that damn track from going...  
please don't drop the beat  
don't drop the beat nooo

and...

i will not rhyme on tracks  
niggas on a chain gang used to that (huh) way back  
(repeat)

don't drop the beat noooo

don't drop the beat no  
don't drop the beat no  
don't drop the beat  
...heartbeat  
my heartbeat  
goes on  
and on  
and on...

yeah

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