

Bob Martin**"Droppin' Rhymes on Drums"**

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Intro

Etta: Drop it 'til your soul feel free...

Jef: Alright.

Verse 1

[Jef]

Yo man, give me that microphone and sit down
Cos a brother like me is known to get down
So get up from the rhyme and you'll find
It's designed to give sight to the blind and enlighten
the mind
And the lines are arranged in a strange unorthodox
style
That knocks you out the box and blocks the competition
On a mission, fishin' in an empty tank
Comin' up blank
Crank the drums up so I can hear it
And it sums up, the thumbs up on the lyrics
And I'm droppin' it
Heavy like lead...we're dumb, kid
Can you pick the perfect poet out the patch?
E he scratches, I make the words match
Try to catch up and you'll break your jaw
Don't laugh, I heard it happened before
Some sap said, "That nigga can't rap"
I had to pull back the trigger and cap
A full round of rhymes and aim for the head
Not to put it to bed, but instead
Pick his brains just like a psychiatrist
He had no idea that I could just
Mentally took the brother for bad
I just wanted to see what kinda knowledge he had
He wasn't too bright so I had to shed some light
And now me and the kid's alright
He heard 'Give It Here' and had no idea I get dumb
I be droppin' rhymes on drums...

[Etta]

Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free
Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free (hey, hey-hey)
Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free
Yeah yeah, hey hey, hey
[I just wanna holler when my soul feel free now]

Verse 2

[Jef]

Made in Manhattan, bred in the Bronx, boy
I ain't no toy, I'll destroy
Any form of competitor
In the form of a predator
I'll stay ahead of the comp. one jump
I know where I'm goin', yo and where I'm from
I was taught to go for mine
Even if I had to throw for mine that's fine
But I left the neighbourhood
Just cos I came to Cali don't mean I went Hollywood
I'm still good and why shouldn't I kick it?
Stay awhile the freestyle is wicked
Rough and rugged, but it's not ragged
Cos it's not the way Def Jef does it
When I get in it I rhyme infinite
And that means forever
Whether obstacles in the way hinder
They bother me not a bit, cos hey
Small things are nothin' to a giant
When rappers get defiant
I ain't scared, I'm prepared
Within my realm no souls are spared
Don't try to read me, you'll be baffled
Before you test me you best be careful
Cos you have no idea where I'm comin' from
I be droppin' rhymes on drums...

[Etta]

Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free
Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free, (hey, hey-hey)
Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free
Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free

Verse 3

[Jef]

Like a bear not your ordinaire, call me a grizzly
Like a bee I'm bound to bust busy

Expressing all thoughts with the notion in positive mode
God offered the ride and I rode
Listeners riding along with the legend in motion
Yeah, you knew I had the potion
A pinch of pizzazz and a smidgen of sincere savvy
A funky beat, and what have we here?
Not a mere but a major
A flavour you savour so tasteful, so watch your behaviour
Yeah, dope is what I gave ya
But you don't smoke or sniff, this dope'll save ya
From suckers you've been subjected to
Listenin' to, I'll rescue you
S.O.S in effect with Def Jef and DJ Erick Vaan
Rockin' you on
Friend or foe I'll take you blow by blow
If you're a king then you know I'll overthrow
So please don't provoke me, this ain't no joke, see?
You feel pain by every stroke of the pen
I don't mean to be a jinx, but then
When you come against me your career's at an end
I'll attack with a rap that is apt to attract
Basic hip-hoppers cos basics are back
Oops, made a mistake, I'm in a daze
With me nothin's basic, let me rephrase
Wonderful words, adjectives and verbs
Nouns by the pound, superb speeches and slurs
Simply supplying a subtle suggestion
If you're selecting make me your selection
Upon completion of suckers deleted
The poet with soul will calmly be seated
Thinkin' "I'm good and you knew it"
Rhymes grow and flow so smooth like a fluid
Or liquid...with high liquidity
I'm turnin' rap to cash in a flash
But money's not the name of the game or my claim to fame
To make you rock is my one and only aim
There's no comparison to what I've become
I be droppin' rhymes on drums...

[Etta]

Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free
Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free, (hey, hey-hey)
Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free
Do it, do it, 'til your soul feel free [Repeat to fade]

