

**Borja John****"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]

