

Emanon "Make Music"

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I make music to roll to, the kind of music that holds you Music to set your goals to music that blows you away Music to start your day, music to melt all your problems away

I make music to get high to, music that get all up inside you

Music to tell the truth to, music to lie to Music your can't live without music your friends talk about

Music like ohh taste good in your mouth I make the kind of music people make love to Music that people hate to, The kind of music b-boys can break to

I make music that skateboarders on the grind can skate to

Music that you could jump in a lake to
I make music for the cassette deck and music for CD
Music for turntables and music for TV
Music with acapellas and music with instrumentals
Music for brains in the back seat of your rental
I make music

[Chorus]

Turn round push up the sound and play that
Song for me mista deejay now stay back
Watch me mash up the dancehall the way blacc
People dem get down you know we a play at
Every pan beat and jump up dem a set up
Dance till me sweat up and me whole body wet up
Anyone who hlding up on de wall dem a betta
Feel the mic checka stand up when I say get up

Eeny meeny miny moe Music gets up in you soul Make me wanna wiggle my toe Make me wanna bust a flow

What would you do if there was no music
Would you make it throught the day or would you start
to lose it
I know that I'd probably go crazy

Music makes my mind clear without it I go hazy
Play me a sad song eyes get teary
Play me a happy song and I'm getting cherry
Give me a guitar and I'll be strumming it
Sing a negro spiritual and I'll start humming it
When I hear a fat beat yo I get to dancing
When I make a dope beat I buckle up my pants and
Buckle up my shoes and, head to the studio
Because I be dropping shit just like a boody hole
Whether it's jazz or funk or soul music
Folk songs, rock and roll I'm gone use it
Beebop, gospel, sample it loop it
Bang them drums and make them sound stupid

[Chorus]

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I make music for the rich and the poor in the street Music for heads who buy music instead of something to eat

I make music with a pencil or pen
A crayon or a krylon I make no matter when
I make music when I walk on the street and shuffle my
feet

I make music in my dreams and when I'm falling asleep I make music because I have to The kind of music that grabs you

Music that people cry to, music to laught to
Music for the racing crews on the highway to crash to
Music for real niggaz in the street to mash to
Music to blast to and music to make peace to
Music to break the peace so you could pull out your
heat to

Music for the niggaz who make music too And most of all I make music for you.(3x)

[Chorus]

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