

George Clinton f/ Digital Underground

"Rhythm and Rhyme"

Visit "[Rhythm and Rhyme](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: George Clinton] Therefore, this Rap rendition in tradition of competition Mace the motherfucker before the first emission Gets to ascend the mountain I sip spout rhymin' ad infinitum I pee in the fountain then I claw, clutchin' the cliff Cause I got to get higher [Shock G] I shall begin with a crazy evil grin So evidently awesome both know somethin' will occur Deep and dreadful be, constant careful You get an earful of the fearful The rhythm, the rhyme not based on material mind more so Along strong ethereal lines although torn From a brain remainin' to ruckus You got music that is so massive you move to it Or you must move away, choose to play or stray into it [Money B] Over chill mode I load a lyric fling you hard against the bass In ways shown to be mixed from an ID a forbidden poet In me, arrivin' unannounced and let me pounce on you You bust, I'll bounce and it's a take out You're through, finished quick, yeah, I said of that shit [Shock G] And it takes just a few of my favorite breaks [Chorus: George Clinton] Rhythm and rhymes, rhythm and rhymes I got rhythm and motherfuckin' rhymes I got the rhythm and rhymes, rhythm and rhymes I got the rhythm and motherfuckin' rhymes [Humpty Hump] Therefore, this Rap rendition in tradition of competition Mace the motherfucker before the first emission Gets to ascend the mountain I sip spout rhymin' ad infinitum I pee in the fountain then I claw, clutchin' the cliff Cause I got to get higher Into the mansion where the mad messiah "G.C. gone crazy" Hackin' in the channel, through all the slack rappers I pack a bag, I travel to the peninsula with a posse Peepin' over the edge, I drop a rock on your head As you leapin' up the ledge, to lead on Leavin' you mangled, tangled in your Mic cord Your mamma would have been better in battle Your boastin' is bogus Silly poses is puttin' your pretty poetry packaged pathetically in front of me I suppress, I arrest the best of MCs regularly Come along, too strong, no don't move This ain't a shake or bake, it's time to rhyme For those who think we fake, a few of my favorite breaks [George Clinton] Rhythm and rhyme, rhythm and rhyme Rhythm and motherfuckin' rhymes

You walk a million miles to bite off one of my styles
Death tolls in the trillions, trashed by the trial of
traumatic Disorder sort of relatin' the way the I saw
them Death by battle before the post mortem I caught
them silhouetted, picked out to get it Like an AK 47, I
fired the rhythm Let it reload my lips and gob to fit the
job Shootin' straight upon the head of a segregated
slob That hobbled up, bobbled up with a front to chap
me Get that bullshit out of my face I totally rap my
reply, attackin' every guy Who from this point on now is
doomed to die, for thousand times As I rewind the very
line I used to slay him with Guess I was born with a gift,
the dumb punk got me to deal with [Chorus: George
Clinton] And I got rhythm and rhyme, rhythm and
rhyme Rhythm and motherfuckin' rhymes I got the
rhythm and rhyme, rhythm and rhyme Rhythm and
motherfuckin' rhymes [George Clinton] Each growl is
golden I grow beholdin' to the bold but basic beat That I
been sold on loads of lyrics Sewn attached desk to
deck, mic'd and patched through disk I snatched 2
thousand versions, I'm on a version excursion Still I can
spare a bit of time to do a rhyme without swearin' Give
him the all clear sign And I'm preparin, darin, rap and
roll with soul Compatibility To the laughter at your rap
senility A line of rhymes snorted, my face is contorted
The loser says: I'm lame but he's self-supported Yeah,
it goes without sayin, it's true Anybody gets fucked up,
it's gonna be you Yeah And I'm your local gravedigger
on a vocal hairpin trigger As sure as candy's delicious,
quicker than you figure Too quick to quench the fire of
my biggest funeral pyre Builds and fills with fools
desiring open combat They choke and jump back, now
they wonder how the fuck I've done that Sensin'
seconds too late, you got room for improvement You
wanna stop and drop, go over the top You bop and
strain your voice, ha ha, got no choice Come back one
more time and try to win against the veteran The better
than many, than plenty, than any Fuck you!! - here's the
cemetery where they line up all the graves Of those
that tried that shit, no breaks Pontious peers, lend me
your ears I'm the madman at the helm The one that
steers this vessel of vocals Watch out, it's gettin'
choppy I ride the rough out in a way you cannot copy
Look and see if the sharks have taken a bite out of my
hull They always do, and I feel the gale pull me into
battle Maybe I said somethin' really too clever Right
there off the top of my head, they take it and tape it
Before I can say this is the property of the "P" Mine by
design, each and every line, relies on the rewind You
better pray to the heaven and the earth Cause I'm
gonna scorch your monkey ass with the next verse

[Outro: George Clinton] Rhythm and rhyme, rhythm
and rhymes Rhythm and motherfuckin' rhymes
Therefore, this Rap rendition in tradition of competition
Mace the motherfucker before the first emission Gets
to ascend the mountain I sip spout rhymin' ad infinitum
I pee in the fountain then I claw, clutchin' the cliff Cause
I got to get higher Into the mansion where the mad
messiah G.C. gone crazy, hackin' in the channel,
through all the slack rappers I pack a bag, I pack a bag
I travel to the peninsula with a posse Peepin' over the
edge, I drop a rock on your head As you leapin' up the
ledge, to lead on Leavin' you mangled, tengled in your
Mic cord Your mamma would have been better in battle
Your boastin' is bogus Silly poses are puttin' your pretty
poetry packaged pathetically in front of me I suppress,
I arrest the best of MCs regularly Come along, too
strong, no don't move This ain't a shake or bake, it's
time to rhyme For those who think we fake, a few of my
favorite breaks Rhythm and rhyme, rhythm and rhymes
Rhythm and motherfuckin' rhymes Fuck the dumb shit

Visit [George Clinton f/ Digital Underground](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.