

## George Clinton f/ Digital Underground "Rhythm and Rhyme"

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[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, bobbed 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

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