

## The Waifs

### "The Rhythm"

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[Chorus](4X)

"The rhythm" -> Biz Markie

"Make you co-op-er-rate with the rhythm"

[Verse 1: Godfather Don]

My mind is cloudy, nigga I wanna get rowdy

That's how we do shit, a few clips and then we outty

Give me some room to get verbal and in vulgar

I got you thumpin' something like I holdin' your roller

Your pain is inflicted with shits from my scripts kicked

I got you open, you peeps are scopin' where my dick sits

All in ya knows why you pose like a faggot

It's like I shit it, the father did it, beheaded dragon

Still on my tip for the technical fast flow

There ain't no cash, so, stay the fuck out my ass hole

Towards is the last song, so blessed on, with Teflon

With meth on my mind got left, shit, a fly couldn't catch one

[Verse 2: JuJu]

Fuck keepin' it real, I ain't jokin'

You bitch-ass niggas act hard and they still get their shit broken

Wildin' is risky but it's fun

I'm on some ol' cowboy shit, give me some whiskey and a fuckin' gun

You watchin' niggas set it off son

I have all you niggas runnin' like girls when I let off one

A little nigga goin' far you know I'm a star

I got your wife, kid, sittin' in my fuckin' car

Let them niggas try and curse mine

I heard niggas liked they comin' through the Island for the first time

Junkyard Ju represent, no doubt, 3CF mob, fuck the world and I'm out

[Chorus](4X)

[Verse 3: Lord Finesse]

Check it I catch wreck when my mind's set

When it's time to get down I get around like nine etch  
Give me your ring I can still swing I fuck  
With these four bore rappers when you can have a real  
thing  
So just cool it, I flow like fluid  
Ain't nothing to it I keep it raw like suage  
Huh, brothers think they got my flow figured  
But you can have a afro on slacks that don't mean you  
got soul nigga  
Stand back, don't try to keep close  
It's the Funky Man, Lord Finesse straight from the  
Eastcoast  
I can't hang, come on, picture that  
I'm from Uptown, Boogie Down where rap was invented  
at  
Matter of fact I'm out to stack figures  
When I drop rhymes I make brothers go 'Yo who's that  
nigga!?'  
Fuck around you'll get your ass fried this ain't Pharcyde  
I'm not someone nigga that you go +Passed By+  
Come on, you're rollin' with a page star  
I keep my money in rolls just like my motherfuckin'  
breaks are  
No doubt, I got clout I'm gonna say peace adios one  
love  
Yo, I'm out

[Verse 4: Fat Joe]

Yeah, here comes the night time stalker  
Who's swelling niggas' lips rather than Jimmy Walker  
The freestyler, nigga get scuela  
Fuck a bitch, you know I'm all about makin' dollars  
Fat Joe, you know I been here before  
Rap was for the near, but was kickin' shit raw  
Motherfuckers know the flow was tight  
Baggin' hoes like the Puerto Rican Dolomites  
Man listen, there's no competition  
'Joe takin' it out?' look nigga keep wishin'  
Fat Joe and you know how we do  
Peace to Big Ed, and my nigga JuJu  
Word

[Chorus](4X)

[Verse 5: Bas Blasta]

Come fo' rough with the rhyme crew fresh  
Bas bless the words penetrate through flesh  
Why not pay dues to earn props  
You soundin' like my nigga  
I'm not gonna pay the bucket, yo  
I'm comin' of okay, makin' rappers run like O.J.

With a big clan, like the man who's named JosÃ©  
No way will the competitor  
Get out of the bloods that the wildlife predator  
Straight through your brain is where I aim  
When I start to inflict pain you will never be able to  
maintain  
Insane, with my manuscript rappers can't get with the  
way I'm kickin' it  
I can't stand a hypocrite who tries to trust and cling  
styles  
He fails to rouse with the fatality of a child  
Bas got mad rhymes the party bounces  
I think there's no book that weighs forty ounces

[Chorus](4X)

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