

Mandy Winter

"Twice the First Time"

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(sung)

i will not rhyme on tracks
niggas on a chain gang used to do that (Huh!) way
back

i will not rhyme over tracks
niggas on a chain gang used to do that (Huh!) way
back

don't drop the beat on me
don't drop the beat no
ah

i am not the son of sha-klak klak
i am before that
i am before
i am before before before death is eternity after death
is eternity
there is no death there's only eternity
and i be riding on the wings of eternity like
CLA CLA CLA SHA KLACK KLACK
GET ME THE FUCK OFF THIS TRACK

as if the heart beat wasn't enough
they got us using drum machines now
the hums of the machines
tryin to make our drums humdrums
tryin to ??? our magic
instruments be political prisoners up inside computers
as if the heart were not enough
as if the heart were not enough

and as heart beats bring percussions
fallen trees bring reproccussions
citys play upon our souls like broken drums
redrum the essence of creation from city slums
but city slums mute our drums and our drums become
humdrums
cuz city slums have never been where our drums are
from
just the place where our daughters and sons become

offbeat heartbeats
slaves to city streets
and hearts get broken and heartbeats stop
broken heartbeats become breakbeats for niggas to
rhyme on top, but..

i won't rhyme on top no tracks
niggas on a chain gang used to do that (Huh) way back

i won't rhyme over tracks
niggas on a chain gang used to do that (Huh) way back

don't drop the beat no
don't drop the beat noooo

not until you've listen to Rakim on a rocky mountain top
have you heard hip hop
extract the urban element which created it
and let a open wide country side illustrate it
riding in a freight train
in the freezing rain
listening to Coltrane
my reality went insane
and i think i saw Jesus
he was playing hopscotch with Betty Carter
who was cursing him out
in a scat-like gibberish for not saying 'butterfingers'
and my fingers run through grains of sand
like seeds of time
the pains of man
the frames of mind
which built these frames
which is the structure of my urban superstructure
the trains and planes can corrupt and obstruct your
planes of thought
so you that forget how to walk through the woods
which ain't good cuz you ain't never walked through the
trees
listenin' to nobody beats the biz and you ain't never
heard hip hop

and you must stop that damn track from going...
please don't drop the beat
don't drop the beat nooo

and...

i will not rhyme on tracks
niggas on a chain gang used to that (huh) way back
(repeat)

don't drop the beat noooo

don't drop the beat no
don't drop the beat no
don't drop the beat
...heartbeat
my heartbeat
goes on
and on
and on...

yeah

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