

Various Artists "Twice The First Time"

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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 ridin' on the wings of eternity like
Sha-klak klak, 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 move 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 reproussions
Cities 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
'Cause 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, no

Not until you've listen to Rakim on a rocky mountain top
Have you heard hip hop, extract the urban element that
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 'cause 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, no, and
I will not rhyme on tracks, niggas on a chain gang
Used to do that, huh, way back
I will not rhyme on tracks, niggas on a chain gang
Used to do that, huh, way back

Don't drop the beat, no, 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, yeah,
yeah, yeah

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