

Pharoahe Monch F/ Apani

"Ride the Rhythm"

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Here's a prognostication, stop the commotion, I'll have my
dose in
We cruising, the beat and bruising, you need coaxing
Fluid as I do it, the motion is similar to the ocean
Bringing waves of emotion
This feeling, that I'm dealing, is so appealing
It's shocking, look how I got you rocking and reeling
My ripple and rhythm is reminiscent of a river when it's
pouring
The King is reigning, I'm pouring
This music, yeah he can use it, but don't abuse it
Move it, you said you were a dancer, prove it
I was full of powerful percussion get you rushing on
line
When it's 45 King time
Master of the Game, marks his fame, Mark's his name
The 45 King is the self same
Man who made the music that matched with the lesson
When I said "Court is in Session"
Feel it, ride the rhythm

Rhythms, I can get paid just for riding 'em
Suckers seem to be afraid cause I'm sliding 'em
Riding 'em, cold dividing 'em when I cut 'em up
Hit 'em with speed, they don't know who, why, when,
where, what
Word is weird when your song is wrong
On the strength, I go the length, cause I'm long and
strong
Freedom of choice lets me greet 'em with a forceful
voice
So they know, I ain't no oreo
I'm solid, all the way through, what's up with you?
My cup runneth over, here's a drop or two
Rob is a roller, a writer, a schooler
And when it comes to gold then I'm a jeweler
Feel it, ride the rhythm

My rhyme collection's under protection so now I'm
flexing
We ruling, that's how we cooling, and how we plexing

What'll we do next, you'll probably never guess
Flavor Unit MC's are the cleverest
I'm sleek, think on my feet, rock to a beat
In my brain, I'm not insane, and never weak
When you're read to rock to raw rhythms, reach for my
record
This I perfected, and you can check it
Listen, I'm in position, to start dissing
Instead I use my head to stay fed
Never starving Mastercharging past the margin
Whatever price you paid, it was a bargain
Freedom is priceless, knowledge is twice that
That goes for everybody, Latin, white, black
Depends on who you are and how you living
But in the meantime, just ride the rhythm

Muscleheads on a mission cold be wishing they be
flipping
This passion, I'm not asking, I'm just whipping
I'm real, and I'm the deal, so how you feel?
You beg, borrow, or steal, you got appeal
Step off, get lost, or get tossed
Like a salad, your rhymes has no value
An invalid waste of breath, a taste of death is all that's
left
When I get these rhymes off my chest
Indeed, I have exceeded, what you expected
You know that I'm dope, but can you accept it?
There's no doubt about the clout that I rap
To make sure everything turns out
Perfect, as close as we can work it, to perfection
Fly girls, they give me an erection
Plexing, something that I do with the Flavor U
By the way, that's my family, too
Feel it, ride the rhythm

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