

The Rhythm

The Rooks!

The rythm is both the songs manicle and it's demonic charge charge

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I'm Everlast born to be a caucassian but it makes no difference what persuasion you are

As long as you know how to get up on the floor and start workin' a sweat

To a musical measure that makes you move as soon as the needle drops into the groove

So get up and dance to the gift I'm giving, forget about your troubles get into the rhythm

Talking 'bout the rhythm (all we need is rhythm)

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Yo, yo, you know what the world needs...we need peace, rhythm

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You linger for the rap singer, when Donald D brings the party to the deal my presence is felt world wide

You don't dance to this it's suicide

Put your hands into the air on, the M.C. cop, the girlies are pipen' hot

Natorious Lama is how I'm livin' don't step to me step to the rhythm

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You make me feel so good

Like I said before the world needs a lot more rhythm

Talking 'bout the rhythm

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Talking 'bout the rhythm

Listen to the tracks that rolls, watch the mic as it glows

The lethal weapon got you trapped in this dance mode

Ice-T's throwin' words at you like dodge ball y'all

You gotta move get hit, if you get hit, you fall, no jokin', no boastin' and no bragging

Grip the mic like a .44 magnum, dust you off if you suck 'cause I ain't

You want me to write soft rhyme's, sorry, I write the rhythm

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We need rhythm for the world to have peace and unity, we must first have rhythm

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