

# Ms. Instrumental

## Sam Ock

Picking up a pencil on a page full of staves  
Melodies waltzing around, in my head rich shades  
Piano licks are blue, while the drum rythm is grey

I sit and i reminice with my grand staff as my stage  
And many nights while i find that my heart's in tune  
the harmony won't plant, and the feelings won't bloom

I guess that it's my fault that i want beauty too soon  
Instead of laboring hard from morning till i see the moon  
Counterpoint? Or together in one voice?

Ballads full of every kind of hue gotta make my choice  
Rejoice or lamenting in the fragrance or the ventings

of the mind that is unleashed on to a page unrelenting  
I'm sensing a little sentimental type song  
Kind of like when the rain stops when the elements were strong

As i keep on pouring thoughts out into little tiny black notes  
I rest, take a look around, show the colors of my soul and sing

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Hello Ms. Rythm. May i be your Mr. Blues?  
Hold your hand in mine as they spin the ones and twos  
Singing in my ear, when i'm on the microphone  
Perfect harmony oh i'll never be alone  
I like the old school snare tap

"Tap of the back of the chair" rap  
no microphone needed to hear that  
I mirror that in my shows, in my jams  
with my close group members, flow like fruit blenders

And I like you...but you knew that  
Combine the two, let's pretend like we could do that  
Passion for hip-hop, passionate lover

One hand on the mic and your hand in the other

Can't picture this? Then just work with me

Define this girl as the perfect beat

If you an MC then you know the feeling

One measure of the song and you blow the ceiling

Ms. Instrumental, you're essential

Hard but gentle you're the perfect tempo

Your diminuendos to your melodies

One look in your eyes and you melt the knees

And your bass is perfect, lips are soft

Snare is crunchy, kick is raw

Hands are worn, but I love it more

I hate small ones that never worked at all

And your drums are dirty, mind is clean

But you got a dark side like a minor key  
Switch keys, even cut time right in half

Makes me ritardando the way you laugh, come on()The way that you talk to me, awkwardly

Makes me want to sing even if off a key

I'll go, no care in the world right now

You're the only one I want to impress

Lie down on the track lights out, mic's now

Wet the bottom lip and we sing now

Shall we record, record...shall we record?It's just you and me here in this booth

If I'm not in sync, you'll always tell me the truth, you'll tell the truthShe likes the way that I ride, switch up

Slow down something close and smooth

Pick it up again with a s-swing with a p-push

Making music in a way so true

You're a masterpiece, I'm a nasty rapper

Capture me but at the end I catch you

Track you, freestyle to attract you

Grab you to the lab room then I ask you:()"I'm in love with ms. instrumental"You work me out, but I worked  
you too

Met you in the first verse, made love in verse two

Where's verse three, yo we're living it out

We're still together, so we're not finishing now

You and I got a whole song to be together

Let the melody and lyrics, not me, the letters

Bleed together, eventually become one

Nobody can ever touch this, one songForever, blow the ceilingMs. Instrumental, you're essential

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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