

# 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  
( )

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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