

# Big Beat Evangelists

2 Skinnee J's

I do it, I do it  
I do it, I do it  
I do it, I do it (Something strange is happening, Something strange is happening)  
I do it, I do it (I don't know where to begin, But something strange is happening)

I do it this way from the first to the seventh day  
Stay on target like an x-wing flexing my brain  
As I state my claim that my aim is to do this properly  
Watch me dismiss your snobbery promptly  
As if my soul could be another man's property  
You gotta be joking, think a minute about what you've been smoking  
Before you start choking and gasping and asking, "who knew?"  
It's simple. I'm cheeky like dimple  
I jump up I get the thumbs up like a thimble  
It ain't what you're thinking, though  
I'm known to be prone to kick over thrones and leave governments overthrown  
Charismatic with the verbal acrobatic  
Top gun take your breath away and leave you asthmatic  
It's automatic that my standards are raised to the attic and my tone is emphatic  
Feel the movement, it's fluid like sand in the hour glass  
How could I stand to let even a single hour pass  
Without bounding ahead and thinking far back  
I take to the sky, you're grounded on the tarmac

If there's a mic to be rocked, I will throw the first stone  
I cross time zones, root like rhizomes with my rhyme tomes  
I'm not alone, my friend's found 5 strong  
We reciting rhymes so you can sing along. So sing along!  
We got the tasty treats to fill your mouth so open wide  
We serve poetic justice. Stay open all night.  
While I can't understand why shit gets held high  
Those fads that won't die. They just won't so  
I sleepwalk the street talk like somnambulist  
We rock like amethyst, we rare like ambergris  
It's scandalous music planned by avarice  
You're sorely misinformed like see-span panelist  
I never planned on this  
Big beat evangelist  
Whack track antagonist,  
Pass raps through dialysis  
But we stand by this  
So here's a code to those who know to throw up your right fist, like this  
But when it pours you know it's raining  
These rats in races got me pistol-whipped like stamens  
I ain't complaining, though, just hopping off this fence  
Cause when it's all said and done things will finally come together and make some sense