

# Never Missin' a Beat

House of Pain

Listen up, learn, you'll get your turn  
I'm sendin' this out to all it may concern  
The party master Everlast is here  
Before we begin I'm gonna make this clear

I don't take no short cuts, Bilal adds dope cuts  
If girls were around I'd grab and grope butts  
And if she got a man and he tries to step up  
It's ashes to ashes and dust gets swept up

Tryin' to step to me, boy, you must be sick  
Got a nine in my pocket, takin' heads out quick  
I make my music loud, my parents proud  
There's not an artist alive drawing a better crowd

Than the Everlasting operator droppin' a groove  
To make you get up and dance while I bust this move  
And talk about myself, I don't need a partner  
Bilal has the cuts then I'll help start the show

Let a lyric flow and you'll know  
I make you jump up out your seats, scream and say, "Ho"  
You fall back down completely exhausted  
Once you had the sound but now it seems you lost it

You're worn out, you can't take no more  
Since Everlast and Bilal took control of the floor  
So jump out your seat, move your feet  
'Cause the beat's complete, I'm never missin' a beat

Never missin' a beat, never missin' a beat  
Never missin' a beat, never missin' a beat

There's no need for askin', I'm the Everlastin'  
My mind is a poll and I'm gonna cast in  
The ocean of words and pull out a new rhyme  
And if it feels good then I'll do it two times

Or maybe three, four, or even five times  
When I'm done Bilal cuts up my rhyme  
He's my partner, not a stand-in  
On a 'Highway to Heaven' just like Mike Landon

And when it comes to battles my boy's a sure win  
He's been in more scandals than J.R. Ewing  
Busted up more parties than five-o  
When it comes to a fight my boy's good to go

So step on stage, we duke it out like men  
I beat you down with every word that flows out my pen  
If you pull a gat I suggest you stay low  
And I was the Green Hornet, Bilal'd be Kato

Right by my side kickin' up dust  
And if a sucker acts stupid, grab my gat and bust  
You can't run away 'cause my clip holds ten rhymes  
If you been beaten once, I'll beat you ten times

Worse than you ever been beaten before  
I don't drop my mic unless my throat gets sore  
And that don't happen because when I'm rappin'  
My rhymes'd beat Gregory Hines if they was tappin'  
So jump our your seat, move your feet  
'Cause the beat's complete, I'm never missin' a beat

Never missin' a beat, never missin' a beat  
Never missin' a beat, never missin' a beat  
Never missin' a beat, never, never missin' a beat, never  
Ain't it, ain't it funky, ain't it funky

Lyrical and linguistic, somewhat artistic  
Some call me a devil, others call me  
Mystical like a crystal ball  
And if you step to me you'll take a fall

Just like the Roman Empire  
Feel the wrath of a devil's hellfire  
Callin' me a devil, some think it's a diss  
To me it's just a name, it's not stones and sticks

You can't hurt me, I got a positive outlook  
Readin' my good book or maybe some philosophy  
Like Socrates and Plato  
Step to me with drugs I just say, no

But I'll drink some lemonade if it's wilder  
I'm down with DLC and the Styler  
The DIV Einstein of rhyme is down with me  
'Cause he knows that I'm on my way

I will not stray  
From the path of knowledge that'll earn my pay  
I think for myself, I take advice  
And if I did it wrong once then I do it twice

I check my steps, make sure they're correct  
And that's why me and DLC get respect  
So jump our your seat, move your feet  
'Cause the beat's complete, I'm never missin' a beat

Never missin' a beat, never missin' a beat  
Never missin' a beat, never missin' a beat