

# To The Beat Y'All

Kool Moe Dee

To the beat...

(To the beat y'all

To the beat y'all

To the - to the

To the beat y'all)

And yes y'all

This one goes out to all the homeboys

>From the old school

Takin you way, way back

When we used to rhyme like this

Check it out

[ VERSE 1 ]

Ain't nothin but a party, everybody come along

Keep your body movin while I'm groovin with the song

I got funky rhythms, funky rhythms with a beat

Funk-funk-funk-funky rhythms for the street

Keep clappin while I'm rappin, while I'm rappin, clap your hands

Listen to the, listen to the, listen to the man

Turn the party out without a doubt I'm in the house

Kick it to the beat is what it's really all about

Party, party people, if you're ready, listen up

Cause I can get the lyrics, Easy Lee can get the cut

An automatic systematic rhythmic sound

If you ain't with the program, you gotta get it down

Breakin competition, competition's ripped apart

Find another brother, cause L.L. ain't got the heart

I can take a rhythm, make you sing it like a song

This is To The Beat, you can forget Da Break Of Dawn

(To the beat y'all

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[ VERSE 2 ]

If I'm mentally conditioned, then I'm physically prepared

To cold rock a party with the microphone I bear

I'm ready for action, satisfaction guaranteed

Give the people what they want, and what they want is what they need

Desperately to hear a brother kick a rhyme like this

Don't settle for another, cause you know what time it is

Time to pick your feet up, put your body in the mode

And listen to a real rap veteran explode

Other sucker brothers always comin incomplete

Forget about the lyrics, cause they only want the beat

And other punk brothers put a curse in every verse

Frontin cause nobody taught em how to rhyme first

Frontin like you're hard, but it's only a facade

And now you're goin out like a sucker like Todd

But I can take a rhythm, make you sing it like a song

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[ VERSE 3 ]

Excercisin patterns, sowin up the rappin scene

Rockin for the people like a funky rap machine

Synchronize a party cause the party people watch

Only dancin when I tell em cause I rock round the clock  
Masters of the ceremony's one and only one  
Can rock it like a rocket, phoney homies better run  
Cause I'm doin the damage and the damage will be done  
Lyrics are the bullets, so I never need a gun  
Just a microphone, speakers, tables and a plug  
Sit back and watch the people cut themselves and slice a rug  
And I'ma rock a party till it's time to bring it home  
And when they pull a plug, then I'ma pack a microphone  
Put it in my holster like a gun, and then I'm gone  
Strapped, ready to rap and on and on and on  
I can take a rhythm, make you sing it like a song  
This is To The Beat, you can forget Da Break Of Dawn  
(To the beat y'all  
To the beat y'all  
To the - to the  
To the beat y'all)  
And yes y'all  
As we proceed to move on  
'To Da Break Of Dawn'  
He-he-he-he-he...  
Takin you all the way back  
The way we used to do it for you and yours  
At the old school  
cool Moe Dee signin off  
In the house