

One, two, three, four  
One, two, three, four

Out the gate I brought the horsepower  
Rev-Mex to your hard drive  
We run a hard bargain  
Pardon the trip

I sneeze jealousies into these rhyme cartel  
We park the art well  
Hung on all fours, box and start sell  
Available to you and yours

Other songs only make attempts  
To love they inner  
Understand I am just saying it  
To validate displaying Ozomatli

Stance at first glance  
It's like the train  
Brought to hit you like James  
With the 1, 2, 3, 4

True martial arts  
Official souls my brainchild  
Sing the song name now  
1, 2, 3, 4

Bust a track till they flat on they back  
Have the referee smacking the mat like  
1, 2, 3, 4

We do it on the phone  
When we stuff the funk in it, huh

Now wait a minute, so allot of us  
Yo, I'm the East Coast south paw  
Hanging with these West Coast north stars  
Shining bright, height five elev'

Come on

Formatic for the handlin' the trouble  
Comin' my way  
The highway to heaven  
Is a long road among the lyrical coves  
The bus

Allot of us  
Punk minds with the one of a kind rhymes  
I .M.C., spit, kick for fee  
Then all, not the player baby  
But I running while you crawl

Too fast on your comprehension  
Did I mention  
Dave Madden scored a goal from the team

Second team I

I'm ready for crunch time  
The lunch line was my favorite  
Till I graduated to bus  
Uh, uh, then I spewed to spit it

Now it's the three of us  
Connected like Siameses  
We on time  
Like shiny bits of metal

Strapped to your wrist  
We are tattoo to this rap thing  
With invisible ink  
I'm gone in a blink

Lethal like my pinkie  
And clown like Bozo  
Don't you know that Ozo bring the  
1, 2, 3, 4

To hard to face  
But lovin' the taste  
Squeeze it out like paste alright  
1, 2, 3, 4

Plug 2 will only rock a few  
So now I roll with Ozomatli crew  
Bringing you  
1, 2, 3, 4

We know the backs to break  
Ozomatli the great  
Bring it  
1, 2, 3, 4  
1, 2, 3, 4