

A mobile means to make the time
A whirlwind half mast the senses
Shaking your own brand of rhyme
Shaking your own brand of rhyme

On wide avenues
The air moves the sound, cruising around
Who makes the minutes move?
The postmeridian new

Who?
Who else but you
Who?
Who else but you

With gypsy scarf and an old world mouth
A mojo hand brought up from the south
Shaking your own brand of rhyme
Shaking your own brand of rhyme

On wide avenues
The air moves the sound, cruising around
Who makes the minutes move?
The postmeridian new

Who?
Who else but you
Who?
Who else but you

Eye level with Goliath's shoes
Spitting out these well worn blues
Eye level with Goliath's shoes
Spitting out these well worn blues

Who?
Who else but you
Who?
Who else but you