

# The Drums

Rapsody

Check, check, check  
We take it back like  
Ridin large  
In the old red Tracker  
Herringbone necklaces on  
Yo

Ride large like Professor, yeah we all feel the pressure  
Reach the middle ground, want the money and the message  
In our music  
But, the ones that ask the questions  
They get no answers  
Give a damn about the essence  
So, why stress the sessions  
Just say what's your mind yo  
So I'mma kick the lines yo  
Till all of ya'll arrested  
Cuffin' with my bars  
Doubled up just like the necklace  
They wear around they necks  
To show they checks is all the deafest  
Unheard of, my word of, 9th Wonder told me wreck it  
My drive Daytona 5, Ghost, never do they see um  
I'm up early, buttering toast  
You eating Wheaties  
Tryna get my thoughts together from dreams on posturepedies  
I had last night  
Holding the mic like I was TD (E) D on CD yo my rhymes  
Could go for OT, I don't stop for nobody  
Its rigamortis the rapper  
Pouring out liquor for niggas I out rapped up  
Means nothing  
They wanna hear stories that can relate  
They wanna hear stories about your life, about your day  
Anything on my mind, I know here I can relay  
So, when I feel stress I come here and fade away

In the drums  
Like I did when I was young  
In the drums  
Just kickin it, bum ba bum  
In the drums  
Like I did when I was young  
In the drums, bum ba bum

Don't over think what you think that they thinking  
Am I too lyrical? Is it too simple? I'm sinking  
Out of the zone, my attitude now fuck what you think  
About to go all the way in, I give a damn about your minks  
Deferred from the furs and the money  
If the shrinks come with the deals that you ink  
That niggas sign without a blink  
Don't bond with me well, like males in all pink  
Strong minded, frail shit, the lyrical Darlene  
It was never all rosie, yo these niggas all goldies  
They slave to the oldies, the presidents, just thinks  
This real life rap, money, power, there's nothing else

A lot of sex, drug usage and rapping about wealth  
Ain't not balance in this system no more  
We ain't well  
Ain't a rapper on the radio with stories to tell  
Hip Hop never died, yo  
The radio failed  
Now the powers with the people  
Wonder if they can tell  
Just some change for your thoughts  
Like those in the well  
Yo, I kick for you all and take it back for a spell

In the drums  
Like I did when I was young  
In the drums  
Just kickin it, bum ba bum  
In the drums  
Like I did when I was young  
In the drums, bum ba bum

Columbine, we scary youth  
They don't know how to react  
With the drums start to swing  
And it feel like 96  
We the truth  
Rocking Juice apparel  
Boxes and rings  
Gold fingers, gold thinkers  
Young Pharaohs and queens  
Brooklyn and Queens  
Classic New York sound  
Back on the scene  
Shouts to Jamla, Pro Era  
Boom bap in our veins  
Got me Sparking  
Taking me farther back on memory lane  
Cleaning, freestyling, I'm only age 12 in my frame  
Catching the rhythm  
Was the mission  
Now we living our dreams  
Conditions not extreme  
No need for TV screens  
It seems we back to slinging  
Dope product is back  
On the block  
I never forgot  
Where the feeling was

In the drums  
Like I did when I was young  
In the drums  
Just kickin it, bum ba bum  
In the drums  
Like I did when I was young  
In the drums, bum ba bum