

Random Tandem

Tonedeff

To the One, 1-2 'n. I can rock the Mic 'n/
Keepin' the rhythm excitin' I enlighten mental titans with my writin'/
I heighten the expectations of the nations/
I'm not a Dil-though I give you crazy good vibrations/
To be or not to be was never the question you could ask me/
I passed the New School, so I be doing this shit, like, classy/
And Lastly, you know I have the rhythm and the rhyme/
And I you're banking upon the Nickels, no, you'll never waste a dime/
I base the lines upon the knowledge I've acquired through my years/
I never Shout my lyrics, 'cause this isn't the Tears For Fears/
So, here's another demonstration, cause I know you probably know this-/
When I show this gift, nigga's step like aerobics/
I hold this to be true, due to my many reasons/
I manage to deliver the tracks- in fact, in any season/
I be pleasin' the art of rhyme and in return I'm keepin' true 'n/
Never doin' the double-standardized lies kids be spewin'/
I bust a capillary when I want to bust it up/
Me they'll never have to bury, 'cause my crew I trust enough/
And If I muster up enough of the luster needed to endeavor
Through the secondary Verse to quench your thirst, I keep it clever
To the 1-2 'n.

Chorus

To the One, 1-2 'n (repeated 4X)/
Don't you know it goes a-One, 1-2, the 3 to the 4 (repeated 2X)/
To the One, 1-2 'n (2X).
It's the Random Tandem.

V2

To the One, 1-2 'n. I be the rhyme brewin'/
Smooth calculator, cause my number's for renewin'/
Up inside the red zone, though I call a code blue, when/
competition (they) gets mad, I call them Alfred E. Neuman/
My system, it be boomin. Cause my ego lit the match 'n/
I be the eagle- you're the chicken cause I saw you hatchin'/
In fact, In a scene of action, you're crazy wack 'n it happened/
Just he way I say it would occur/
Were you amazed? Hopefully so, ya' know?/
When I be doin' that voodoo on you, dude, every poke'll be slow/
That goes to totally show to whom the odds play the breaker.../
5 to Zip against you, and guess who is the Oddsmaker/
It's the Nickels to the fifth, not the second or the third/
It's Got to be the most easy goin' shit you've ever heard/
Because If my words mean tomorrow, tell Annie she can wait/
'Cause if the sun comes out today, I guess I'll have to keep her late/
I play the flow procrastinator, 'cause I'll catch you later, thus/
Be the assassinator, like you know the terminator was/
It's just one of another kind of manner/
That be keeping the rhyme styles fresh... I be the lyrical Arm & Hammer/
On the Jam I hand to you, and anyone in my presence-/
Infancy to elderly, or middle to the adolescents/
Be the one nobody knows, due to the fact they can't relate/
But never be letting originality be raped.
To the One, 1-2 'n.

Chorus

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