

# Ed O.G., Rock the Beat

( \*DJ Supreme One cuts up\* )  
(Rock the Beat) □-&gt; L.L. Cool J

## [ VERSE 1 ]

Yo, I'm the doloist soloist  
Who got 'dro to twist, prefer the brew over Cris'  
To my independent women and my male chauvinists  
Throw your fist before you wish  
Stick your nose in this, we closin this  
Edo's maniacal - Supreme get the record  
Loop it and chop it, now it's unrecognizable  
Cut off the unreliable  
If it's hot it's undeniable  
Type of shit you start a riot to  
He fire one, I fire two, inspire you  
Make you believe the bullshit, that's what liars do  
See, we roll like tires do  
If you admire me, then I admire you  
Cause it's a cold, cold world for this warm-blooded mammal  
Keep it off the handle, filled with rap ammo  
The revolution will be televised on every channel  
More than a little bit of lootin and vandals

## [ CHORUS ]

This is far from gangsta  
It's that hip-hop shit filled with anger  
It's the streets, to beef it's no stranger  
It's these beats and rhymes that might change ya  
It's the peace of mind that I'm chasin  
Livin life with less aggravation (say what)  
It's mind tellin body about to lose patience  
Writers, DJ's, MC's, and breakers

## [ VERSE 2 ]

I got a second chance to make the same mistake twice  
My advice for the un-nice, don't try to break the ice  
Unless you wanna sacrifice your life  
I'm authentic, you artificial, man  
A sacrificial lamb, we got issues at hand  
High-rankin officials, launch missiles at anybody who ain't fam  
You understand cause we overstand, it's over, man  
You either bend, fold or show your hand  
You're overpowered and undermanned  
Cause Edo.G and Overlooked got the upper hand  
From the 'Bury, Dorchester to Mattapan  
You can fall for it all but I know where I stand  
So where you stand?  
If it's about poppin shit and coppin shit  
Go 'head and rock the platinum, I rock some copper shit  
The total opposite  
I ain't with that stupid suit-and-tie office shit  
It's that Boston shit

## [ CHORUS ]

## [ VERSE 3 ]

Hey yo, my ritual for rap's traditional with facts  
Subliminal to callin niggas out on wax  
We ain't equal, it's for my people  
Who got they eyes wide and ain't lookin at the world through a peephole  
The mind, soul and body attack the ungodly  
Who wanna make rap a big party  
See, I'ma get what I'm supposed to get  
I only got about 10 real friends, rest of y'all's just associates

From indie labels, rappers to strip dancers  
Get pounds and hugs, numbers I never answer  
Travel frequently  
We ain't down if you ain't competin with me  
I'm on the airwaves on different frequencies  
How much dough did you go through  
Budgets did you blow through to get the industry to know you?  
Your life is on a auction block, bid quick  
Heard it all before and ain't impressed with shit

[ CHORUS ]