

# Lexicon, Makin' Music (Remix)

you are listening to the sound of music  
symbolic and complex rhythms

(Verse 1 - Big Oak)

In my '99 Saturn, switchin four lanes  
Nah, fuck it, I'm gettin sick of rollin', and I'm ?  
So I dumped in a ditch, got a truck with leather  
figured out why I've been feelin' under the weather  
rolled around for three years with a broken tape deck  
bumpin commercial radio, it made me sick  
I got used to it man, it that made me sick  
got it fixed, but some underground, it made me sick!  
so now I only listen to shit, that's good for my health  
like styles of beyond, Apathy and Celph  
4-zone, Sandman, JaySon plus Jay-Z, anything old and rock n' roll  
feelin too old, from bein twenty-two  
gettin' nostalgic with songs like my dad used to do  
it's pathetic, but I don't mean to start a revolution  
I'm just makin music, makin my contribution

(Verse 2 - Celph Titled)

I was deep in the lab, cookin up some gourmet rap shit  
at the chrome depot, where we lay the tracks with  
bangin' beats, we masters of the sample surgery  
with rhymes so dope they have to be heard hypodermically  
all over the world I'm famous for instrumental treats  
but really I'm just a rapper that decided to make some beats  
don't ever call me a producer on the mic  
I'm an mc behind the ?voice? you'd better get it right  
and nigga's around my way be knowin' me for havin mad quotes  
but I find it funny cause punch lines are just bad jokes  
I'm a monster in this industry, who stays ?scheming?  
on Halloween I dress like a human being  
I make the type of music you could nod your head to  
entire albums you could play 'till the cassette's threw  
I talk a lot of thug shit in these rap songs  
but that's what happens when you put a raw nigga's track on

(Chorus)

we're making music, you'd better learn how to use it  
you got the skills, better step up and prove it  
if you got a title, pretty soon your going to lose it  
cause the L is here to stay, okay?

We're makin' music, not that underground trash  
that floods the record racks and makes no impact  
all-right, okay, they can't take all the blame  
but it's not us, we're just here to save the day

(Verse 3 - Nick Fury)

yo  
we're makin' music while you write that abstract crap  
talkin' bout the periodic table in a rap  
c'mon, what the fuck are ya'll doin'?  
you'd better go back and listen to some ?"juice crew" and  
understand that no one wants to hear that bullshit  
silly verse about your lyrical science experiment (nope)  
save it for your little internet geek sessions  
with your beats that will cure insomnia in seconds  
see while ya pack forty words in a bar and think  
we pack forty girls in a bar and drink  
cause it's like that  
the distortion off the ?? and demigodz are here to strike back  
I'm somewhere in-between stunts, bloods and hip hop

and sex, drugs and rock n' roll, now that's music  
I've got my word and I'm not afraid to use it  
the hell with rap, I'ma sing the blues kid

(Verse 4 - Apathy)

I'm tryin' ta make joints 'till it gets played by Flex and Angie  
and you can hear it comin' out of Ap's Lex or Camry  
Fuckin' groupies until I only smell sex and candy  
and if the girls don't jock I keep my ex's handy  
I'll be rappin' 'till my little kids are playin' candy land  
and I'm a family man, with ? seats inside a family van  
I'll be changin their diapers, while I'm hangin' in ciphers  
and hit you with their shitty drawers if your raps ain't tighter  
I'm a demigod, you motherfuckers don't know the half  
about this white boy speakin' five percent of math  
with polo's to ? and hoes I mack easily  
control their sub-conscious with subliminal frequencies  
fuck young chicks, visiting dorm's too frequently  
they don't blow up my spot, they're all sworn to secrecy  
they stay on the dick, when chicks hear my new shit  
and even keep a box of toothpicks to pick the pubics  
it's music

(Chorus)

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cause the Ap and Celph is here to stay, okay?

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