I John Reuben on behalf of the forgotten, I stopped in To keep it in your memory tightly locked in, remember me 240 lb from back then, way back, why what who where when Well, two decades in the makin, take it all in From the kid of my life, I felt drawn in Not many could see quite what I saw then Young kid, free style, studyhall—in Way before I hit the microphone brawlin Way before I ever started yes yall in I knew to get live, it was my callin I had a fresh vibe on all fours crawlin

(add lib)Gather in and get down

So much energy, so much force
Movin to the rhythm rockin till my voice gets sore
Bust now, where'd that come from yall, where's the shooa
Yall feelin me yet, bet, let's set the
course and get the blood circulatin
When the beat starts breakin, the people start shakin

And I start communicatin, are you feelin me yet
God given inspiration got me in imagination
And it's reeling me bet, bet, better than best
Fresher than fresh, man, from highth to depth, right to left
We keep your hands up in the air and say what
And keep em up and say what, say what

I, John Reuben, on behalf of the forgotten,
I stopped in to build it
Give me a room full of hyperactive children
Forget the Ritalin, man I want em rowdy, come on and crowd me
When I choose to use my voice loudly
Shall we get down, immediately, how we get down, somality
Mos definitely fresh as can be the best in me
The pop a recipe for curin the g now what they see
We rockin steadily incredible melody

Motivated from the animated side tellin me, compellin me Tellin me to rock, and yo the track is hot
And I am ready to get live even if you're not
Just pick out the spot and bring em all in
Party people get down while the turntables spin
After it's done, my man, we do it up again
Because I'm sure by then we'll have a second whim