

Rhythm

Nesian Mystik

Chorus

Keep time with the rhythm / We rhyme over rhythm/
recite revolutionary type vision / Enough for the
mental prisons / We endeavour for melodic living / So
keep your mind on the rhythm / x2

Verse

Spread it smooth on my page like a brush/ I'll
illistate your mind like paint without placing a touch
/ Keep it to a constant beat for those who fuss even to
a bumpin beat so those can bust / Even to them riders
bumpin out them trunks to all them low keys getting
pleased off that funky stuff / We doing this anyhow
anyway jamming it more louder every time and every day
My life don't end if these records don't spin / We're
the new school of Nesians we're known as fresh men /
A.k.a safe investment, home is best when / We're
supporting our own, cause their quality tested / I keep
time with the rhythm for those that never none / When
ever we riding the beat, you calling shotgun /
Formidable stanza's, eloquence enhances /
Charismatically candid / You know how we handle it
Repeat Chorus

Verse

Got a continuos flow smooth like a dialtone/ some call
it a gift I call it a Milestone/ Aint never heard me
spit in a mild like tone / untouchable when Im in my
zone / You will never know cos Im guile when I roam /
It aint bout what you heard its what you've been told /
With every rhythm I rhyme / I spit rhythm in rhyme/
don't lose the rhythm / Keep the rhythm when I rhyme /
Give me a moment as I dust it off as I only take a
second as I shift my attention just to serve another
lesson / As I stroll with bounce roll with the flow
loose my sence on an once rhythm takes control / So
keep time with the rhythm coz you already been told got
the same to deliver like SABRE n OLD / So keep time
with the rhythm coz the rhythm is the bass / The bass
is the treble the treble tremors up the place

Bridge

Concentration / Keep the rhythm / Concentration / Keep
the rhythm

Verse

I flown the global cipher with the mic in hand / As Mos
Def defined I'm the travelling man / The system could
never be able to comprehend / The life of a musician
ain't driven like vision I pen / Living on the edge of
the beat where the baseline sits / They say pay my
dues, but first who gona pay my rent? / These words are
testimony of my life lived / And the score of dreams
after realising what the price is.

Rhythm and I go together like apple and pie / Whenever
I spit, ignite mics to feed the fire / So feel the burn
of the heat before the flame expires / A simple
drumbeat is all that I require/ Got rhythm, got a beat
now Im ready to go / Aint got a clue son Old let em
know / With every rhythm that's rhymed / We spit rhythm
in rhyme / You didn't lose the rhythm kept the rhythm

when we rhymed /
Repeat Chorus