

One, two, three, four
One, two, three, four

Out the gate I brought the horsepower
Rev-Mex to your hard drive
We run a hard bargain
Pardon the trip

I sneeze jealousies into these rhyme cartel
We park the art well
Hung on all fours, box and start sell
Available to you and yours

Other songs only make attempts
To love they inner
Understand I am just saying it
To validate displaying Ozomatli

Stance at first glance
It's like the train
Brought to hit you like James
With the 1, 2, 3, 4

True martial arts
Official souls my brainchild
Sing the song name now
1, 2, 3, 4

Bust a track till they flat on they back
Have the referee smacking the mat like
1, 2, 3, 4

We do it on the phone
When we stuff the funk in it, huh

Now wait a minute, so allot of us
Yo, I'm the East Coast south paw
Hanging with these West Coast north stars
Shining bright, height five elev'

Come on

Formatic for the handlin' the trouble
Comin' my way
The highway to heaven
Is a long road among the lyrical coves
The bus

Allot of us
Punk minds with the one of a kind rhymes
I .M.C., spit, kick for fee
Then all, not the player baby
But I running while you crawl

Too fast on your comprehension
Did I mention
Dave Madden scored a goal from the team

Second team I

I'm ready for crunch time
The lunch line was my favorite
Till I graduated to bus
Uh, uh, then I spewed to spit it

Now it's the three of us
Connected like Siameses
We on time
Like shiny bits of metal

Strapped to your wrist
We are tattoo to this rap thing
With invisible ink
I'm gone in a blink

Lethal like my pinkie
And clown like Bozo
Don't you know that Ozo bring the
1, 2, 3, 4

To hard to face
But lovin' the taste
Squeeze it out like paste alright
1, 2, 3, 4

Plug 2 will only rock a few
So now I roll with Ozomatli crew
Bringing you
1, 2, 3, 4

We know the backs to break
Ozomatli the great
Bring it
1, 2, 3, 4
1, 2, 3, 4