

Beat Box

Matisyahu

Yo! Yeah eh eh eh oh oh oh
You're ready to get hyped? Yo! My man Yoni
Yo! My man Yoni
Hit'em up Ya! Ya!Yeah!
Austin how you all feeling?
Like this, Like this.
It's the music that grows all the illusion and fears.
It's the music that makes the confusion become clear.
It's the music that I live, for 18 years.
It's the music that I give my blood, sweat, and tears.
Not to mention some libel,
Did I mention I'm liable?
Then the rest of the cipher man it's not hard to decipher.
Music gets people hyper,
Music made me a writer.
Music made me a fighter.
Yo man, pass me the lighter.
It's the fire that igniter shinning right in the sky.
Look me right in the eye.
Hey yo kid, you want to fly?
The Y.O., the N.I., from M.I. to N.Y.
You cannot deny so why even try.
My mother sang songs in camps of concentration.
His mother sang songs inside the cotton plantations.
Her mother sang songs while we were robbing their nation.
now I sing songs for much more than just my occupation.
I'm the music.
We are the music.
I am the music.
You are the music
Austin is the music.
Texas is the music.
We are the mu-sic.
Yo!
I take two steps forward.
Taking one step back.
Every time I think I am on track, my life's faced the black.
Now I pick the slack and attack faster than a raptor on crack.
Feel my knack and just spit it.
I bet there's more triplets cause rap hits vicious.
My style is more delicious than eggnog.
You wish this kid would vanish, soul's famished,

And my spirit needs fitness, that's why I flip this.
Yo! so I held back the life and blown and feeling.
Alright surprisingly because I drowned last night.
Here I am one more time,
My rhymes are at your shine.
I'm ripping over ribbons life swimming through time.
Sit back in unwined,
Let your brain unravel.
Slip sliding away like traveling on wet gravel,
Ain't no need to battle if knee P ya

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>