

TO THE BEAT

Once the band walks in, start feeling the swing
something I can't explain but it's stuck in my brain
like a little melody tellin' me to put on my dancin' shoes
and start dancin' to the beat, to the sound, take a crack at the track,
get your feet back on higher ground
dance with the divine, drinking wine, feeling fine
good times so chic, get down on the floor 'til your knees get weak
not bleak like memphis, tennessee,
going to graceland (who's comin' with me?)
just a couple a hippies, and flappers lookin' dapper
tryin' to bag a rapper
so hit me if you wit' me and start spinnin around
getting down on it, gonna want it til we dead
but we alive instead and we ain't faintin'
just a singer and a swinger who be paintin' the town red
move your feet to the beat
do your thing to the swing
show the world to your girl
and get down to the sound
wake/ up, get/ up, dance
I take letters, put 'em together to make up words
articles, nouns, prepositions, verbs
my prose wax poetic, that's how I prefer
to say my spirit rise like curds and whey
or the volume when you hear it, you press play
my words convey 33.3 per minute
DJ spin it, my verse I'm in it
and I can't get out, leave no doubt
move your feet to the beat
do your thing to the swing
show the world to your girl
and get down to the sound
wake/ up, get/ up, dance

when you feel that beat
start moving your feet
when you hear that swing
start doing your thing
when you love that girl
gotta show her the world
when you hear that sound
then you gotta get down

gotta get it when the getting's good
when it's easy pickens, not slim
don't need no spring chickens
need people ready to dance with a glance
'til they in a trance of romance.
Lemme see them hot pants!