

MATRE

Song: **98 Degrees**

Album: **Struggle Music**

Verse 1

I try to roll with the punches like Young MC /
But sometimes I lack the patients like a young MD /
That's when I slowly come awake, open my lungs and breathe /
And realize that I'm alive and gifts come to me /
Like as a kid when I would trip my mom sung to me /
When I was sick and she would sit
And keep me company /
And now that I've grown into my own
I've begun to see /
That in essence that is the blessing
I want my tongue to be /
In other words, when you feel hurt
You can come to me /
Through my CD, you meet M3 /
And just bump it G /
Because I know what that's about
I've had it done to me /
I've been in Hip Hop therapy
Since RUN-DMC /
It's always been about healing
Drums thundering /
Easing your spirit as you hear a
Jazz trumpet key /
Consider this, a forklift
Disencumbering /
To lift the weight from shoulder blades
And leave you wondering /
"Where did it go? / Oh I don't know
But I do love the swing" /
We love our DJs like the U.K.
Love a King /
And if rhymin' brings / diamond rings
Me nah love dem 'tings /
Sleep through the eye of a needle

Wearing that custom bling? / (Nah)
Ever since the park jams'
Amps under trees /
Had 'em sweatin' in their under tees and Dungarees /
Up in the front to see /
Was the one to be /
So let your inner hunger free and feel wonderfully.

Hook

You really want Heat?
That's what we got /
98 Degrees / Human beings are hot /
So take a breath /
Don't that feel fresh /
Just by being alive y'all
You're hot to death.

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Verse 2

We're trying to push the envelope /
Like a mailman on coke /
Hittin' rails in the mail van /
These letters are straight dope /
And we don't stop the rock /
But not the crack spot /
More like, a nice shot
On black top,
Create hope /
So Rap meet Hip Hop
Your long lost mother,
Why'd you run away from home sucka'
She's still trying to recover /
I think you need some family counseling,

For y'all to relearn to love eachother /
And your three living siblings may never forgive you for what they suffered /
Remember graffiti, DJ and B-boy?
They still love ya' /
But only thanks to your twin brother / discovered / surviving on the Under-
Ground,
Keeping the sound
Alive, but only under cover
In other words, Commercial Rap has made Hip Hop look like a buster /
Stole the name for fame then act a complete stranger /
No Hip Hop's not dead,
But our species is endangered /
Has your so-called Hip Hop station ever talked about break dancers /
Graffiti artists, or even real rappers that make answers?

Hook

Verse 3

They don't dance no more,
All they do is dismiss /
Each other, over and under
Thugs vs. misfits /
The underground just likes to listen
And don't wanta' dance /
And the overground's just into dissin'
And won't give listening a chance /
No, they don't dance no more,
But this is dance music /
That's what it's supposed to do
Get close to you
Put some hop in your hip /
But then again, don't let it spin
Without some topics to flip/
So that our minds and our behinds
Can both profit from it /
'Cause we throw parties like medicine /
Bringin' art to your head and then /
Let it trickle and tickle the serotonin-adrenaline /
Metamorphin' endorphins just to awaken the dead and then /
Get your spirit well-fed and send /
Healthy patients to bed again /

'Cause you're alive /
And I came to celebrate that with you /
Just let it ride /
And I think we'll elevate and get through /
All of our pride /
Our self-hate and our many issues /
Please look inside and find that happiness that's always with you.

Hook

Verse 4

It goes:
9 to the 8 /
From the rhyme to the break /
In the time that it takes /
For the mind to create /
We, get up in the rhythm /
'Till we're livin' in the drums /
To become one with it in the funk /
Party people to the front /
Freaks meet sweetly /
Leave these seats be /
Free and easy /
We uniquely /
Treat /
One and all to the call of the beat /
That's heat.