

'Bout That Time

Large Professor

It's about the time

Yeah... aha, aha

You know...

Yeah, word up

C'mon

Lights, cameras, action it's on

Straight outta gate with another hot song

Keepin real thou gonna last long

Break out the stiletto coming mad strong

Bounce if you wanna, lounge'll play the corner

I'm New York talking that gangster talk

24 bases, queue to the oasis

Suspicious see eyes and no faces

Been there, years just put in to work

For the dough, so you know that I couldn't get jerked

Street mental, throw on the hoodie then lurk

In the rental until the end of the earth

I'ma be that fellow with the mozzarella

Allways cooking up the new hot seller

Putting that money in the bank like the teller

And this be the number one rank, let me tell you

It's about that time

On the fast track chilling, creeping like a villain

In 2000 new car, new house and

Buy the whole store up, style I'm too pro, son

Get even more buckwild, I draw crowds and

In every state I still draw them at every forum
Don't loose no points I just score them
And count blessings at the top of my freshness
Live, get it right this is not no job
Today or tomorrow it doesn't matter
Got the stages moving on up the ladder
And stay grounded, remember the Bronx 'cause they founded
Cutting them old joints up by James Brown, kid
Golden, before I forget hold it
Got to shout out the block, four-fifth Holden
And Jamaica, Queens I'm true to the fort
Every day, all day not new to the sport
In Elisabeth, kids in Queens is who I feast with
When I ain't in the lab flipping beats with
Drums to pound, I be breaking it down
With homeboy Van on the way uptown
How that sound

There's a whole lot of rappers in the world today
Some good, there is some that got nothing to say
Some fake, some false, some imitation
But I'm the uncut raw for your generation
Work magic with terms like never before
Hang them rappers live, leave their head on the floor
Drop hits for the hiphop crowd that rock kicks and hats
Crisped jeans and whips to match
Hardcore system up on blast
Cock, dip and stash live now and forget the past
In the streets try to hustle while eating a meal
Watching out so you don't get beaten in the grill
'Cause the crossroads is deep, sleep and you will

Be the next one up, I'm feeding the real

So get eardrums, son, and start heating the drill

One time and this is what y'all feel and I'ma still be