

# Here I Go Again

Special Ed

Straight up  
You'll get ate up  
Wait up  
Hold up

(here I go)  
(here I go)  
(here I go again)--> lords of the underground

[ verse 1 ]  
Greetings, welcome to the proceedings  
You won't be needing your seating  
For this lyrical meeting, there's no eating  
And no biting, fighting is in the lobby  
I didn't know that so much dough was in a hobby  
My last rhyme was a pasttime, yet at present  
I present the scent - smell  
The funk from below hell  
>from where I fell  
But I still got my soul  
So I'm never gonna sell  
I'd rather tell it just like it is  
Plus it's my mic, so act like it is  
You can ask giz, you can ask anybody  
I rock any party, word to miz  
(it ain't he biz) so what it is?  
Straight up, you'll get ate up just like breakfast  
If it's a bunch, then that's lunch, and in the next is  
Dinner, now who's the lucky winner for the evening?  
Flex and you won't be leaving, or even breathing  
I had to come back, so there ain't no misbelieving

(here I go)  
(here I go)  
(here I go again)

[ verse 2 ]  
You thought I was gone, but my word is bond  
I was in the deadzone, with the headphones on  
Just meditating, then I be waiting for a  
Light snorer, then it's off to bora-bora  
Beyond the dawn, past the corn and wheat fields  
The street feels great, how the beat feels?  
Get the reels and the deals is done  
I be back, hon, I gotta drop it on the one  
So give me my hat and my gun, I gotta run  
I got a ton of styles, but you can't get none  
I wipe you out like a disc, tisk-tisk  
Tough stains need whisk', but I can't take the risk  
I gotta take em out myself to make sure  
I break them legs like eggs when they raw  
Billy mcghee mcghaw, they all cried  
They all died, they all tried  
But they got cut like king tut, then wrapped  
>from a dummy to a mummy, let's see how you adapt  
I cut the crap, and act like you know then  
Here we go then, I'm explodin

(here I go)  
(here I go)  
(here I go again)

[ verse 3 ]

It's about time to drop the rhyme  
And take cover, shelter, atomic melter  
Shutdown, what now, I got nut now  
Two nine-fitties just like titties  
Rockin the sound I break down in the cracks on the trackboard  
Like shaq on a backboard  
I shatter musical matter  
And make it even fatter than it was  
Word up, 'cause, I got a buzz  
That is what the ism does  
So I'm in a trance, I need a chance to escape  
They said I'd be alright if I just made another tape  
But I don't think it's gonnda do it  
I been through it  
I get a shock everytime I rock  
I'm unstable, and unable to relax  
I hear tracks and relapse  
Perhaps I got the raps, quick  
I'm bout to have another fit...

(here I go)  
(here I go)  
(here I go again)