

once again (here to kick one for you)

Handsome Boy Modeling School

Yeah

Grand Puba, Dattie X, dig itGet up out my way, it's Grand Pub's turn to shine

Hurt MCs ride the pine and get paid, no never mind

One time as I sew it up like Dr. Frankenstein

Chickens ride the pony 'cause the rhyme flow genuineAs I do it like that, do it like this

Shorty watch your step or you might get Rocked like Chris

Are you feelin' this? You dig the way it's going down?

Now we back in town watch all the chickens crowd aroundNiggas try to duplicate my flow but it's difficult

Like a game of Yahtzee

Chickens stress me out like paparazzi as I flip a flow you desire

Dattie blaze those trees and let's start this forest fireMy rhymes carry like the weight on Barry

Stack cheddar like Combs and buy homes like Larry

I be smoother than Tal, Sharpton like Al

When you ballin' everybody want to be your palNo dilly-dally, baggin' up the shorter alley

Bouncin' in German cars, still playin' shot-ball

Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you

For sure dog 'cause this is how we doJust an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio

Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you

Just an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio

Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for youAh shit, I see men mitts [unverified]

Watch the green van cause inside's the dicks

The prayer beads bleeds from the crucifix

Went tight comin' out boy I be down in sixOr when the sun go down, or when it's round in the BX [unverified]

Cats on the concourse, still holdin' DX [unverified]

Bums on the street often ask me for change

What's change when I'm tryin' to save up for the Range?I want the whole world and my old girl back

Change that, I want half the world, and fuck my old girl

You can play the hell out, like those that came before ya

Your style is butt, similar to a cobraThat's your pimp strut

But what you foes is really doin'

Is leaving your empire in ruins

I'm the problem solverI got the brand new revolver

But I got a new album too

I want to be here for that money and the rest of my crew

Y'all know it's true, a nigga like me is dueJust an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio

Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you

Just an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio

Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for youNow you know, I gots to come back strong

See I been doing this too goddamned long

For me to ever try to come back wrong
Check my pockets and my empty light just came on
Don't wanna do wrong so I think I'm best to make this song
Undeniably satisfiably master microphone mutilator
None greater, ain't no Automator
Grand Puba and Dattie, riding shotty in the Mazarati
As we come and blaze you with this body
Corner poets get smacked and hit, savagely bit
I go git and then you out of it, permission to quit
I mean right, I keep the green light specials
Half price a slice, you blink twice, I done picked up the dice
I'm that nice, Dattie X the party-starter
Number one heart-ripper-aparter
More vice and gambling than Las Vegas, Nevada
I try harder every day, it's all work and no play
Just an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio
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