

# Next Time

## Command Strange

Intro: guru

Word is bond, these cats been on the mic fantasizing a lot  
So called mc's, wannabe rappers and all that, whatever  
You get your knot rocked kid, yo

Chorus: guru

You thought you brought your best lines, but they couldn't touch mine  
I rocked you in your knot hope you have better luck next time  
(repeat 2x)

Verse one: guru

So just perhaps, you wanna challenge my style of rap  
Talkin bout you bust caps, we know that's just a pile of crap  
The underground is where I dwell at  
It's where I find my heaven, and where you find your hell at  
You're in my clutches now, you get slit up and lit up  
Just like some dutches now, see I'm hard to define  
My mind travels far, from ghettoes to galaxies  
Representin gangstarr -- the street life  
The reason why my mic ignites, I bring more ruckus  
Than a nightclub fight, or bar brawl  
I'm swingin lyrics like broken glass palm to skull y'all  
Hold your head, cause all that weak shit is dead  
See the times are changin, and me and my peeps is gettin crazy fed  
So remember when you writing your rhymes  
Stop fantasizing, and bring some real shit next time  
Yeah, bring some real shit, yo  
Chorus

Verse two: guru

Yo, I do what I have to do to master you and capture you  
Until you recognize, what my rapture can do  
You thought I wouldn't step up, to keep my rep up  
I ain't them other kids, I don't need to play no catchup  
I got too much pride for this, I know some niggaz  
That'll ride for this, with me it's do or die for this  
Street knowledge, intellect and spirituality  
My survival package, as I deal with reality  
I'm like fishburne in hoodlum when I come to do em  
Chew em up, spit em out, the most respected no doubt  
You seen me in action so act you been knowin

The g-u-r-u, of the gang, I've been flowing  
Just like the river niger all the way to the hudson  
Had so many lyrics stashed, and I couldn't wait to bust some  
Lately, I've watched this game evolve and elevate  
So now I push my music like drug dealers push weight  
Straight like that, straight out the gate  
Cause it's never too late, to set this f\*\*kin record straight  
But it is too late, for you and your crew son  
You had the audacity to come against me, the gifted one?  
And primo with the tracks, to inspire my next line  
You've got no wins here, so better luck next time  
Chorus (cut short in 2nd repeat at "i rocked you in your knot...")  
Yeah yeah  
Better luck next time  
("not this time but next time" -- ll cool j)

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