'bout That Time

Large Professor

It's 'bout that time
Woo, yeah, aha, aha, you know
Yeah, word upCome on, lights, cameras, action it's on
Straight outta gate with another hot song
Keepin' it real though gonna last long
Break out the stiletto coming mad strongBounce if you wanna, lounge will play the corner
I'm New York talking that gangster talk
Twenty-four bases, queue to the oasis
Suspicious see eyes and no facesBeen 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 earthI'ma be that fellow with the mozzarella
Always 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 youIt's 'bout that time, it's 'bout that time
It's 'bout that time, it's 'bout that time
It's 'bout that time, it's 'bout that time
It's 'bout that time, it's 'bout that timeOn 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 buck wild, I draw crowds andIn every state I still draw them at every forum
Don't lose no points I just score them
And count blessings at the top of my freshness
Live, get it right this is not no jobToday 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, kidGolden, 'fore 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 sportIn 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 soundIt's 'bout that time, it's 'bout that time
It's 'bout that time, it's 'bout that time
It's 'bout that time, it's 'bout that time
It's 'bout that time, it's 'bout that timeThere'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 generationWork magic with terms like never before

Hang them rappers live, leave their head on the floor
Drop hits for the hip hop crowd that rock kicks and hats
Crisped jeans and whips to matchHardcore 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, start heating the drill
One time and this is what y'all feel and I'ma still be

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