Next Time

Brandon Butler

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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