3 Minutes

2 Skinnee J's

We've got 3 minutes and we're outta here
The clock is ticking, then we're in the clearIs this thing on? Yeah, are you hearing it?
Turn it up so we can get the whole wide world feeling it
A penny for my thoughts, a million for my album
Mine my mind for rhymes and then sell themApocalypse now and then but in the meantime between
I'm touring down the coast playing host
To a gang of folks in a gang of cities in a gang of states
We blow minds like Tet vets with metal plates
And the dream is to step up and be the leanestWith less than 20 feet and a microphone between us
What I mean is, we drop the hammer like ball peenas
Believe us, we rock blocks with perseverance
We be the adamant, aberrant insurgent antecedents
Precedent to your view like Greeks to EuropeansWe've got 3 minutes and we're outta here
The clock is ticking, then we're in the clearTurn up your amplifier, I am a loudspeaker
Wandering like Jews, itinerant like preacher
Move from town to town to convert the nonbelievers
Speaking to the kids in the stands and in the bleachersMy destiny's got the best of me
Still searching for the spot
Where the pot of heaven's pennies be
As we parody a pair of achievers
Parroting imaginary daydream make-believersWe've got 3 minutes and we're outta here
The clock is ticking, then we're in the clearI return with the yes, yes
Y'all to bring it back to the future
'Cause 3 out of 15 minutes oughta suit ya
I rip out of the pit stop full prepped
To flip hip hop to rock 'n rollI bomb like Enola, spread like Ebola, it's an epidemic
Beats'll leave you battered so you better call a medic
Said it before, so you know we get frenetic
Rhymes abundant from the microphone punditsWe've got a short time to agitate
We've gotta light the fire before it gets to late
Time is of the essence, you should hold it dear
Give us our three minutes and we're outta hearWe've got 3 minutes and we're outta here
The clock is ticking, then we're in the clear

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