Time

Zebrahead

Kick it
Microphone check one, two got to run
'Cause every thing's money and son I got none
So I got to put my time in rhyme in
With my crew kicking down tracks and climbing
Coming at you flowing sideways, every thing's my way
Kicking down rhymes from Friday to Friday
Debunk all the things that I find untrue
Got to make my way back 'cause I got you
Time, I think its dead, I know it's dead
So lay down the rhythm and box out the beat
So let me get back to the program
If you don't get it then here comes the diagram
Boxing down beats like a heavyweight fighter
Spitting out rhymes like a Pulitzer writer
Always on top 'cause I won't ever let down
Blowing down beats like a nuclear meltdown
Do what I can 'cause I got to get through
And I won't ever come back 'cause I got you
Can I get that far?
Let the time fly and give it up to the volume
With the funkadelic flow so I got you

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