

# 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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