Just In The Nick Of Rhyme

Common

The rhyme I pick up, trick up, and like hiccup
(Hiccup)
This is a good place for a stickup
So throw your hands in the air and say, "Hell yeah"
I can beat Mike Tyson, plus I'm Fresh-er than the Prince of Bel Air
And I Blossom, in color is how I'm living
See some pretend to be afraid of me but they're my Public Ene-ma
Picture this, like a cinema, I'm winnin' a contest
I knew you was a loser when you bought your girl's prom dress
I'm just, another one of the nigs, take a swig
I can sing, brothers'll work it out without a gig
The gold mud in my blood, I'm a stud smokin' blunts
Not a fuddy dud if rhymes were pecks, I'd be Woody Wood
They're after pestly hoes and that's the hoes I sex and don't collects
Rockin' a Rolex, preferrin' sex instead of Soloflex
But I pump skill, to build what I can build and still feel good
The baddest hoes be sayin', "Ooh you're real good"
Fella a city dweller, it's poison salmonella
Auntie's name is Stella, style as deaf as Helen Keller
Nail a flammer with the Hammer for comin' incorrect
Not with his grammar or bad mamma jama similar to Bruce Banner
So don't get me angry, or maybe you won't like me
Kid just in the nick, I kick more ass than Bruce Lee's Nike's did
Just in the nick, I kick on the geek stick, flick a Bic
Dick a chick, Slick-er than Rick around the clock
I tock to the tic tac toe, rip up my rhyme my mic's my lasso
Shit, I got rhymes comin' out my asshole
I'm in a pole position, sole position
You're in no position to be dissin'
It's a rainbow coalition, I'm kissin' ass goodbye
Rockaby, here's your lullaby
Like Georgie Puddin' Pie but baby baby don't cry
Feed 'em, I heat 'em and eat 'em if I don't need 'em
Then I leave 'em as leftovers, packin' the weak MC's
Into [unverified] septober [unverified]
'Til I was older, I couldn't hold a rhyme folder
Now I dare ya to try and knock this mic off my shoulder
If I'm sober I won't hold a skunk, but when I'm drunk
I might let her bunk in my bed, heads be sayin' I'm a hunk

Like a duck, I'm slammin' ham MC's, MC's I'm servin'
Makin' the people jump like my man, Julius Erving!
Those deserving props are gonna get theirs
Grip, there's something on your lip, oh that's my dick hairs
I'm the biggedy biggedy bear ya scrub cub with a demo tape
Tryin' to catch me, catch your breath before you hyperventilate
For air you're gaspin', your best bet is to take an Aspirin
I bash it, crash it, now you know, so stop askin'
'Cause when you ask, you make an ass of you and only you
See, just in the nick, I kick the funky shit
That's why they call me Bootsy

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