

Time To Rock Our Shit

People Under the Stairs

[Intro]

(Freak it now)

Knights will come, be advised

They'll come for them

Be advised they'll come

Someone's sure that they'll be here

[Double K]

Yo Thes, what (what up?)

Can you rock the mic?

[Thes One]

A ha ha, my mellow my man, it's like ridin' a bike

Uh, Double K

[Double K]

What's Up?

[Thes One]

Can you rock it?

[Double K]

Like ridin' a bike, but only with training wheels

So what, shoot the gift and let them know the deal

[Thes One]

I shoot the gift like NRA members on Christmas

Morning warning rock MCs like isthmus like a principal

[Hook]

I'm the principal, our crew's invincible

Under The Stairs

Impairs auditroy of your whole municipal (municipal?)

Code area, attack like malaria

Concrete jungle bundle of joy

With bobby-boys

It's scary to think our tape destroys your crew's hopes (what?)

I can't cope with that, say no

Put it on a DAT, Double K

'Cause everything I say will one day give away

Or another recovered in it's original place
Signify this straight caligrified verse
Petrified rock, put your goddamn block in a herse

[Thes One]

Only thing worse, chaos bursts the eardrums, the P
Making the beats and rhymes funkally-dunkally
Fat like chunky here, but not out for radio play
Here's a crew washing the wax my mind space
Tight A, not Navy deals, no way
Pets for three sixty five days
I add a fourth 'cause I leap year
I leave tracks like Amtrack
Battles the P and Superman
After that your crew will try and forget like Izoin(?)
It's the Amistad, man Beckets(?) know it better
I rip it all up like a letter for the principal

[Hook]

[Thes One]

Chaos bursts...(Double K cuts in)

[Double K]

(Unintelligible) my crew bad as milk
That's one, lace the track
Like a blow with the weak smell
Nigga, your stunned
Other from the brothers with another monkey(?) shit
Put the viddy(?) on the stick and make sure it don't skip
Hip-Hoppin is realest, punk
You know you want to admit it
All these crews runnin around with fat tracks
They don't get it, the gettin distressed (word?)
The gettin me mad

[Thes One]

So what you sayin, Double K?

[Double K]

Just put that shit on my tab
Don't feel like dealin' with it now
I'll deal with it later
See, the mic's in my possession
Yo, so while she did it
To the minmute

Stupid frontin' since we first stepped in
Brought it back a couple of times
Now you give it a grin
First you tell your homey,
"Yeah man, that shit's fresh!"
Didn't know this kinda shit could be lurkin' the west
We puttin' hair on your chest
We flow with no hesitation
Late radio stations ain't allowed on these premises
Millions hearin' this
Late at night like domestic violece
Smackin' you the fuck up
Until we get some silence (word)
Keep you like Judge Judy on the mic
Puttin' up a fight
Rollin' hard 'till the break of daylight
So next time you corny niggas want to come hardcore
Go listen to 'Lil Kim (word...)

"What's the time? Time to rock our shit"
(Scratched until end in various ways)

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