

# 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 collect  
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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