

Once Again (here To Kick One For You)

Handsome Boy Modeling School

Yeah...

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh
Grand Puba, Dattie X... dig it
Get up out my way, it's Grand Pub's turn to shine
Hurt MCs ride the pine and get paid, no nevermind
One time as I sew it up like Dr. Frankenstein
Chickens ride the pony cause the rhyme flow genuine
As I do it like that, do it like this
Shorty watch your step or you might get Rocked like Chris
Are you feelin this? You dig the way it's going down?
Now we back in town watch all the chickens crowd around
Niggas try to duplicate my flow but it's difficult
Like a game of Yahtzee
Chickens stress me out like paparazzi
As I flip a flow you desire
Dattie blaze those trees and let's start this forest fire
My rhymes carry like the weight on Barry
Stack cheddar like Combs and buy homes like Larry
I be smoother than Tal, Sharp-ton like Al
When you ballin everybody want to be your pal
No dilly-dally, baggin up the shorter alley
Bouncin in German cars, still playin shot-ball
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you
For sure dog cause this is how we do
Just an old fashioned love song, playin on the radio
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you
Ah , I see men mitts
Watch the green van cause inside's the dicks
The prayer beads bleeds from the crucifix
Went tight comin out boy I be down in six
Or when the sun go down, or when it's round in the BX

Cats on the concourse, still holdin dx
Bums on the street often ask me for change
What's change when I'm tryin to save up for the Range?
I want the whole world and my old back
Change that -- I want half the world, and my old
You can play the hell out, like those that came before ya
Your style is butt, similar to a cobra
That's your pimp strut
But what you foes is really doin
Is leaving your empire in ruins
I'm the problem solver
I got the brand new revolver
But I got a new album too
I want to be here for that money and the rest of my crew
Y'all know it's true-- a nigga like me is due
Just an old fashioned love song, playin on the radio
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you
Now you know I gots to come back strong
See I been doing this too goddamned long
For me to ever try to come back wrong
Check my pockets and my empty light just came on
Don't wanna do wrong so I think I'm best to make this song
Undeniably satisfiably master microphone mutilator
None greater, ain't no Automator
Grand Puba and Dattie, riding shotty in the Mazarati

As we come and blaze you with this body
Corner poets get smacked and hit, savagely bit
I go git and then you out of it, permission to quit
I mean right, I keep the green light specials
Half price a slice, you blink twice
I done picked up the dice
I'm that nice, Dattie X the party-starter
Number one heart-ripper-aparter
More vice and than Las Vegas, Nevada
I try harder every day
It's all work and no play
Just an old fashioned love song, playin on the radio
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you