

## 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