

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