

Good Time

Kool Moe Dee

(I say yes-yes-y'all)
(It's alright)
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
(It's alright)
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
(It's alright)
(I say yes-yes-y'all
To the beat, all)

(Going way, way back to the early days)
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
(It's alright)
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
(It's alright)

[Verse 1]

I said yes yes-y'all, got em off the wall
Teachers tried to teach em, but I got em in the hall
Learning funky lessons, testing, yes, I am the man
Suckers try to second-guess and question if I can
Flowing knowledge, wisdom, power, don't you understand?
I educate and radiate and motivate fam
Showing younger brothers what it is to be a man
By tearing up the party when the mic is in my hand
This is what you call a winter/spring/summer jam
Fall into the mood as the funky music slams
I know you got the rhythm, cause it runs in the fam
I gotta speak my piece, cause this ain't "Silence Of the Lambs"
I'm here to terrorize, energize, exercise, mesmerize
If some brothers say they beat me, them are lies
Whoever stepped to me and tried to do me got it fast
Homeboy was ancient history, a blast from the past

This is just a blast from the past

[Verse 2]

I said 'rock-rnock, y'all' and knocked-knocked all
The suckers out the box, as I dropped back-calls
For response they responded, the response was overwhelming
From brothers with cool tones, but rookies were yelling
They're selling records by the millions, I was selling tapes
Giving parties in the park, and we never made papes
Rhyming from dawn till dusk till dawn
6 a.m. and we was just getting warm
Heating up and beating up on some dead wrong
Brother on the mic who thought he had it going on
Talk on the mic with no poetical style
He was dogging it like he's a pathological child
To grab a microphone a brother had to have juice
If he couldn't produce, we said he couldn't get loose
Today we would say the brother just couldn't flow
And he would be like history, homeboy would have to go

[Verse 3]

I said peep-peep, y'all, a total recall
Drop the funky lyrics on ya like free-fall
Watch the 'Funky Drummer', dancing to the drummer's beat

Cutting up 'Apache' while they're dancing in the street
And 'More Bounce To the Ounce' for the Funkadelic
Tear the Roof Off the Muthasucker', let the party rip
The funky 'Breaking Bells' took you to the 'Mardi Gras'
A slice of 'Paradise', and it was off to 'Shangri-La'
A cut of 'Space Funk' made you come down to earth
And 'Life On Mars' was the beat that gave birth
Style I possess, the rhythm I test
The message that I stress, the topics I address
The yes to the yes to the y'all I profess
I'm more than a man, but never nothing less
Cause me and the mic is like Osiris and his calf
I'm dropping funky light with the blast from the past

(I say yes-yes-y'all)
(It's alright)
A blast from the past
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
(It's alright)
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
This just a blast from the past
(It's alright)
(I say yes-yes-y'all
To the beat, all)

(Remember Bronx River)
A blast from the past
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
This is just a blast from the past
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
A blast from the past
(I say yes-yes-y'all)
This is just a blast from the past
(Remember Bronx River)