

# Times Up

Kool Moe Dee

(time's up)  
(time's up)  
(time's up)--> rakim

(time's up)  
(time's up)  
(I wanna rock right now)--> rob base  
(time's up)

(time's up)  
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(time's up)

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(time's up)

(time's up)  
(I wanna rock right now)

[ verse 1 ]  
Time's up, black is back  
Other rappers make records and I make an impact  
I don't want you to move, I want a movement  
As I proceed, I move with  
Knowledge, wisdom, understanding  
I make progress, while I'm slamming  
Hard lyrics, puttin money in the bank  
But these futile new styles stake out the joint with hank  
A to b to d  
Cause you can't hit what your eyes can't c  
Near-sighted, shallow, hollow, mundane  
Rappers untrained, just can't sustain  
The heat that hits, you think it's a homerun  
But hold that thought, brother, don't run  
Cause you hear the pop, it drops, and guess what?  
Time's up

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[ verse 2 ]  
The clock ticks, the rhyme kicks  
I'm kickin off knowledge as I drop this

Brothers ain't takin their time with the rhyme  
They wanna get paid, cause it's hard times  
I got patience, meditation  
Helps creation, and correlation  
Is takin it's toll in platinum and gold  
I get respect with the records I sold  
Cause the rhyme is always up to par and on point  
I wrote a message in the music while I'm rockin this joint

It's jumpin, slammin, pumpin  
And meanwhile I'm sayin somethin  
For all ears to hear and prepare  
To persevere from here to there, so get geared  
So weak rappers'll have to self-destruct  
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[ verse 3 ]

I'm harder than times and 29  
Hard enough to cut diamonds, rhymin i'm  
Sharp as a razor, cuts like a laser  
And my rhyme can graze ya, I'm able to raise ya  
>from a dead level, I ain't a rebel  
I just don't dance with the devil  
Unless we're dancing in the rain  
And then my dance is an ali dance  
Cuts as sharp as a blow, showboat what I wrote  
And sugar-coat the globe and collect sweet g notes  
Go for the throat and watch the wicked choke  
>from the words I spoke because the rhymin smoke  
Provoked thoughts of hope, no dope to cope  
Cocaine and propane, no pain and no gain  
The white demon is powdered and cut  
Taste the real rock - time's up

[ verse 4 ]

High performance is layin dormant  
Your mentality is out of the ordi-  
Nary structure, you ain't a sucker  
Go get paid like a renegade buster  
Lyrical format I put down  
And when it rips, better skip town  
Metaphysical spiritual conscience  
Manifested in lyrical contents  
An ancient rhetoric, moe dee better kick  
Soulful social science, and let it get  
My class needs to thinkin straight  
Cause with speeds of light they can't relate

We live and learn, but what are we learnin?  
The dollars teach and weak souls are burnin  
So when I strike, it's like lightning struck  
Time's up

(time's up)  
(I wanna rock right now)  
(time's up)

[repeated till end]