

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)

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[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

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[repeated till end]