

Tic Toc

Lords of the Underground

Tic toc, this is how we rock
throw your hands in the air and do it for your block (um)
Tic toc, this is how we rock
throw your hands in the air and please don't stop (um)
Tic toc, this is how we rock
(Tic toc, you don't stop...)

Tic toc, this is how we rock
we're those same (um) brothers that brought you "Chief Rock"
Now, um, underground's my style
to this I have vows
and I swear to my god
I'll always rock a crowd
So (um) peace to my area, N.W.K.
which is scarier
so if your on the deals,
who cares, the more the merrier
Now right off South Orange
on the block of one-nine
of course, thirteenth ave
is my stomping grounds
I open up my chest
and to my 'hood give my heart
'cause without the heart
then your 'hood falls apart
So respect to the cement
the park called "the Corner"
'cause that's where the DOITALL TWO was performing
Runnin' from the cops
I couldn't be stopped
'cause i was jumpin' big gates that connected the blocks
Now before making records
the 'hood was my savior
but now I'm making tunes to make you jam wit 'cha neighbor...

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Throw your hands in the air and represent your block (um)
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Well, I be the funk-ular
ultra-funk-ular
gamma-funk-ular
Half you rappers out there couldn't see me with binoculars
Anyone who thinks he'll take me out is just a dreamer
If you think you're the bomb, then I'm Hiroshima
When I die,
I hope they're making records up in heaven
On a scale of one to ten,
I'm like 100-5th-11
and sticks-and-stones-may-break-my-bones
but if you ever try to dis the Lords, then it's on
I go on beat...

off beat...
then jump right back on time
I drop another rhyme
and talk about your fat ugly mama (EEWWW!!)
M.C.'s cannot rock me
I'm stone-proof
Me grabbin' the mic
is like Superman running to a phone booth
Straight from Martin Luther King Boulevard
In the heart of Newark, New Jersey,
make you say "Lord have mercy"
If you step up in my face
then it's do or die
and I'M GONNA MAKE YOU CRY! (waaahhhhh!!)

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Well, times have changed
not only for the urban
but also for suburban
We get props, we're deservin'
From black kids, to white kids
I see them bob their heads,
from the blond hair, to redhead
I even seen a dread
So now it doesn't matter
as the clock winds down
with the tic and the toc
because they love the sound
But people 'round your area
say you sell out
because you sell a million copies
and your tour goes BAAAAOOWW!
So do it for yourself,
and do it for the 'hood,
but do it from the heart,
'cause that's when it's good
Now tell me what's gonna happen
after the rappin'
when the clock ticks away
and ain't nothin' happenin'...

..I remember way back in the days on my block
when the kids used to meet up in the hallway and rock
on Martin Luther King's boulevard
with P.C., WISE, EASY ED, and my brother HARD BERNARD
used to hit the ill rhymes from the head
while I'd hit the beat on the wall until my hands turned red
You had the SHORTY TWO M.C.'S,
THE EDUCATED THREE,
I have to give them props for helping me be me
Now I'm the one who's educated
I suffered but I made it
I only write rhymes that will be appreciated
No matter how large I get
the fire still burns

'Cause from the 'hood I came
and to the 'hood I must return...

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