

Here I Go Again

Special Ed

Straight up
You'll get ate up
Wait up
Hold up

(here I go)
(here I go)
(here I go again)--> lords of the underground

[verse 1]
Greetings, welcome to the proceedings
You won't be needing your seating
For this lyrical meeting, there's no eating
And no biting, fighting is in the lobby
I didn't know that so much dough was in a hobby
My last rhyme was a pasttime, yet at present
I present the scent - smell
The funk from below hell
>from where I fell
But I still got my soul
So I'm never gonna sell
I'd rather tell it just like it is
Plus it's my mic, so act like it is
You can ask giz, you can ask anybody
I rock any party, word to miz
(it ain't he biz) so what it is?
Straight up, you'll get ate up just like breakfast
If it's a bunch, then that's lunch, and in the next is
Dinner, now who's the lucky winner for the evening?
Flex and you won't be leaving, or even breathing
I had to come back, so there ain't no misbelieving

(here I go)
(here I go)
(here I go again)

[verse 2]
You thought I was gone, but my word is bond
I was in the deadzone, with the headphones on
Just meditating, then I be waiting for a
Light snorer, then it's off to bora-bora
Beyond the dawn, past the corn and wheat fields
The street feels great, how the beat feels?
Get the reels and the deals is done
I be back, hon, I gotta drop it on the one
So give me my hat and my gun, I gotta run
I got a ton of styles, but you can't get none
I wipe you out like a disc, tisk-tisk
Tough stains need whisk', but I can't take the risk
I gotta take em out myself to make sure
I break them legs like eggs when they raw
Billy mcghee mcghaw, they all cried
They all died, they all tried
But they got cut like king tut, then wrapped
>from a dummy to a mummy, let's see how you adapt
I cut the crap, and act like you know then
Here we go then, I'm explodin

(here I go)
(here I go)
(here I go again)

[verse 3]

It's about time to drop the rhyme
And take cover, shelter, atomic melter
Shutdown, what now, I got nut now
Two nine-fitties just like titties
Rockin the sound I break down in the cracks on the trackboard
Like shaq on a backboard
I shatter musical matter
And make it even fatter than it was
Word up, 'cause, I got a buzz
That is what the ism does
So I'm in a trance, I need a chance to escape
They said I'd be alright if I just made another tape
But I don't think it's gonnda do it
I been through it
I get a shock everytime I rock
I'm unstable, and unable to relax
I hear tracks and relapse
Perhaps I got the raps, quick
I'm bout to have another fit...

(here I go)
(here I go)
(here I go again)