

## Wink Martindale

### "Loc'ed After Dark"

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Allow me to display if I may  
I'm ready to start (So am I) Well, OK  
I've been held back for several years  
I had a few squabbles, never shedded no tears  
But like an uzi on the mic they call me Tone Capone  
Slangin' down with your posse if you're standin' alone  
Cultivatin' all cities and tearin' up towns  
I treat you like a king goin' for a rebound  
When I'm on the mic, some say that I'm treacherous  
They used to be the best - yeah, I bet you was  
I never lost a battle, I ain't never been beat  
Go look on the sharp tombstones on the street  
Suckas like you try to diss with nerve  
But I slay you down and lay you down next to the curb  
Now I'm all in flesh, blindin' the one that stare  
I drop you on the pavement, leave you parked in the rear  
I don't need no protection so here's a little lesson  
When I leave the house, insured my Smif-N-Wessun  
A .357, cold bobbin' off 11  
It puts you in hell, or it could place you up in heaven  
You lookin' for trouble, then it's trouble I spark  
But I'm tellin' you now, I get Loc'ed After Dark

Chorus:  
Doin' it after dark  
Doin' it at the park  
Oh yeah, Loc gets hard  
Oh yeah, (?) gets hard

Freaks never cease, just to say the least  
I'll start mobbin' motherfuckers like a savage beast  
I'm takin' my turn to make the mic burn  
And when I'm teachin' class, there's a lesson to be learned  
Now I battle posses and tribes alike  
Never battle out of hate; I always battle for spite  
Cold jealous of me, the Westside man  
The leader of the brothers, and killer of the Klan  
But I don't give a shit 'cause my rhyme is legit  
Cold put you in the yard and tie you up with my pit

'Cause when she starts to bite, that's when I will ignite  
The views of the party taken to new heights  
I consider myself to be a part of the elite  
Suave and debonaire because the rhyme is so sweet  
Been causin' confusion, magician of illusion  
You got a little, problem, here's a solution  
A winner never quits and a quitter never wins  
So why you just gamblin' with dubs and fiends?  
Remember what I say, it sticks like Krazy Glue  
I'm tellin' you now, I'm not afraid of you  
Look up in my face, I'll tear your heart apart  
And like I told you before, (what?) I get Loc'ed After  
Dark

Chorus 2x

MC's, comin' out like thunder  
I'll make you see why Stevie had to Wonder  
Is he fiction or is he a myth?  
Naw, it's just a dope rapper, you know Tone Smith  
'Cause every time you hear my song your hands clap  
The Chosen One, puttin' LA on the map  
With no objection I plead my case  
Tone Loc, full capacity, leavin' out of space  
The ace contender will never surrender  
When I rock a show you always remember  
The one and only, superior to many  
Me losin' a battle? Naw, I can't remember any  
Although, in the days, I may have lost one  
Who the hell am I kiddin', I ain't been outdone  
'Cause I'm the best, and I live out West  
And if you want a dope song, I'll play your request  
It don't take much to make a crowd live  
Just some Boots and some droids and a little bit of  
slide  
I step on stage and clear my hair  
My next start, hmm, just a knock-up dare  
No uzi ... my voice from the start  
But you never know (why?) 'cause I get Loc'ed After  
Dark

Chorus 2x

Yo Wop, wussup, why don't you do me a little favor,  
man, why don't you  
scratch my back for me? (dj scratches) Ohh yeah. Little  
bit over to the  
left. (dj scratches) Aaight, aaight, move it up now. (dj  
scratches)  
Yeah. Now a little bit down. (dj scratches) Now a little bit  
higher.

(dj scratches)

Little bit over to the left, yeahhhhh. Ill Wop's in the house.

We outta here. Yessss, hasta la negro.

Chorus till fade

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