

## Abidin Zainal

### "Ingredients to Time Travel"

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[sound of Keith Murray intro from Mary J. Blige 'What's the 411' tape  
which I could swear has been set to B.I.G.'s "Who Shot Ya" based on  
the sound of the beat (Artifacts assure me that this is Mary J. Blige)]  
"My subliminals, mixed with criminal chemicals  
Got more mily syllables than alphabet cereal..."  
\*car door slams\*

Tame: I gots ta get this bag of bam ba zi, fuck this!

"You know who the fuck I am so get off that old  
bullshucks!"

--> Redman (scratched sample)

"He ain't shit, you ain't shit, your momma ain't shit,  
daddy ain't shit"

--> Redman (scratched sample)

[Tame One]

If I had it my way, every wack MC would die Friday  
Makin Saturday a better day  
Sunday wouldn't start your week off til Monday  
One day tunes I wrote yesterday will be tomorrow's  
scriptures for today  
At high noon, Boom Skwad Gods with knowledge  
Holler at apostles, who squalor in despair, despisin  
those who follow  
Swallowin pride like St. Ide's while you stare... take a  
drink  
Don't think in a eyeblink I won't start my hijinks  
and hijack a flight [Yeah right, when?]  
Tomorrow night, cause off the record with the treble  
and the bass  
I chase my lyrics through the rap race  
Last place is simply not an option in my case  
Waste not want not because I front not  
The Notty keeps his lyrical shotty cocked  
and locked up at your temple, over instrumentals  
("It's all in your mind") you No. 2 like the pencil  
The Boom Skwadron, Godson, who got the Bop Gun

The top gun, from the jump like Datsun  
I got one, candy-coated rote rhymes skits I shit on  
when I get on  
Then flip the scripts like I had Zips on  
It's on like electrical, my symmetrical  
alphabetic keeps my competition ridin on my testicles  
("he ain't shit, you ain't shit, ain't nobody shit")  
You to the rescue, let me test you  
Who the best crew, most definite  
has to be the Skwad cause I'm the President  
All you misrepresenters with your twelve inches need  
pinches  
Wake the fuck up and check out what this is  
("he ain't shit, you ain't shit, your momma ain't shit,  
ain't nobody shit")  
I can't see nuttin but victories  
MC's think they can get to me, then bring it  
Cause once I pass the blunt to my Lieutenant then we in  
it  
For the infinite, no play play  
The notty headed Newark nigga from NJ and the Sensai  
represent fully, playin bullies out for yappin  
Thinkin you'll be rappin, get tapped and say you  
scrappin  
While I been waitin hatin fake MC's that make they  
bacon  
with passion, rippin up they stickers for reaction  
Practicin on rap has-beens, I'm down with the Biz like  
Backspin  
Dissin Mikes like the Jacksons  
Thick like the lips on that Fugee chick  
Hard like the dicks in booty flicks  
Dissin niggaz like a snooty bitch (trick)  
I only pop a coochie if it smells Gucci  
Get the lucci hit it for months and then smoke blunts  
with the hoochies  
("What's the flavor Dunn" - Tame)  
You know the flavor like blue cheese  
on how I make crews bleed and school MC's who try to  
do me

("He ain't shit, you ain't... ahh motherfucker")  
"Do me baby, do me baby"  
("he ain't shit, you ain't shit...")  
"bom ba zi, it ain't over motherfuckers"  
("He ain't shit, you ain't shit")

Outro: Rhino CMZ

75% water, H2O, PE, alcohol, oil  
Dependin on temperature, what's the hot shit?

Rhino, Tame, Boom Skwad, Hidden Descent  
INI, Reflections, check the Twins  
Aight God, recognize what's fake  
Time to turn platinum to purple chrome  
Green purple yellow red white chrome

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