

## Good Charlotte

### "Time is Too Expensive"

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(CHORUS)

"Time is too expensive"

Too expensive, it's too expensive

Too expensive, you know what?

Time is of the essence

Whacha say now? Whacha say, whacha say now?

You know what? Time is of the essence

[Del]

My vast knowledge of rhyme is past college

Blast, demolish, polish off all enemies

I can't fall in this rap game, I got acrophobia

Plus half these rappers out here are fuckin dead like  
necrophilia

You know the thing, chocolate like Ovaltine

Comin down on the mic like eggs from ovaries

Monarchal metaphor, malevolent with settlements

Maniacal when Hiero flow, unstoppable and chock full  
of funk the freak, so fuck the foreplay

Del has been ordained to terrorize your brain

The diagnosis, the show business bogus

My lyrics lash out, like I was throwin stones in a glass  
house

Rappers pass out, ass out

And anyone left on the scene who has doubts

Y'all fools ain't got no nuts I'm doin donuts

Slow up whoever show up, I'm too robust

So what? I'm invincible invisible lyrics

Original origin unknown from here on in

Uncommon dominating hip hop

Permiating every portal with mortals

More flows Heaven scent, microphone etiquette

And lyrics up for your goblin and kill the novice

I write bad subjects like the Hobbit

And on to the next phase before you try to rob it

You know, D-E-L, yeah!

(CHORUS)

[Del]

Supreme MC's reach out when I'm on top

Catch altitude sickness not to use fitness  
In front of witnesses get with this fetch the funk  
While I test the skunk, see I will caress the blunt  
Come step through the flames of Hades or remain a  
lady  
Rhymes infectious as rabies -- Deltron, hell on earth  
Prevailing curtailing, you're shattered with data  
Directed, my method, hectic, try and dissect it  
Next shit, hydrauling we're calling you out  
I rap with accuracy - I'm sick of fools actin  
like they blacker than me - y' know, usually bourgeoi'  
We a new breed of MC remedy  
For inner street jerks who wanna flirt with our sound  
but ain't really down, silly clowns Barnum and Bailey  
rejects  
Press eject on defects (yeah)  
These threats delivered signed and sealed by the  
Delmeister  
German for master, burnin the blasphemous  
Whatever you ask of us gets fulfilled  
Non-linear, you couldn't find a flow friendlier  
Or even similar with beats that knock  
Those who cock block transport 'em to the chop shop  
Operation X cause we often facin death  
And fake ass players are lost and wastin breath

(CHORUS)

[Del]  
Lyrical master, turnin mic sessions to disaster areas  
I'll wax your derriere  
Disable MC's with fatal degrees and flows  
Flamboyant flamin fools like mesquite, let's eat  
These barbeques are for you  
Were are the few the proud the Hieroglyphics  
Microphone moguls with code words and hand signals  
For negros, spanish for black  
I'll vanish your raps, at the borderline  
Where you can order rhymes  
Never monochromatic, y'all know the habits of Del  
Talented, creating lyrical Gallaghers  
Highest caliber, hip hop puritan  
Throw my voice like Surrican, or ventriloquists  
Until it sit in your cerebrum, I need them  
Through the medium of music, too sick  
The ratio is glaciator, Gigantor  
My flow is lighter fluid, you'll need a higher druid  
Magicians and Mages, superb my primal rage is  
My styles all over the place, disease contagious  
And treacherous (what?) like Mussolini (uh-huh)  
but cooler than Fonzarelli eating fussilli

With roots in hip-hop goin back to Whodini  
Who see me, no eyes, your style is corny like bow ties  
No fries, keep that shake for a keep sake  
As well as patened Del hysteria  
Malaria area, 88 bait for bitin MC's  
They're bitin to see, see that's like a likin disease  
My time is up, I take my mic and I leave

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