

Handsome Boy Modeling School "Once Again"

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Yeah

Grand Puba, Dattie X, dig it

Get up out my way, it's Grand Pub's turn to shine
Hurt MCs ride the pine and get paid, no never mind
One time as I sew it up like Dr. Frankenstein
Chickens ride the pony 'cause the rhyme flow genuine

As I do it like that, do it like this
Shorty watch your step or you might get Rocked like
Chris
Are you feelin' this? You dig the way it's going down?
Now we back in town watch all the chickens crowd
around

Niggas try to duplicate my flow but it's difficult
Like a game of Yahtzee
Chickens stress me out like paparazzi as I flip a flow
you desire
Dattie blaze those trees and let's start this forest fire

My rhymes carry like the weight on Barry
Stack cheddar like Combs and buy homes like Larry
I be smoother than Tal, Sharpton like Al
When you ballin' everybody want to be your pal

No dilly-dally, baggin' up the shorter alley
Bouncin' in German cars, still playin' shot-ball
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you
For sure dog 'cause this is how we do

Just an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you
Just an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you

Ah shit, I see men mitts [unverified]
Watch the green van cause inside's the dicks
The prayer beads bleeds from the crucifix
Went tight comin' out boy I be down in six

Or when the sun go down, or when it's round in the BX

[unverified]

Cats on the concourse, still holdin' DX [unverified]
Bums on the street often ask me for change
What's change when I'm tryin' to save up for the
Range?

I want the whole world and my old girl back
Change that, I want half the world, and fuck my old girl
You can play the hell out, like those that came before
ya
Your style is butt, similar to a cobra

That's your pimp strut
But what you foes is really doin'
Is leaving your empire in ruins
I'm the problem solver

I got the brand new revolver
But I got a new album too
I want to be here for that money and the rest of my
crew
Y'all know it's true, a nigga like me is due

Just an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you
Just an old fashioned love song, playin' on the radio
Brand Nubian cats, here to flip one for you

Now you know, I gots to come back strong
See I been doing this too goddamned long
For me to ever try to come back wrong
Check my pockets and my empty light just came on

Don't wanna do wrong so I think I'm best to make this
song
Undeniably satisfiably master microphone mutilator
None greater, ain't no Automator
Grand Puba and Dattie, riding shotty in the Mazarati
As we come and blaze you with this body

Corner poets get smacked and hit, savagely bit
I go git and then you out of it, permission to quit
I mean right, I keep the green light specials
Half price a slice, you blink twice, I done picked up the
dice

I'm that nice, Dattie X the party-starter
Number one heart-ripper-aparter
More vice and gambling than Las Vegas, Nevada
I try harder every day, it's all work and no play

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