

## **Kool Moe Dee "Good Time"**

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(I say yes-yes-y'all)--> Biz Markie

(It's alright)--> Curtis Mayfield

(I say yes-yes-y'all)

(It's alright)

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(It's alright)

(I say yes-yes-y'all)

To the beat, all)

(Going way, way back to the early days)--> Daddy-O

(I say yes-yes-y'all)

(It's alright)

(I say yes-yes-y'all)

(It's alright)

[ VERSE 1 ]

I said 'yesyes-y'all,' got em off the wall

Teachers tried to teach em, but I got em in the hall

Learnin funky lessons, testin, yes, I am the man

Suckers try to second-guess and question if I can

Flowin knowledge, wisdom, power, don't you  
understand?

I educate and radiate and motivate fam

Showin younger brothers what it is to be a man

By tearin up the party when the mic is in my hand

This is what you call a winter/spring/summer jam

Fall into the mood as the funky music slams

I know you got the rhythm, cause it runs in the fam

I gotta speak my piece, cause this ain't \_Silence Of the  
Lambs\_

I'm here to terrorize, energize, exercise, mesmerize

If some brothers say they beat me, them are lies

Whoever stepped to me and tried to do me got it fast

Homeboy was ancient history, a blast from the past

This is just a blast from the past

[ VERSE 2 ]

I said 'rock-rnock, y'all' and knocked-knocked all

The suckers out the box, as I dropped back-calls

For response they responded, the response was

overwhelmin

>From brothers with cool tones, but rookies were yellin  
They're sellin records by the millions, I was sellin tapes  
Givin parties in the park, and we never made papes  
Rhymin from dawn till dusk till dawn  
6 a.m. and we was just gettin warm  
Heatin up and beatin up on some dead wrong  
Brother on the mic who thought he had it goin on  
Talk on the mic with no poetical style  
He was doggin it like he's a pathological child  
To grab a microphone a brother had to have juice  
If he couldn't produce, we said he couldn't get loose  
Today we would say the brother just couldn't flow  
And he would be like history, homeboy would have to  
go

[ VERSE 3 ]

I said peep-peep, y'all, a total recall  
Drop the funky lyrics on ya like free-fall  
Watch the 'Funky Drummer', dancin to the drummer's  
beat  
Cuttin up 'Apache' while they're dancin in the street  
And 'More Bounce To the Ounce' for the Funkadelic  
'Tear the Roof Off the Muthasucker', let the party rip  
The funky 'Breaking Bells' took you to the 'Mardi Gras'  
A slice of 'Paradise', and it was off to 'Shangri-La'  
A cut of 'Space Funk' made you come down to earth  
And 'Life On Mars' was the beat that gave birth  
Style I possess, the rhythm I test  
The message that I stress, the topics I address  
The yes to the yes to the y'all I profess  
I'm more than a man, but never nothin less  
Cause me and the mic is like Osiris and his calf  
I'm droppin funky light with the blast from the past

(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)  
A blast from the past  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
This just a blast from the past  
(It's alright)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
To the beat, all)

(Remember Bronx River)--> KRS-One

A blast from the past  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
This is just a blast from the past

(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
A blast from the past  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
This is just a blast from the past  
(Remember Bronx River)

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