

Lara Martelli

"Bout That Time"

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It's about the time
Yeah... aha, aha
You know...
Yeah, word up

[Large Professor]
C'mon
Lights, cameras, action it's on
Straight outta gate with another hot song
Keepin real thou gonna last long
Break out the stiletto coming mad strong
Bounce if you wanna, lounge'll play the corner
I'm New York talking that gangster talk
24 bases, queue to the oasis
Suspicious see eyes and no faces
Been there, years just put in to work
For the dough, so you know that I couldn't get jerked
Street mental, throw on the hoodie then lurk
In the rental until the end of the earth
I'ma be that fellow with the mozzarella
Allways cooking up the new hot seller
Putting that money in the bank like the teller
And this be the number one rank, let me tell you

[Hook]
It's about that time

[Large Professor]
On the fast track chilling, creeping like a villain
In 2000 new car, new house and
Buy the whole store up, style I'm too pro, son
Get eaven more buckwild, I draw crowds and
In every state I still draw them at every forum
Don't loose no points I just score them
And count blessings at the top of my freshness
Live, get it right this is not no job
Today or tomorrow it doesn't matter
Got the stages moving on up the ladder
And stay grounded, remember the Bronx 'cause they
founded
Cutting them old joints up by James Brown, kid

Golden, before I forget hold it
Got to shout out the block, four-fifth Holden
And Jamaica, Queens I'm true to the fort
Every day, all day not new to the sport
In Elisabeth, kids in Queens is who I feast with
When I ain't in the lab flipping beats with
Drums to pound, I be breaking it down
With homeboy Van on the way uptown
How that sound

[Hook]

[Large Professor]

There's a whole lot of rappers in the world today
Some good, there is some that got nothing to say
Some fake, some false, some imitation
But I'm the uncut raw for your generation
Work magic with terms like never before
Hang them rappers live, leave their head on the floor
Drop hits for the hiphop crowd that rock kicks and hats
Crisped jeans and whips to match
Hardcore system up on blast
Cock, dip and stash live now and forget the past
In the streets try to hustle while eating a meal
Watching out so you don't get beaten in the grill
'Cause the crossroads is deep, sleep and you will
Be the next one up, I'm feeding the real
So get eardrums, son, and start heating the drill
One time and this is what y'all feel and I'ma still be

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