

Lords Of The Underground

"Tic Toc"

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Tic toc this is how we rock

throw your hands in the air and do it for your block
(um)

Tic toc this is how we rock

throw your hands in the air and please don't stop (um)

Tic toc this is how we rock

(Tic toc you don't stop...)

DOITALL:

Tic toc this is how we rock

we're those same (um) brothers that brought you
"Chief Rock"

Now um underground's my style

to this I have vows

and I swear to my god

I'll always rock a crowd

So (um) peace to my area, N.W.K.

which is scarier

so if your on the deals,

who cares, the more the merrier

Now right off South Orange

on the block of one-nine

of course, thirteenth ave

is my stomping grounds

I open up my chest

and to my 'hood give my heart

'cause without the heart

then your 'hood falls apart

So respect to the cement

the park called "the Corner"

'cause that's where the DOITALL TWO was performing

Runnin' from the cops

I couldn't be stopped

'cause i was jumpin' big gates that connected the
blocks

Now before making records

the 'hood was my savior

but now I'm making tunes to make you jam wit 'cha
neighbor...

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(um)

Tic toc, this is how we rock

Throw your hands in the air and please don't stop (um)

Tic toc, this is how we rock

Throw your hands in the air and represent your block
(um)

Tic toc, this is how we rock

(Tic toc, you don't stop...)

MR. FUNKYMAN

Well, I be the funk-ular

ultra-funk-ular

gamma-funk-ular

Half you rappers out there couldn't see me with
binoculars

Anyone who thinks he'll take me out is just a dreamer

If you think you're the bomb, then I'm Hiroshima

When I die,

I hope they're making records up in heaven

On a scale of one to ten,

I'm like 100-5th-11

and sticks-and-stones-may-break-my-bones

but if you ever try to dis the Lords, then it's on

I go on beat...

off beat...

then jump right back on time

I drop another rhyme

and talk about your fat ugly mama (EEWWW!!)

M.C.'s cannot rock me

I'm stone-proof

Me grabbin' the mic

is like Superman running to a phone booth

Straight from Martin Luther King Boulevard

In the heart of Newark, New Jersey,

make you say "Lord have mercy"

If you step up in my face

then it's do or die

and I'M GONNA MAKE YOU CRY! (waaahhhhh!!)

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(um)

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Throw your hands in the air and represent your block
(um)

Tic toc, this is how we rock

(Tic toc, you don't stop...)

DOITALL:

Well, times have changed

not only for the urban

but also for suburban

We get props, we're deservin'

From black kids, to white kids

I see them bob their heads,

from the blond hair, to redhead

I even seen a dread

So now it doesn't matter

as the clock winds down

with the tic and the toc

because they love the sound

But people 'round your area

say you sell out

because you sell a million copies
and your tour goes BAAAAOOWW!
So do it for yourself,
and do it for the 'hood,
but do it from the heart,
'cause that's when it's good
Now tell me what's gonna happen
after the rappin'
when the clock ticks away
and ain't nothin' happenin'...

MR. FUNKYMAN

..I remember way back in the days on my block
when the kids used to meet up in the hallway and rock
on Martin Luther King's boulevard
with P.C., WISE, EASY ED, and my brother HARD
BERNARD
used to hit the ill rhymes from the head
while I'd hit the beat on the wall until my hands turned
red

You had the SHORTY TWO M.C.'S,

THE EDUCATED THREE,

I have to give them props for helping me be me

Now I'm the one who's educated

I suffered but I made it

I only write rhymes that will be appreciated

No matter how large I get

the fire still burns

'Cause from the 'hood I came

and to the 'hood I must return...

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