

The Secrets

"Loc'ed After Dark"

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Allow me to display if I may
I'm ready to start (So am I) Well, OK
I've been held back for several years
I had a few squabbles, never shedded no tears
But like an uzi on the mic they call me Tone Capone
Slangin' down with your posse if you're standin' alone
Cultivatin' all cities and tearin' up towns
I treat you like a king goin' for a rebound
When I'm on the mic, some say that I'm treacherous
They used to be the best - yeah, I bet you was
I never lost a battle, I ain't never been beat
Go look on the sharp tombstones on the street
Suckas like you try to diss with nerve
But I slay you down and lay you down next to the curb
Now I'm all in flesh, blindin' the one that stare
I drop you on the pavement, leave you parked in the rear
I don't need no protection so here's a little lesson
When I leave the house, insured my Smif-N-Wessun
A .357, cold bobbin' off 11
It puts you in hell, or it could place you up in heaven
You lookin' for trouble, then it's trouble I spark
But I'm tellin' you now, I get Loc'ed After Dark

Chorus:
Doin' it after dark
Doin' it at the park
Oh yeah, Loc gets hard
Oh yeah, (?) gets hard

Freaks never cease, just to say the least
I'll start mobbin' motherfuckers like a savage beast
I'm takin' my turn to make the mic burn
And when I'm teachin' class, there's a lesson to be learned
Now I battle posses and tribes alike
Never battle out of hate; I always battle for spite
Cold jealous of me, the Westside man
The leader of the brothers, and killer of the Klan
But I don't give a shit 'cause my rhyme is legit
Cold put you in the yard and tie you up with my pit

'Cause when she starts to bite, that's when I will ignite
The views of the party taken to new heights
I consider myself to be a part of the elite
Suave and debonaire because the rhyme is so sweet
Been causin' confusion, magician of illusion
You got a little, problem, here's a solution
A winner never quits and a quitter never wins
So why you just gamblin' with dubs and fiends?
Remember what I say, it sticks like Krazy Glue
I'm tellin' you now, I'm not afraid of you
Look up in my face, I'll tear your heart apart
And like I told you before, (what?) I get Loc'ed After
Dark

Chorus 2x

MC's, comin' out like thunder
I'll make you see why Stevie had to Wonder
Is he fiction or is he a myth?
Naw, it's just a dope rapper, you know Tone Smith
'Cause every time you hear my song your hands clap
The Chosen One, puttin' LA on the map
With no objection I plead my case
Tone Loc, full capacity, leavin' out of space
The ace contender will never surrender
When I rock a show you always remember
The one and only, superior to many
Me losin' a battle? Naw, I can't remember any
Although, in the days, I may have lost one
Who the hell am I kiddin', I ain't been outdone
'Cause I'm the best, and I live out West
And if you want a dope song, I'll play your request
It don't take much to make a crowd live
Just some Boots and some droids and a little bit of
slide
I step on stage and clear my hair
My next start, hmm, just a knock-up dare
No uzi ... my voice from the start
But you never know (why?) 'cause I get Loc'ed After
Dark

Chorus 2x

Yo Wop, wussup, why don't you do me a little favor,
man, why don't you
Scratch my back for me? (dj scratches) Ohh yeah. Little
bit over to the
Left. (dj scratches) Aaight, aaight, move it up now. (dj
scratches)
Yeah. Now a little bit down. (dj scratches) Now a little bit
higher.

(dj scratches)

Little bit over to the left, yeahhhhh. I'll Wop's in the house.

We outta here. Yessss, hasta la negro.

Chorus till fade

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