

Zebrahead

"Time"

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Kick it
Microphone check one, two got to run
Cause everything's money and son I got none
So I got to put my time in rhyme-in
With my crew kicking down tracks and climbing
Coming at you flowing sideways
Everything's my way
Kicking down rhymes from Friday to Friday
Debunk all the things that I find untrue
Got to make my way back cause
I got you

Time, I think its dead, I know it's dead
So lay down the rhythm and box out the beat

So let me get back to the program

If you don't get it then here comes the diagram
Boxing down beats like a heavyweight fighter
Spitting out rhymes like a Pulitzer writer
Always on top cause I won't ever let down
Blowing down beats like a nuclear meltdown
Do what I can cause I got to get through
And I won't ever come back cause I got you

Can I get that far

Let the time fly and give it up to the volume
With the funkadelic flow so I got you

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