

## Gordon Goodwin

### "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 hip-hop 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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