

## **Thunderclap Newman**

### **"Just in the Nick of Rhyme"**

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The rhyme I pick up, trick up, and like hiccup  
(Hiccup!) This is a good place for a stickup  
So throw your hands in the air and say hell yeah  
I Can Beat Mike Tyson, plus I'm Fresh-er than the Prince  
of Bel Air  
And I Blossom, In Colour is how I'm Living see  
some pretend to be afraid of me but they're my Public  
Ene-ma  
Picture this, like a cinema; I'm winnin a contest  
I knew you was a loser when you bought your girl's  
prom dress  
I'm just, another one of the nigs, take a swig  
I can sing, brothers'll work it out without a gig  
The gold mud in my blood, I'm a stud smokin blunts  
Not a fuddy dud if rhymes were pecks, I'd be Woody  
Wood  
They're after pestly hoes and that's the hoes I sex and  
don't collect  
Rockin a Rolex, preferin sex instead of Soloflex  
but I pump skill, to build what I can build and still feel  
good  
The baddest hoes be sayin, "Oooh you're real good"  
Fella a city dweller, it's poison salmonella  
Auntie's name is Stella, style as def/deaf as Helen  
Keller  
Nail a flammer with the Hammer for comin incorrect  
not with his grammar or bad mamma jama similar, to  
Bruce Banner  
So don't get me angry, or maybe you won't like me  
Kid just in the nick I kick more ass than Bruce Lee's  
Nike's did

Just in the nick I kick on the geek stick, flick a Bic  
Dick a chick, Slick-er than Rick around the clock I tock to  
the  
tic tac toe, rip up my rhyme my mic's my lasso  
Shit, I got rhymes comin out my asshole  
I'm in a pole position sole position you're in no position  
to be dissin it's a, Rainbow Coalition  
I'm kissin ass, goodbye, rockaby, here's your lullaby  
like Georgie Puddin Pie but baby baby don't, cry

Feed em I heat em and eat em if I don't need em then I  
leave em  
as leftovers, packin the weak MC's into ?septober?  
Til I was older, I couldn't hold a rhyme folder  
Now I dare ya to try and knock this mic off my shoulder  
If I'm sober I won't hold a skunk, but when I'm drunk  
I might let her bunk in my bed, heads be sayin I'm a  
hunk  
Like a duck I'm slammin ham MC's MC's I'm servin  
Makin the people jump like my man... Julius Erving!!!  
Those deserving props are gonna get theirs  
Grip, there's something on your lip, oh that's my dick  
hairs  
I'm the biggedy biggedy Bear ya scrub Cub with a  
demo tape  
Tryin to catch me catch your breath before you  
hyperventilate  
for air you're gaspin, your best bet is to take an aspirin  
I bash it, crash it now you know so stop askin  
Cause when you ask you make an ass of you and only  
you, see  
Just in the nick I kick the funky shit  
that's why they call me Bootsy

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