

Black Rob F/ Jennifer Lopez**"Time 2 Get Right"**

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[41 second instrumental to open the song]

{*scratched: "Take a minute now to hear me" - KRS*}

[Motion Man]

Wisdom Born is my physical degree, in the month of
Understanding

Wisdom Culture my seed birthday, all born to Wisdom
Cypher

Big rhymin since Bill Power

Knowledge Power, later and I'm still the epiphany
Close related to a symphony with mad instruments
trapped inside of me

I bang the drum and blow the horn

Rappers they follow, like little +Children of the Corn+
Vegetables, at the table like the Huxtables

Sit at the table 'til you finish all your morsels

Out the door, hit the interstate, who sound state

Snatchin up Keith, a transplant from the tri-state

Jheri curls, with finger waves, all shuckin

It's two big {?}, gorilla arms and mad ducats

Bust in your house like the little man Mighty Mouse

Piss on your TV cause you watchin all the wrong
channels

Step out your house in your Sunday's best brown
flannel

Rockin your khakis, you a tall kid, they fit me baggy

You try to follow I'ma end it for you retromendric

That means I piss backwards, like a cat

Hug up your dome like a pro-fitted hat

As you twist the hat, turn the hat, flip the hat, spin the
hat

Still lookin good in the trunk of my Cadillac

Keith I'm classic, I'm passin you the flame homey

Burn the plastic, the world that you once told me

[Chorus 4X: MOI]

[K] It's time to get right

[M] Flamboyant status

[K] Smack a cop

[M] N'ia what?

[Kool Keith]

Upon him up, autopsy, look at the body from the ankles
up to the neck up, banana clip bring the tec up
Pick up pick up pick up pick up, that's some out there
by the ambulance, emergency room packed up, ward
and backed up

Patrol cars, black & whites get hype

Caprice Classics chase me in old Mavericks

Sharp switchblades like I'm a tourist from Mexico, "hey
bro"

I cut your face like I'm doin a tattoo of a statue

Why you think I'm mad at you? Spontaneous action
get you smacked and, everybody at the new release

Arista party packed in

Cover your ass cause everybody's on the guest list
didn't come from the front, they came from the back

Stole your 600, watch Puerto Ricans strip it down

Disconnect your Lojack, amateurs duck down it's a pro
act

With Guinness a-pourin through your urinary tract

Hamburgers flow, you mad, you end up with a shake
and a Big Mac

Kenny L, clientele, givin orders through Pacific Bell

Guard your collect calls, leave you in the lobby room

One bag in the mall, have your one minute gone from
pre-paid phone calls

Call back and hang up, call back and hang up, call back
and hang up

Caller ID bring my name, anniversary season

Who can produce movies without me like "Rhyme &
Reason"

{*scratched: "I don't know"*}

[M] N'ia what?

[Chorus]

[K] It's time to get right

{*scratches to end*}

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