

## Johnny Reznik

### "Every Five Minutes"

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[Grand Agent]

When it's phenomenal, you fiend to know who  
produced it  
Phrases frequently heard regarding new music:  
Who the kid rhyming? Where he from? What's the label?  
Well now's a bad time to approach the turntables  
Try again next millenium or some other bash  
But when they jock the disc jock, it's another smash  
I just hit 'em wit it minutes ago  
on some exclusive promo to spin at the show-  
twenty-five hundred heads waitin on Black Star  
When J-Rocc throw your record on, you feel like Allah  
Visions of my image on the stage I was lookin at  
from the Balcony to down front, I coulda took aback  
every ear spectatin inside The Palace  
(hype cuz my likeness just might bless the stylus)  
But that was when I was the limelight addict  
Nowadays gittin music added is my habit--  
the kind you wait on to debate on or hate on  
ever since the ad with the street date on  
And now the future can't come quick enough  
Promotional bandits out stickin mad stickers up  
they got graffiti goals --all city  
The anticipation keep clerks at Fat Beats way busy  
Long before the day of reckoning  
we make it so that when the album drop we cop 'nuff  
respect again

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

And now you want it like every five minutes  
You recognize vintage when I spit it  
From the Illadel side all the way to Venice  
No flaws, no blemish - you lust for it endless

[Grand Agent]

And word life, you thought you heard it last month, but  
wasn't sure  
Now you so salty. What you lent it to ya cousin for?  
Not that you thought you would see it again  
Let the mix tape you hate be the one that you lend  
But is it the same joint that's on your box now

when your mans ridin shotgun point out the style?  
But then he turn it down, speakin on some pigeon he  
met  
like the whip wasn't yours, like you let 'em forget  
So you scrape up some manhood and give 'em a look  
but by the time you turn it back up, you recognize the  
hook  
Meanwhile inside your Honda, ganja go clockwise  
cuz you from the markets where Private Stock rise  
and fall by the ounce cuz you bounce harder plastered  
It's the same joint it just sound better mastered  
Tried to tell brothers but you couldn't recollect  
how my newest-latest went, you just knew it was correct  
you couldn't do justice - told 'em look all I know  
is Grand came wit it, he followed up like a publicist  
You still thinkin 'bout the tape ya cousin coveted  
Well can you blame her? It is off the gauge  
required listening for livin in The Grand Age

Like that!

[Chorus]

[Grand Agent]

Now I'm like Wyatt Earp, come through, quiet ya turf  
Get ya city up in arms with the science I birth  
a monster jam from my coast to yours  
line the meanin of this up with the jetstream and get it  
across  
When it's all about aesthetics in sound, satisfaction is  
my attribute  
the proper noun -- hands down  
To retail spots I'm known as the Grand Agent  
See me at in-store, hear me at the station  
Feel me at the concert, live is the preferred way  
Fuck what ya heard, only a herb'll say word-play  
You've been found out, the livest sound out is sought  
out  
That be mine cuz ya shit wasn't thought out

[Chorus]

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