

## **SoulFly F/ Limp Bizkit**

### **"Time to Rock Our Shit"**

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[Intro]

(Freak it now)

Knights will come, be advised

They'll come for them

Be advised they'll come

Someone's sure that they'll be here

[Double K]

Yo Thes, what (what up?)

Can you rock the mic?

[Thes One]

A ha ha, my mellow my man, it's like ridin' a bike

Uh, Double K

[Double K]

What's Up?

[Thes One]

Can you rock it?

[Double K]

Like ridin' a bike, but only with training wheels

So what, shoot the gift and let them know the deal

[Thes One]

I shoot the gift like NRA members on Christmas

Morning warning rock MCs like isthmus like a principal

[Hook]

I'm the principal, our crew's invincible

Under The Stairs

Impairs auditry of your whole municipal (municipal?)

Code area, attack like malaria

Concrete jungle bundle of joy

With bobby-boys

It's scary to think our tape destroys your crew's hopes

(what?)

I can't cope with that, say no

Put it on a DAT, Double K

'Cause everything I say will one day give away

Or another recovered in it's original place  
Signify this straight caligrified verse  
Petrified rock, put your goddamn block in a herse

[Thes One]

Only thing worse, chaos bursts the eardrums, the P  
Making the beats and rhymes funkally-dunkally  
Fat like chunky here, but not out for radio play  
Here's a crew washing the wax my mind space  
Tight A, not Navy deals, no way  
Pets for three sixty five days  
I add a fourth 'cause I leap year  
I leave tracks like Amtrack  
Battles the P and Superman  
After that your crew will try and forget like Izoin(?)  
It's the Amistad, man Beckets(?) know it better  
I rip it all up like a letter for the principal

[Hook]

[Thes One]

Chaos bursts...(Double K cuts in)

[Double K]

(Unintelligible) my crew bad as milk  
That's one, lace the track  
Like a blow with the weak smell  
Nigga, your stunned  
Other from the brothers with another monkey(?) shit  
Put the viddy(?) on the stick and make sure it don't skip  
Hip-Hoppin is realest, punk  
You know you wanna admit it  
All these crews runnin around with fat tracks  
They don't get it, the gettin distressed (word?)  
The gettin me mad

[Thes One]

So what you sayin, Double K?

[Double K]

Just put that shit on my tab  
Don't feel like dealin' with it now  
I'll deal with it later  
See, the mic's in my possesion  
Yo, so while she did it  
To the minmute  
Stupid frontin' since we first stepped in  
Brought it back a couple of times  
Now you give it a grin  
First you tell your homey,  
"Yeah man, that shit's fresh!"

Didn't know this kinda shit could be lurkin' the west  
We puttin' hair on your chest  
We flow with no hesitation  
Late radio stations ain't allowed on these premises  
Millions hearin' this  
Late at night like domestic violece  
Smackin' you the fuck up  
Until we get some silence (word)  
Keep you like Judge Judy on the mic  
Puttin' up a fight  
Rollin' hard 'till the break of daylight  
So next time you corny niggas wanna come hardcore  
Go listen to 'Lil Kim (word...)

"What's the time? Time to rock our shit"  
(Scratched until end in various ways)

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