

Ugly Duckling

"Left Behind"

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[Verse One]

You better hurry up or get left behind
Like your harry derriere where the sun don't shine
Tom Slick on the track but the streets are mine
And thanks to Einstein I got beats to rhyme
Designed like a porcupine, untouchable
I'm a full course meal, you're a Lunchable
This beat will self-destruct
in five, four - Diz, hold up~!
Goin off like a cuckoo clock
I was giggin with the beat 'til my shoe flew off
As I rock with better timin than a metronome
To set the tone, lookin for respect to loan
On the throne puttin in work like Solomon Burke
To take over the world like an Ottoman Turk
Butterball's unlikely to rock shows nightly
To wild but excite then I'm mild like Sprite be
I run through your city like a bullet train
And blow the roof off like a hurricane
I'm sick so sick I got my own disease
The doc said I had a case of flow with deez
In a hundred degrees, I blow my nose and sneeze
I'm so cold they call me cool breeze
You're doin downhill like an avalanche
And you're full of more bull than a cattle ranch
Yup, you the cat who said that we were through
Too old school, need to do somethin new
You're slippin like I threw out a banana peel
on the ground or you can kneel to the man of steel
As I speed through the sky with the bird's eye view
And you must be high like a nerd's IQ
Do ya homework, press rewind
You better go back before you get left behind

Left behind, you get left behind
Left behind, you better hurry up and get left behind

I spit quick like a lizard's lick
And slick as if I was the Grandwizard Rick
Hit, with the fans, me and Diz Mark man
To split command, cause panic like a shark's fine

When the beat starts, stop beatin hearts
Teeth extremely sharp, comin at your meaty parts
Makin a mess out of discotechques
The crowd crazed like I got Gizmo wet
I dibbled and dabbled on roads less traveled
I kicked up dust and kicked up gravel
No Sleep 'Til Brooklyn as well as Seattle
Young Einstein with the funky piano
And I'm on the mic like Mick Jagger's lips
Cause U.D.'s all that and a bag of chips
You can't get with this like you might slip a disc
Better take it as a warning like I slit my wrists
Like Heavy D, Steady B, rappin is my pedigree
People lookin dead at me, rhymes roll readily
I hold it down like a paperweight
To make 'em happy like I baked a cake
See I can take a break and mold it to shape
Cause when I'm rippin and my word is like an iceberg,
here's the tip of it
A little message, I hope we enthus
So you move like a fetus in the fallopian tube
I'm full strength like a cyclops eyedrops
I got support like high tops
I keep the mic hot 'til you turn the lights off
Then I'm nocturnal like a nighthawk (CAW~!)
Swoop down when I search for prety
You better run and hide from the words I say
I keep it tighter than cornrows
And I'ma stop rappin when the horn blows

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{*fast scratches, samples and instrumental to end*}

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