* send corrections to the typist Gonna, gonna, gonna-gonna-gonna blaze the cold rock stuff Yo, with all due respect, not trynna toot my own horn or nothing But, I'm pretty good at this shit man Yo, even with a half assed style knowimsayin Even with a half assed style matter fact, for all y'all niggas I'm a do this shit real slow are you read? [Verse One] Υo Every now and then you... see it on the menu Grab that shit kid... everybody else did J-Live records... stay respected That's that old shit... now it's just hot kid Save it for the flavor... do your self a favor Don't hold back now... ain't it just wack how So hard to come by... and the sound done fly Heads used to slay that... I dare you not to play that Bring it back Every now and then you, save it for the flavor See it on the menu, do your self a favor Grab that shit kid, don't hold back now Everybody else did, ain't it just wack how J-Live records, so hard to come by Stay respected, and the sound done fly That's that old shit, heads used to slay that Now it's just hot kid, dare you not to play that [Chorus] All in together now (no, not yet) (X8) [Verse Two] There's so many of these... wack ass emcees Try as they might... they just can't get it right Family traditions... require me to diss'em Don't even really miss'em... they keep me in they system Cuz I got the true school rhyme style... shouldn't even speak on it The way that I freak it... is kinda top secret Handed down to me... the microphones and crowds After they gone... J-Live rocks on Yaknowimsayin Cuz there's so many of these, true school rhyme style Wack ass emcees, shouldn't even speak on it Try as they might, the way that I freak it They just can't get it right, it's kinda top secret Family traditions, handed down to me Require me to diss'em, the microphones and crowds Don't even really miss'em, After they gone They keep me in they system, J-Live rocks on [chorus]