

# Good Time

Kool Moe Dee

(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all  
To the beat, all)

(Going way, way back to the early days)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)

[Verse 1]

I said yes yes-y'all, got em off the wall  
Teachers tried to teach em, but I got em in the hall  
Learning funky lessons, testing, yes, I am the man  
Suckers try to second-guess and question if I can  
Flowing knowledge, wisdom, power, don't you understand?  
I educate and radiate and motivate fam  
Showing younger brothers what it is to be a man  
By tearing up the party when the mic is in my hand  
This is what you call a winter/spring/summer jam  
Fall into the mood as the funky music slams  
I know you got the rhythm, cause it runs in the fam  
I gotta speak my piece, cause this ain't "Silence Of the Lambs"  
I'm here to terrorize, energize, exercise, mesmerize  
If some brothers say they beat me, them are lies  
Whoever stepped to me and tried to do me got it fast  
Homeboy was ancient history, a blast from the past

This is just a blast from the past

[Verse 2]

I said 'rock-rnock, y'all' and knocked-knocked all  
The suckers out the box, as I dropped back-calls  
For response they responded, the response was overwhelming  
From brothers with cool tones, but rookies were yelling  
They're selling records by the millions, I was selling tapes  
Giving parties in the park, and we never made papes  
Rhyming from dawn till dust till dawn  
6 a.m. and we was just getting warm  
Heating up and beating up on some dead wrong  
Brother on the mic who thought he had it going on  
Talk on the mic with no poetical style  
He was dogging it like he's a pathological child  
To grab a microphone a brother had to have juice  
If he couldn't produce, we said he couldn't get loose  
Today we would say the brother just couldn't flow  
And he would be like history, homeboy would have to go

[Verse 3]

I said peep-peep, y'all, a total recall  
Drop the funky lyrics on ya like free-fall  
Watch the 'Funky Drummer', dancing to the drummer's beat

Cutting up 'Apache' while they're dancing in the street  
And 'More Bounce To the Ounce' for the Funkadelic  
Tear the Roof Off the Muthasucker', let the party rip  
The funky 'Breaking Bells' took you to the 'Mardi Gras'  
A slice of 'Paradise', and it was off to 'Shangri-La'  
A cut of 'Space Funk' made you come down to earth  
And 'Life On Mars' was the beat that gave birth  
Style I possess, the rhythm I test  
The message that I stress, the topics I address  
The yes to the yes to the y'all I profess  
I'm more than a man, but never nothing less  
Cause me and the mic is like Osiris and his calf  
I'm dropping funky light with the blast from the past

(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)  
A blast from the past  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
(It's alright)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
This just a blast from the past  
(It's alright)  
(I say yes-yes-y'all  
To the beat, all)

(Remember Bronx River)  
A blast from the past  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
This is just a blast from the past  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
A blast from the past  
(I say yes-yes-y'all)  
This is just a blast from the past  
(Remember Bronx River)