

## Tic Toc

### Lords of the Underground

Tic toc, this is how we rock  
throw your hands in the air and do it for your block (um)  
Tic toc, this is how we rock  
throw your hands in the air and please don't stop (um)  
Tic toc, this is how we rock  
(Tic toc, you don't stop...)

Tic toc, this is how we rock  
we're those same (um) brothers that brought you "Chief Rock"  
Now, um, underground's my style  
to this I have vows  
and I swear to my god  
I'll always rock a crowd  
So (um) peace to my area, N.W.K.  
which is scarier  
so if your on the deals,  
who cares, the more the merrier  
Now right off South Orange  
on the block of one-nine  
of course, thirteenth ave  
is my stomping grounds  
I open up my chest  
and to my 'hood give my heart  
'cause without the heart  
then your 'hood falls apart  
So respect to the cement  
the park called "the Corner"  
'cause that's where the DOITALL TWO was performing  
Runnin' from the cops  
I couldn't be stopped  
'cause i was jumpin' big gates that connected the blocks  
Now before making records  
the 'hood was my savior  
but now I'm making tunes to make you jam wit 'cha neighbor...

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Throw your hands in the air and represent your block (um)  
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Well, I be the funk-ular  
ultra-funk-ular  
gamma-funk-ular  
Half you rappers out there couldn't see me with binoculars  
Anyone who thinks he'll take me out is just a dreamer  
If you think you're the bomb, then I'm Hiroshima  
When I die,  
I hope they're making records up in heaven  
On a scale of one to ten,  
I'm like 100-5th-11  
and sticks-and-stones-may-break-my-bones  
but if you ever try to dis the Lords, then it's on  
I go on beat...

off beat...  
then jump right back on time  
I drop another rhyme  
and talk about your fat ugly mama (EEWWW!!)  
M.C.'s cannot rock me  
I'm stone-proof  
Me grabbin' the mic  
is like Superman running to a phone booth  
Straight from Martin Luther King Boulevard  
In the heart of Newark, New Jersey,  
make you say "Lord have mercy"  
If you step up in my face  
then it's do or die  
and I'M GONNA MAKE YOU CRY! (waaahhhhh!!)

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Well, times have changed  
not only for the urban  
but also for suburban  
We get props, we're deservin'  
From black kids, to white kids  
I see them bob their heads,  
from the blond hair, to redhead  
I even seen a dread  
So now it doesn't matter  
as the clock winds down  
with the tic and the toc  
because they love the sound  
But people 'round your area  
say you sell out  
because you sell a million copies  
and your tour goes BAAAAOOWW!  
So do it for yourself,  
and do it for the 'hood,  
but do it from the heart,  
'cause that's when it's good  
Now tell me what's gonna happen  
after the rappin'  
when the clock ticks away  
and ain't nothin' happenin'...

..I remember way back in the days on my block  
when the kids used to meet up in the hallway and rock  
on Martin Luther King's boulevard  
with P.C., WISE, EASY ED, and my brother HARD BERNARD  
used to hit the ill rhymes from the head  
while I'd hit the beat on the wall until my hands turned red  
You had the SHORTY TWO M.C.'S,  
THE EDUCATED THREE,  
I have to give them props for helping me be me  
Now I'm the one who's educated  
I suffered but I made it  
I only write rhymes that will be appreciated  
No matter how large I get  
the fire still burns

'Cause from the 'hood I came  
and to the 'hood I must return...

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