

T-Bone, Follow T

You can catch me in the big body S-Class wit chrome spinners
Pulling up to the club wit a brim, ice and the chinchilla
Stacking that skrilla in a legal way
Rock stadiums from Nicaragua down to San Tropez, hey
And I ain't even gotta curse in my raps
I keep it gully while I'm spitting this fire on hot tracks
My skills speak for themselves
I'm like a young LL back in the day when he was rocking the bells
The Sly Stallone of the microphone, I'm old school like Special K
Turbo and Ozone, rep for my people like I'm Che Guevara
Wit a derby and linen pants plus a guallavera
Oh, I'm so sick they sending ambulances to resuscitate the mic from my verbal thrashing
Cash advances, and top brand fashion
Guaranteed to rock the spot and keep the party peeps dancing

I had to switch up the flow for all the DJ's spinning wax in the club
So when ya hear my joint yall better turn it up, louder
Suvelo, blast that music bro, respect the flow, ya listening to a music pro
The Burt Bacharach of rap is back ready to make ya move ya body And lean back like Joe Crack
Woah get ya hands in the air and wave them back and forth in the atmosphere
I know ya wondering if the rumors are true, believe the hype
I am the dopest rapper to come through wit brand new series of rap arts like kung fu
You don't believe me, ya crew could get hung to
I run through anybody opposing
Don't make me have to tell you again
I'm Gods chosen, like Peter, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Now everybody just bounce to this new hit song, What!

From sold out arenas to the silver screen
I move crowds and drop hits that make the people scream
Stack cream, get chauffeured in stretched out limousines
I'm a hot album, you just a ahhh 16
T-Bone is hard as it gets and I don't fly first class, why?
I travel with chef's on private jets
That's why you mad and upset, homie
I paid my dues though, been ripping these mic's since tape decks
So place your bets, I'm the best yet
Move the crowd and make ya bounce like bad checks
I got next, like the WNBA, defeating me is like blacks joining the KKK
It won't happen, like hoods without guns clapping
Or hip-hop wit no DJ's and MC's rapping
It's contradictory, none of you'll ever get wit me
The dopest to ever breathe on a mic and claim victory