

Too Phat, Ali Baba & The Mic Thieves

Verse 1

Ladies and gentlemen guess
Who's back in town
It's Too Phat and Phlowtron
Ay yo we runnin' it down
Breaking the barrier's of sound
Jealousy knows no bounds
Moving in three sixty degrees
Like a merry go round
Still red and warm
The blood that courses through my veins
Arising from the underground
Like a hydroplane
Smuggling in crack phlowcane
Where there's no pain
There's no gain
So I sustain my domain
In a mind frame that's untamed

Verse 2

Yes
Yes yes
I know I'm sick
I confess
Displays of finesse
When my raps manifest
You couldn't handle this
Till I'm hundred I spit tight
Can't battle me on the mic
We'll hit the streets and fist fight
I'm quick to dislike
The type that
Speak a cheap hype

How they gonna take me down

With frail tales

And weak psyche

Raps weak

Your style's mild

And a tad meek

Welcome to this game

Of hide and seek

With crazy mic freaks

Verse 3

Yo it's Khazanah the Khalled

I bled the ground red

Moses scarred through

The red sea

I speak what the future said

Resurrect hip-hop for the dead

This egomaniac's drive to ecstasy

So let the ground rules be laid

The kid with braces grace

The scene in this hiatus

Rebel reborn revive

Rehearse this verse

Verse 4

Yo five years now

Malique is an astonishing cat

We started off the same time

You still promising act

Now what your problem is black?

They say they callin' you back?

You still are shoppin' for your demos

While I'm polishin' plaques?

Should start your collegin' back

Or start workin' like in Mc D's

At least you'll get some mack on

But minus the rap cheese

You mad G?

Start your cripwalk

And wanna smack me?

Please, a nation of asian Bloods

Are gonna back me

Verse 5

Ba' wit' granna wit' mini bonn

It's Atom Da'Bomb

Namaewa genshi bakudan

Inspectin' the kinda conduct

To contemplate

The kinda way

You cynics tryinna put

The muthalovin' rhyme away

It's evident that we adamant

About the element

Of this hip-hop commandment

Equivalent to utilising

This brilliant tool

I can prove

Coz I barry more wack emcees than drew

Verse 6

Panel of the jury

Witness this starscream

I represent

The infamous Phat Fam team

Exhibit number one

Murder raps on the run

Spittin' fireballs

We defy the sun

Burning principles

Killing bass

Distort your eardrums

Diagnose you with sun strokes

Spotted your headlumps

Defiance against us

Will lead to your misery

Nation of the three sixty

Verse 7

I'm sick of cats

Who wanna diss

But be acting like witches

Here some disses

To discompose disconcert

And hit ya'

I'm quick to disfigure

Any figure who wanna play

Swift with sharp blades

Discover I'm hard to dissuade

So keep your distance

Don't discomode

And disturb this verse

Disingenuous punks

Disheartened best quick disperse

I'll distinguish haters

Who disunite the scene

And discard disgusting friends

With rap disabilities

Verse 8

I rhyme nice twice

So lemme entice you

On this mental heist

You hidden behind a screen

Never seen like a poltergeist
Take my advice
Up wit' us
And you pay the price
When it comes to street fights
I transform and y'all be looking
Like itty bitty mice
I spit out lines
Like a bad taste
Of chocolate mocha
Gimme the crowd
I bring it loud
Then I rock it fo' ya'
I'm sick of these cats on posters
I burn 'em to crisp like toasters
Rob yo' as leave you screaming
Like six flags on coasters
Verse 9
Delusions of grandeur
Is one of the symptoms
With you tryinna build
Your imaginary kingdom
If you think your Aragorn
Then I must be Tolkien
This is what happens
When you messin'
Wit' the protean stylist
Let the finest
Cunning linguist recite this
Like this your so called highness
Are you indisposed?
I offered you the blue pill

But the red pill you chose

Now you're overdosed

Verse 10

Yo, buck a pencil

I scribble stupid rhymes

With my brain

I'm mental

This songs a little toast

For my pain

I'm roastin' my brain

Crazy but I post no complaints

Buckin' paranoid when tourin'

Think of bombs in a plane

I think I'm dyin'

I'm seein' stuff

I ain't supposed to

Like Linda Blair in Exorcist

Up in my lovin' poster

Buck the mic I'm lonely

I'm one fourth of a boaster

Imaginary girlfriends

Cause reals ain't buckin' closer