

Quotables (feat. Mad White Rap Allstars)

Tonedeff

V1-A (8) [Substantial]

Lyrical deep like the teachings of Confucius/
Spit ridiculous shit, Like a nipple-less tit - you're useless/
But hang around anyway hoping to get felt/
Lyrical acidic when I spit it, making mics melt/
I should change my name to Phillip cause I'm screwing you up/
Like chicks with tongue piercings I'm assuming you suck/
Plus, I'm the chosen one, you're feeling me like Trinity/
But you ain't ready to see me lose it, like your daughter's virginity. V1-B (8) [Wordsworth]

Now these are similes, stop mixing the two/
An asshole - no talent - that's a metaphor, a description of you/
You said it was reviews in newspapers that pushed your album back/
But it wouldn't have come out quicker if you induced labor/
If you said something doper, I'd probably quote ya/
But nothing sticks, like putting the opposite sides of magnets closer/
The demographics of where my rap hits/
Towers of above my peers, from where I control air traffic V1-C (8) [PackFM]
Eargasmic lyrics - multiples is what my verses give/
You ain't a fan? Then I'm serving educational purposes/
You always enter tournaments, always lose in round one/
Somebody must have lost a wack MC cause I just found one/
It ain't like you're trash - but you're far from dope, man/
You're somewhere in the middle, chillin with Monie & Malcom/
Your label's fronting on the dough, and they ain't paying/
You couldn't get burn if Satan gave you rotation on his station. Chorus A

It's Substantial, and the contract on your life is non-negotiable
(Cause every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable)
Wordsworth is the reason you're not spoken to
(Cause every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable)
If I battled you and all your fans, I guess that means I'm ripping both of you
(Cause every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable)
Session is the reason that your bitch not close to you
(Cause every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable) V2-A (8) [Session]

Words travel like Magellan does, you on top? Dead it cause/
If you're over me - you must have fell in love/
Puff an L and bug, cause I won't be swatted
I can't be seen - I'll be a dalmation and still won't be spotted/
Cause in raps, you're played/
Your piece of shit raps get bitch-slapped till it's all pitch black like Satchel Paige/

Session - and I must be dissing a tramp/
 You could pull your dick out and still piss on your pants.V2-B (8) [Supastition]
 Man, nobody likes me, I performed two songs and most hate it/
 I'm despised by the heavens, my tombstone is post-dated/
 I told flex he had to wait to get my album, but I guess he can't/
 Cause they caught him and Clue breaking in the pressing plant/
 I'm smacking ya, cause you ain't really said nothing spectacular/
 'Yo! You heard what he said?' - NOPE! I just remember how wack it was/
 Who the fuck did your vocals? Man, what studio you pay/
 They made it sound like your mic was six studios away.V2-C (8) [Rise]
 Man, if you seen one MC on the scene, that's at least three/
 When they say the man is holding them down, they mean me/
 I'm like, "Lemme find out" things I already know/
 Like writers have to take a vote with what line to quote/
 That's horribly said - In, on, or off of your head/
 You gets no love! Who would talk you off of a ledge?
 Because it looks and sounds like what you're spitting is hard/
 Special effects make you tougher like the Wizard of Oz.Chorus A
 Session is the reason that your bitch not close to you.
 (Cause every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable)
 You might say that you're better than rise, but that's a load of bull
 (Cause every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable)
 Oh, now you wanna give up Rhyming - you're long overdue
 (Cause every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable)
 The name is Tonedeff and these chickens be on the totem pole
 (Cause every word I say should be a hip-hop quotable)V3 (24)
 Question,.How do you call an MC nice, via the phone line?
 Pick up and at the sound of the tone, just dial 3 four times/
 And speak after the beep or chime/

And leave more mixed messages than, um, Tony Hawk's dentist, when telling him, "Please Don't Grind"
 I reach bold heights that Sikhs won't find/
 Give guide dogs to rap wannabe's on sight, cause I tend to I beat foes blind/
 Don't mind your eyebrows, that'll regrow fine/
 As far as your life, I got a leash on yours and a new lease on mine/
 As far as your wife, well, she's easily occupied /
 You see, your girl got a lazy eye, and she's seeing me on the side/
 Quote me up in your thesis, I deserve a trophy for some of these quips/
 You're surrounded by pussies like you're the only brother of 3 kids/
 Whoa! Holy Mother of Jesus! you got a soccer mom?
 I'm the goalie tucked in her cleavage, yelling 'Defense!'
 You'd think your sense of listening was sent to prison/
 Cause I captivate minds with the strength to hold a genie against his wishes/
 I'm genius with these renditions mental attrition/
 Known for flowing longer than the Lord of the Rings director's cut special edition/
 So, step to the front, next if you're wishing/

Claiming you got heart, but in regards to your flow, it seems there's a ventricle missing/
Crab rappers with no clause in their contract and their genitals itching/
Got me saying 'Pause' more than any general Vets assistant/
So I go solo with no problem.

While you got so many guests appearances, that you made a cameo on your own album. Chorus:

This is what rhymin's about
Line for line, dying to come out
So you cant deny it or doubt
Signed or unsigned, trying to come out
In case you gotta rhyme in a bout
Then on every line you can count

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