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T-Bone

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 aint even gotta curse in my raps
I keep it gully while Im spitting this fire on hot tracks
My skills speak for themselves
Im like a young LL back in the day when he was rocking the bells
The Sly Stallone of the microphone
Im old school like Special K
Turbo and Ozone, rep for my people like Im Che Guevara
Wit a derby and linen pants plus a guallavera
Oh, Im 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 DJs spinning
wax in the club
So when ya hear my joint y'all 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 dont believe me, ya crew could get hung to
I run through anybody opposing
Dont make me have to tell you again
Im 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
Im a hot album, you just a, ahh, 16
T-Bone is hard as it gets and I dont fly first class, why?
I travel with chefs on private jets
Thats why you mad and upset, homie
I paid my dues though, been ripping these mics since tape decks
So place your bets, Im 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 wont happen, like hoods without guns clapping
Or hip hop wit no DJs and MCs rapping
Its contradictory, none of youll ever get wit me
The dopest to ever breathe on a mic and claim victory

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