Thelonious

Bruce Fowler

Ha, yeah, yeah
Uhh, yeah, yeah, play at your own risk
Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit
Ha, yeah, yeah, play at your own risk
Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit
It's the thelonious, super microphonist
You know us, this rap shit we 'bout to own it
You know it, these minimes try to clone us
I got a bonus for the bitch that run up on us
I got a bonus for your bitch that run up on us
It's the thelonious, super microphonist
Uhh, no time to sleep 'cause if you sleep you don't eat
Gotta hold heat, just to make ends meet
Niggas livin on the street while other niggas feast
Aight wit you it ain't aight wit me
Right, gotta make money all my life
Gotta stay fuckin bitches many types
Yeah you know what I'm talkin 'bout
Yup, stay turnin these bitches out
Dick em down also dick em out
Throw somethin down whenever my dick's out
They know me so they restructure and reroute
They know me from washington to down south
All the way to london to my nigga common house
Right, it's like a game we never play out, out, out, out...
Nigga no doubt, nigga get live or get knocked the fuck out
Word up, just be about what you about dogg
Knowhatimsayin, just play at your own risk
Act like you know bitch I'm on some grown shit
It's the thelonious, super microphonist
You know us, this rap shit we 'bout to own it
You know it, 'cause you can feel it in your throat
Say it
I'm 'bout to let my mind float
(com, say it)
Get your third eye poked
Fuck game, I assemble dope...
Ness, a nigga that's fresh as the 'fess
Studied this rap shit, no need to mic test

You can feel it in your chest
Your b i, feel it in her breasts
Plus you, rhyme like a nigga wit his nipples pierced
We lick off lyrics in the streets and real niggas hear us
Dreamin when I wrote this, box me if I go too wild
Still doin this shit like dude in wild style
Invitin wack niggas to dinner
I "trick daddy" emcees and I don't know, "nann nigga"
Who can take it where I take it
You better go into God like mase did
Leavin crowds complacent
I move em above clouds whether on some ? surface the earth? shit

Or thug style you can feel it in your body
Yeah y'all you can feel it in your body
Like if a 12 gauge shottie shell hit your body
You don't want no one to find your ass a hobby
Carbon copy, niggas tryin to clone us
You know us, thelonious, super microphone
You know this, rap shit we 'bout to own it dun, for real
Ay, it's like a ritual
You been invited let the ? ? stimulate the place
With the grace, nevertheless, I stress
Let the music put a smile on your face
As for the ritual, when it comes to spiritual excellence
You know I always leave you with the taste
I know you like it hard to the core
That's what you ask for ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Hurtin like a ? ? in that ass, like a ritual
Conversation with the most high makes me wanna cry
I wonder why, you wanna get to paradise
But that itty bitty part of you don't wanna die
So pay attention to my word, 'cause it's the truth
Meditation ease the mind, and brings the youth
It's like a verse you could never read out of a book
Darken the line and your mind like a fish hook
Word is birth, yo I do it till the break of day
Pay attention to your art, never go astray
Word is bond
Yo we do it and we don't quit
Sucka nigga you don't want it, it's thelonious
Ownin this rap shit, super microphonist, and we known to spit
I spit fire like esther on sanford and son did
I'm raw dude, more juice than sunkiss
You want this, so mj kept sayin the rhyme flawless

Shit fly like mj in his prime, "off the wall" wit mines
I'm grabbin my balls when I rhyme, nine nines bustin plus
Ball all the time, now stay on your mind like great sex
You ain't on my mind I'm thinkin 'bout paychecks
Niggas large like an adex avirex jacket
Yo the gods they bust like latex sex packets
Emcees they don't rhyme and ball, they lyin' to y'all
They dyin' to ball, the rhyme we do all the time
We do all the fine bitches they fall in lines
Me and my mans is somethin like the source sports
We gettin money a long time and y'all short
My niggas bounce and full rise and y'alls fall
You funny doo, 'cause really you think you can do me
When you roll a 500 that's really a 320
Should of let somebody else hook it
Numbers look crooked like king kong shook it
I'm from where niggas bang gats when they celebrate
That's how they play, don't let it be a holiday
Thelonious niggas, if you testin us we get you laid back
Show you the definition of a pay back

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