

Ali Baba & The Mic Thieves (feat. Phlowtron)

Too Phat

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 ecstacy
So let the ground rules be laid
The kid with braces grace
The scene in this hiatus
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 colleging 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 trynna put
The muthalovin' rhyme away
It's evident that we adament
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
Disingenous 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 trynna 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'se overdosed

Verse 10
Now you'se overdosed
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

Songwriters

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