

Santana F/ Macy Gray

"4-1-Too Much"

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[Phone Operator's Voice...]

[Intro]

Unruly
Overdose, over load
Strict Flow Cats
412 set to explode
It's just a simple equation
Y'all want it, we bring it
And it's like that

[Chorus - X2]

It's too dirty, too raw, too rugged
Too raw, too bangin' too blazin' too hot to touch
Ain't too many crews dropin' jewels like us
Them four from the 4-1-2 is too much

[Verse 1]

Walked in, yo right put me on the up tempo
Act like he knew what enough men know
Cause nothing flow unless we give express written
permission
Hittin' with freshness in the next vestive edition
I bless rhythm with rhyme, most impressive design
More in effect than some of the best been at the prom
Stood the test of time and the minds of who counted
This is heavy weight, your kids will give or take a few
ounces
Tellin' y'all's all hellra raw
Bangin'
No neighborhood, borough or set these cats are
claimin'
We famin' the underground Indian block market
What you think we'll aim for next is the hot target

I'm a sharp shooter lyricist by trade
The terror part improves when they step to the stage
Them sub-par maneuvers ain't makin' the grade
Some of y'all party people should be very afraid
Now, knowing me you're gonna get poetry

Plus a live show that you wanna pay for to receive
These lyrics lift spirits, get them out of their seats
Everybody go crazy at the sound of the beat
My craftsmanship proves I'm passionate
All this cotton mouthed construction ain't no accident
Hip-hop is something of a main element in my brain
and skeleton
I keep tellin' them...We:

[Chorus - X2]

[Verse 2]

Ain't nothing quite me, similar or close to it
We bust flows leavin' new clothes soaked with fluid
Masi alone once almost overthrow a whole unit
When it comes to rippin' mics, my advice - don't do it
Precise movement in into night humid (mad hot!)
I'm sick of frontin' wannabees, shoulda beens and
havenots
We stack cash, props, unmatched surplus
Thinking deep, these cats of rap should serve us
Shook nervous, I know why y'all scared
Cause kids from the basement bout to come upstairs
With kick-drums and snares, turntables and mix
From the pavement to the bricks, no one's able to resist

This thrillseeker, kill speakers by the book
With one look, you can see the style's undercooked
Attached and addicted to the output
Stay strapped for miraculous raps you now hook
And this batch will never touch a papershreder
It's much better than whatever you slapped together
The Strict Flow endeavors forever - recognize
If you with it, let's bounce - if not, then step aside

[Chorus - X2]

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