

Toni Braxton F/ Irv Gotti

"Fluids"

Visit "[Fluids](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Researchers have found that the sense
of balance comes in part from fluid"

Chorus:

Take a drink a replentish the fluids, make you think
ahhhhhh Got to get your fluids

[Peril-L]

It's the most prominent new, East coast dominant crew
Not the one to play maintain, how you gonna stay
same?

When my style's a runaway train, giving heads
deviated septums

Toxicating the living dead, inebriated I left you
Stumbling quick, the verbal interceptor crumbling
clicks

With the drunken scripts leaving sunken ships humbling
tricks, mumbling shit

From 216 to 610, sun vibes got you feeling swell,
gun live watched the Illadelph
Complex, not inferior, my rhyme wrecks interior parts
Send fear in your hearts, underground I never hear of
your charts

Clearing your arteries, the flow master
Like refillable ink, replentishing fluids no blemishes
through it

It's syllables sinking your cerebrum, skillful Chink you
didn't believe him

What the fuck I'll make you think, take your drink then
decieve him

The lyrical shape shifter, spiritual weight lifter
With the great gift of gab, yeah yeah, hah

Chorus x4

[Styles]

Record companies are just like Weight Watchers
They take your loot then make you less, stopping more
popular
But sure as cream and Khalua scream through my

intravenous fluid
I'm not going to be able to do it
My posse's too X-streme for such schemes
My crushing dreams is just a part of half of rapping is
the riches now
Got your neck snapping harder than Barbra Eden
granting wishes
Hah! (Yeah, that kid is ill!) That's right
The extra skill I take back will never end
I'll blow away your whole career like Divine and Hugh
Grant
Now who's the true champion? Say "Styles" the man
beyond you're right
Best learn my name, I burn the stage and turn a phrase
like Vanna White
Command the mic, lots of crabs want to tap my whole
division
You're lacking motor ripping, won't survive the cold
listen
Have you in a prone position
You lost you rep, your face, on top of that your whole
tradition

Chorus x4

[Chops]
Never forgetting where I come from cause I leave a
trail of crumbs
Like Hansel and Grettle, I don't play,
that is unless I have a chance at a metal
You don't say, cats flooding the gas advancing the
petal
It's okay, I provide you with a spark and we get it
burning
To get you open like a transplant surgeon,
giving MC's a change of heart
Act like you know, but that ain't quite so
Cause you always turning playing the part, but yo the
doctor is in
And so Chops can begin, mostly skin and bones but I
be boning skins
Get your ass waxed like Parafin,
you should have stayed a little embarrassing
Pale in comparison, it's the three Asian-Americans bros
with
The focus on killing vice, it's like overdoses,
so just step like aerobics courses
I'll fold your forces, hold your horses
cause I put heads to bed like The Godfather
Hip-hop is kinda scary
cause a lot of cats is talking out their ass like Jim Carrey

And saying nada, but I know "The Time" like Jimmy Jam
and Terry Lewis
Man you got to get your fluids

Chorus x4

Visit [Toni Braxton F/ Irv Gotti](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.