

Do Re Mi

"Say That"

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[Lateef]
Lateef!

[Lyrics Born]
And Lyrics Born

[together]
You can't see them!

[Lateef]
One way - a microphone works
Checkin' suckas on the usage of vocal tones
While the breaks be bangin'
Cold shakin' ya homes
Vibrations reverberatin give identification
In meter Neter like Metu
Leavin' Holes in your speakers
Scold a brotha like Lateef - oh, that's a no can do
The Black and Puerto Rican lyric deacon speaking the
truth
I'll make ya giggle like a tickle or a nipple tweaker
I freak a style from here to Mogadishu - here to
Mozambique-a
>From here to Mount Zion I'm hard to reach when at
my peak
Of shinin' flowin' like a creek lava spicy like paprika
That's neither here nor there
Fully chargin' up the air - heavy sounds gettign thicker
like the atmosphere?
Ya gotta get up no it cuz we got watcha want - the
Beats be fat like the factory Wanka
Suckas keep bitin' like a gang of piranhas
Ya betta come with it if your thinkin' is stronger
The mindset couldn't be any wronger
We roll deep swoll like the island of Tonga
Don't even really need to rock the mic any longer
So I stop!
Pass the mic like I pass on the porkchops

Chorus #1:
And it don't quit

I say that to say this
You can't oppose this
I say that to say this
Cuz if the clothes fit
I say that to say this
You're a hostess
I say that to say this

[Lyrics Born]

You're so sensitive
All I said was simple sentences
Premises was left as if the messages were venomous
They are though
Guess it's just my penmanship and how it moves
Your torso
Suckas steer clear of me like feminists
Do carshows
There's a little punchline for those of you
Who love rhymes with those in 'em
Hear it one time then you're finished with 'em
Give you that nasty, tangy feeling
Check it out
Free rhymes for griots in Fiats and Klingons
And wee tots with crayons and Koreans
In Reeboks in kiosks at flea marts and peons
That be on some feline shit
Y'all like the FBI on some espionage
Asking questions but my head's beyond that
Be openly honest
Y'all write ya'll own rhymes?
Oh I doubt it
I's dotted
T's crossed
Tell you what
I make a song
You take it home, you think about it
Promise me with every opportunity you'll use the all
illuminating eye
Beyond the obvious buffoonery
Defy the allegations and the rumory
Be out the labyrinth the average imp's enamored with

Chorus #2:

And you don't stop
I say that to say this
Cause with a closed fist
I say that to say this
Youc an't oppose this
I say that to say this
You're just bullshit

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