

Nelly Furtado "TrÃ©s Fly"

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It's the "T dot L-U-V dash S-K-I"
Came to rock the spot my flow's ill plus TrÃ©s Fly.
So may I? O.K. I will convey my skills then chill you know
I keep it real!

Well I'm the Tallisman that's who I am.
Short brother with the curls & the year round tan make
the sucka rappers scam when I rocks the jam.
Drive the ladies crazy nuts like a box of pecans.
I'm a make you hop cause I'm more hip than
popotamus.
Lyrics flow from a lyrical well that is bottomless unlike
ya mom's & that spot ya papa hits.
I'm watching yas play ya selves like nintendo then go
anonymous.
I'm on top of this rocking kids having fun.

A jam without T-Luv be bug like burgers with no buns or
weekends with no funds or beats with no drums.
Mic check 2's with no check 1's or ladders with on
rungs or alleys with no bums greasy spoons with no
scums Blue
skies with no suns better yet Sanfords with no sons or
guitars with no strums or jokes with no puns.
Or kids with no moms or math with no sums or bubbles
with no gums Atillas with no Huns
Guerillas with no guns better yet cops with no guns or
kisses with no tongues man it just would be no fun man
It just would be no fun man and that jam would be done
in Bum ditty bum ditty bum bum bum
T. Luv-Ski won't you kick a rhyme one time for me.

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You see love.
It's T. Luv that you speak of that you dream of That you
seek 'cause
I freak stuff my beat's rough my that my crew's steeze
plush Mc'z rush

You need love? I be love manifested physically plus
exquisitely silky lyrical wizardry make you feel shivery

Mc'z left in misery defeated bitterly quite quickly
trickily I rock my rhymes I rock my rhymes they right on
time trickily.

But forget that enough of that I bless tracks caress
tracks & improve tracks if ya crew's wack then step
back
Move back leave tracks do that! believe phat
We be rap True dat I mean hip-hop but you knew that
Already it's not deadly but very nearly very dearly I
hold this micra
Very clearly rhymes travel through ya cypha rhymes
give life ta
Verbal arrangements with agility ain't no containment
facilities
Able to restrain me or my linguistical abilities habitually
I grab a mic & pick a style now which will it be?

The fat one or the PHAT one? once I had a wack one
But that one bounced through ya entire crew then it
surpassed 'em
& attacked 'em then it blast 'em left you with back
spasms
& nobody knew what happened except for me & UNIT-e
& we was simply laughing & laughing & laughing &
laughing.

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