

## Nelly Furtado

### "Trés 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 scram 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 rhynes 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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