

## T.Love "I'm Comin'"

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Droppin dimes on a high, diva got, beats and rhymes  
I mean whatever man, I be sort of like a reverand  
Said I'd be back one day, severin  
Come now, come all b'say, sister and breddern  
Whether'n you got faith or not  
Beats fat like three cheese, see, I took walks with Jesus  
Now it's time for me to make a reappearance  
Now in form, on beats and rhymes sample clearance  
I do amazing miracle theoretical, cause I'm global  
All around the world, from the Merc to Chernobyl  
May be on the tongues of millions, like throat lozenges  
Whateva I utter is butter, homogenous  
To the stuff that they put in tapioca; style's pudding  
Wrapped around your neck like a choker  
When it comes to rhymes I got a plethora  
I'm a definition of a sister who can flip it yo

So where you at? (I'm comin')  
So where you at? (I'm comin')  
Where you at? (I'm comin')  
So where you at? "From the midsts of the darkness, I  
come with this"

Lyrical wickedness, down to the bone like Medusa  
I used ta, turn emcees to stone  
I came to break down sounds and proto-plex'm  
Excuse me, I'm mic checking, mic checking  
One two three -- ask how to spell sweet  
L-O-V-E, see, this is the flow that goes  
Well with the beat, T-Love on the street  
I'm on the avenue, in the area, and  
Lyrical abra-sions, what I'm givin  
All throughout my days and, occasion  
I'm fazin, amazin... cause I'm amazin in lo-o-o-ve  
Plugin more Tunes than Trugoy to Dove  
No static with Rhettmatic  
But I'm up above see, ain't got time to kick it  
Nah not for no booty B, the rhymes be too wicked  
Oh so you can keep your sheeit, what?

So where you at? (I'm comin')

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I be a spitter, not a swallower  
See I'm a leader not a follower  
See I be like A.D. at a cholera  
And my, vocal appearance  
O.G. like KDAY, minus interference  
Who got the flex next, my wreck'll be done soon  
I'm makin mine so each flows I blows is like  
Hurricanes, it rains when I'mmm flowin  
Wack rappers are the H2O growin  
Tryin to be battlin, babblin downstream  
I smoke verbs, smoke words, end thoughts in brown  
steam  
I get DOWWWN, like if I was in an armed robbery  
Styles so fat, they clog an artery  
I be on the go, I never run from the dough, I'm  
vamanos  
Now there's steak with the beans and rice, and  
plantanos  
Coast to coast, who works most  
I, rise like yeast, they, crumble like toast

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(I'm comin')  
T-Love is... (I'm comin')  
I'm all that y'all, and to the back y'all  
It's to the front y'all  
It's on the, it's on the  
It's on the one

Wanna give props to my boy who made the beat  
This Kid Named Miles  
Wanna give props to my boy Cutty  
Cutty Mack, Cut Chemist  
Thanks for the studio, and the use of  
Red October storage facility  
Peace

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