

T.Love "Wanna-Beez"

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[T-Love]

Tired of all these WANNA-BEEZ
Get away

Plates, nobody knows the name, nobody knows the
pain
The fame's last on list
Can't get paid with mic in the syst'
Gotta roll with a goal that swells the pole
These stories are told, when I was like
Ten y-years old, won't be mad if it don't go gold
I could gives a fuck
Still cut my zit, and gives it all to soul
I rocks the mic, like, dyke, hypes, like, pipes
Who got the style, type, like, this, tight, type, tyke?
I'm stronger than straight with no chase
Emcees I step to's like a staircase
Kick em to the bottom like BASS
Let that ink sink into your vellum
Open up your eyes then I swell em

Chorus: T-Love and Chali 2na

[T]Ooh, ah.. ooh ooh ah -- ooh, ah ah
[T&2]Wanna-Beez emcees, think they make cheese
"Would you like to be a part of my fan-fanta-fantasy?"
[T]Ooh, ah.. ooh ooh ah -- ooh, ah ah
[T&2]Wanna-Beez I sees, pretend they make G's
"Would you like to be a part of my fan-fanta-fantasy?"

[Chali 2na]

Yo some of you brothers be livin lavishly
But it's a travesty
You're sellin millions of records
But you a crab emcee
Fakin hard as a rock, you just a wimp man please
Your crew is a circus act of chim-pan-zees
Heh, there's a disease in your lecture
Lackin extra texture, what you flex neglects to wreck
Got ta execute you pile; and boot the file
When I shoot the style I'm givin root canals
Now which of you punks be amongst me

To let the funk free, I keep my composition junk free
Consistently, like your monthly
Plus I'm scent free, wack emcees can not hunt me -
down
Kickin freeze in the soundbooth
Wanna-Beez, be on they knees to get down
Truth be told, the proof we hold, woke the old
When they made me into an emcee, they broke the
mold
Like that

Chorus w/ variations

[T-Love]
No time's narrowin
I don't be flippin with the heroin, like Errol Flynn
See I can fly, high up in the sky
Have track marks, all up on my thigh, but why?
Cause Baton Rouge blues, don't compare
To Malibu, you, can have anything you choose
Yet you all up in this B-Girl's news
Tryin to wear shoes
All up in my mix, waitin for the opportunity
To transfix, to culturist
You wanna-be down with the, crews and clicks
But, you can't kick it, why? He's a punk bitch
Jockin Wu-Tang, don't know new slang
Mad cause you can't hit black pu-tang
All B-Boys and Girls will soon see
That you are, a, wanna, be

Chorus 2X w/ variations + Chali 2na in last

[Chali 2na]
Wanna-Beez emcees, they aim to please
2na Fish and T-Love, like that, hah

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