

Too Much On The Beat

"6 Mcs Ft Promoe, Vandal, Freestyle & Weapon X"

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Chorus

From sea to sea
Country to country
6 MC's bring the delicacies
It's a meeting of the minds
To ease the turmoil
360 degrees
Around the earth's soil

Verse 1 (Joe Flizzow- Too Phat, Malaysia)

Yo, Joe Flizzow
First to go on this track
Transcending continents
Who better
To hold it down for Malaysia?
Ain't no argument
I'm eloquent
With my words
And linguistics that I abuse
MC's wanna bite
But still got on
Some loose baby tooth
My rhymes so hot
We got fire blankets
In the vocal booth
Producers with extinguishers
To put out the blaze
When I'm on the loose
I'm rolling with the best
Meeting of the minds
Not a contest
Evoking MC's around the globe
With finesse and skills God blessed
From KL
But a hungry MC
Like I was from Budapest
Too Phat to go on diet
Toe to toe with Joe is ludicrous
Don't fool with this
You know we fly
Like a stewardess

Impressing pure hip-hop purists
In every single metropolis
Don't step to this listen
Rubbish we don't utter
Got to stop the hating
Unite us and start working together
So keep it butter
We'll kick it hotter
Than your average MC
They'll flee
We'll make 'em stutter
C'mon?

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6 MC's bring the delicacies
We spit sick and fabulous
First class MCing
Promoe from Sweden
Who the tighest European?

Verse 2 (Promoe- Loop Troop, Sweden)
'Cause I look so good
Your first thought is
Somebody else
Must've wrote this
But no ish
It's like God comin' down
To the pen when I rip it
God comin' out my mouth
When I spit it
God comin' out the sleeve
When you break out the record
Put it on your turntable
Instant connection
From me to you
With infinite love
Music must've been
Sent from above
To free the people
And treat them equal
Make us humble

'Cause only the meek will
Inherit the earth
And perish the dirt
Righteousness will cover the world

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From sea to sea
Country to country
6 MC's bring you delicacies
Next up
I believe that's Vandal
Light 'em up
Blow 'em out
Like a candle

Verse 3 (Vandal- SMC, Canada)
I'm certified, kid
It's over when your mic drops
'Cause I can tangle
With the focus of a Cyclops
Battering beats
Is more than just a hobby
I'm godly
And ain't nobody
Ever gonna stop me
My form's like karate
Freestyle is infinite
My mind's a temple
I reside in its pyramid
I know ya' hearing it
I feel your attention
Your thirst quenching
From the words
I'm inventing
The first sentient
That the earth's gonna mention
When it comes to this worldwide
Hip-hop connection
Vandal representin'
SMC with Too Phat
Making everybody
In the place
Say true that

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From sea to sea
Country to country
6 MC's bring the delicacies
We got one DJ
Bringin' the delicacies
Smooth on the cut
And guaranteed
To amaze ya'
DJ T-Bone
Straight from Malaysia

Verse 4 (Freestyle- Brooklyn, USA)
The game's cold
So I'm forced to boil it
Ain't here to spoil it
Aluminium rap
Niggaz'll foil it
Same ish
Different toilet
But as I counterstrike
This be a day of defeat
You'll need to
Install cheats or retreat
Couldn't be beat
If I was drums in Africa for wax
Crack the manufacturer
My caliber's
Equipped with silencers
Hush the massacre
Toxins hit you
Wit' da' force of 40 oxen
My concoction's
Leavin' you without no options
No need for introduction
Let yo' body feel the groove
Turn ya' back
And I'll react
You'll need my mic
Surgically removed
My ish's off da' wall
Like pictures of my ex

Flip styles like Rolodex
Get a grip like solo sets, haha
Don't bother testin'
My determination
It could lead
To your termination
Somebody pass me
My medication
This dedication's
To all the people
I'd like to thank
I get pounds
Without robbin'
The British banks, son

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Country to country
6 MC's bring the delicacies
Now who's next up to bat
I think it's Weapon X
Get on the mic
And show 'em
Australian context

Verse 5 (Weapon X- IFA, Australia)
It's you-know-who, kids
But I ain't Voldemort
Rappers scared to say my name
They know
When I'm holdin' court
I'm thorough
In this soldier's sport
And talent
Can't be sold or bought
Just as wisdom and experience
Cannot be told or taught
Hold the fort
I rep' the globe
Across the galaxies
And find the state of Earth
And it's inhabitants embarrassing
We all human

Skip the arrogant comparisons
We won't be here
Another hundred years
The rate we're ravaging
My words stab and sting
Feel it in your abdomen
I'm strollin' through your mental
And casually grabbin' things
A just ruler in a land
Of would be savage kings
Weapon X, IFA, Too Phat
We damaging...

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Country to country
6 MC's bring the delicacies
Guaranteed to hit hard spit bars
Each to blaze ya'
Mr. Malique rappin' for East Malaysia

Verse 6 (Malique- Too Phat, Malaysia)
I come from a land
Where everybody eats rice
And all the people speak nice
And tourists get a Rolex
At a cheap price
Pretty kites at beach sites
That make you breathe right
In some cities
Students still collide
To keep they peeps rights
We hostin' different ghettos
Different sounds each night
No drive by's in caddies
Clocking marks
Up on the east side
No kids with 40's
Shootin' dices under street lights
And buck guns
Here thugs swingin' samurais
In street fights
But buck a where I resides

As long as the beat's nice
I keep my rhymes precise
And when it recites
It makes you
Wanna peep twice
Impressin' each type
In each tribe
From jail to kids in Yale
To tribal Indians
Blowin' peace pipes
And buck the cheap hype
Your metaphors are re-writes
Your style is like tryin'
Your granny panties on
Could never be tight
The type that chicks like
Dudes wanna be like
And while you jerkin' offa free sites
I'm doin' three dykes, uuh
Yeah, I'm a Malay kid
And no
You not mistaken
The type a A&R will tell Dre
"You gotta take him!"
Some haters plottin'
To cut my hands off
So they could shake 'em
Malaysia representin'
Peace assalamualaikum

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