

Too Much On The Beat

"Alhamdulillah"

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(feat. Yasin)

Chorus

Ult li albi bissaraha (I'm opening up my heart with honesty)
Hayya nab'idil karaha (Let's avoid the hated and hatred)
Syakkireena a' kulli na'ma (Let's remain thankful with what we have)
Ba' ideena anil fattana (Let's avoid all lies and sins)

Verse 1

I feel the heat
From these 4 candles burning
As I'm staring out the window
In solitude I look at life
From different angles
Thoughts strangled
My mind is suffocatin'
In this truth quest
A greed law
That we abide by is ruthless
Enough will never satisfy
Until we toothless
Filthy millionaires
Are gamblin' until they muflis
A sad fact of life
But mankind approved this
I gotta call Him
Sajadah is where the booth is
I'll make it clear that
I ain't even tryin' to preach here
By sharing thoughts I hope
To find a little peace here
I thank Allah for blessing me
To be creative
So here's a diss for me
For bein' unappreciative
Wanted a perfect life
Yeah smile then die old
Fame, money, women

Phat cribos and white gold
Drive my own Beemer
Before I hit two six
A straight pink bitin' toothpicks
Who walk around town wit' two chicks
And doin' new hits to woo tricks....
Now that's wrong
Pleasure from partyin'
And bull ish don't last long
A lotta yuppies sneakin'
Cars out when dad's gone
Crackin' bottles in clubs
Frontin' designer fashion
But I ain't about
To trade happiness for a Jag
So stop smilin' with your ragtop down
Cause for a fact
I don't care about your money
Or how slick your car
'Cause no matter how rich and big you are
It's still Allahuakbar...

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Verse 2

I know that all this
Ain't the right thing
Partying, chasing moneys
And material things
Flying high
Think nobody gonna
Clip my wings
I'm lying to myself
Knowing that
I've been neglecting
Responsibilities
As a healthy Muslim
Riches and loot
Ain't nothing
We frontin'
Diamonds and scrilla
But forget to say
Alhamdulillah
Made my album a killer

Plan B
Now 2-3 droppin'
And I wish to
Ask for forgiveness
Your guidance
Protection and strength
For humbleness and faith
To make me a better man
Success in foreign lands
Never dreamt of that
I remember being 18
When we started Too Phat
Now let's go back
Three years before that
Sometimes I forget
Me and my parents
Took a trip with granddad
I remember '95
While performing Umrah
Made my wish in Mecca
Right in front the Kaabah
Dear God
You made it possible
When facing obstacles
Please let me do good
Before I pass on
In the hospital
And keep reciting
The Testimony of Faith
And find the right way
Out of this life's maze

Chorus

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La Li ya ruhi bi (The soul in my self is not mine)
Ya ya Lali (Not mine)
Lalia Ya ruhia (The soul is not mine)
Ya hayati (My life)

Verse 3

Ay yoâ€!
Two candles go out
That's when
I feel the wind blow

I haven't met Fatim
For two years
Been livin' like I'm single
Evaluatin' all the friendships
Relationship
The reason it's the tenth year
Is 'cause she's a patient chick
And as far as friends are concerned
Many I've had it all
From those who cried for my pain
To those who plotted my fall
I learned to differentiate
Fakes from the great
Mates from the snakes
Apes wanna beef
Hate's all it takes
For me to blow
A diss song for you
Not even worthy
As an album filler
So now it's smiles
And Alhamdulillah
Yeah, love me
Or hate me
This who I am
Look at the past at times
I wish that I was born again
So I can rectify mistakes
And my wrong doings
Attempts on minimizing my sins
Before my story ends
I ain't no Eddie Murphy
Tryin' to sound as a holy man
But if I tried to be a better person
Now I prolly can
(Wait...)
Who am I to advise you
I ain't been the best
Of God's slaves
Just a poet writin'
What my thought says
A little house
A little car
A little sweet girl
Thank you Lord
I'll try to slow it down
On the cheap thrills
This song will prolly stir
A little controversy
At least I ain't be rappin'
Bout the stuff

As tho' I'm born in Jersey
Stage name is Malique
And lost name is Cairel
Mama told me
Stop complaining too much,
So I will...

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