

## **Too Much On The Beat**

### **"Ali Baba & The Mic Thieves"**

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(feat. Phlowtron)

#### Verse 1

Ladies and gentlemen guess  
Who's back in town  
It's Too Phat and Phlowtron  
Ay yo we runnin' it down  
Breaking the barrier's of sound  
Jealousy knows no bounds  
Moving in three sixty degrees  
Like a merry go round  
Still red and warm  
The blood that courses through my veins  
Arising from the underground  
Like a hydroplane  
Smuggling in crack phlowcane  
Where there's no pain  
There's no gain  
So I sustain my domain  
In a mind frame that's untamed

#### Verse 2

Yes  
Yes yes  
I know I'm sick  
I confess  
Displays of finesse  
When my raps manifest  
You couldn't handle this  
Till I'm hundred I spit tight  
Can't battle me on the mic  
We'll hit the streets and fist fight  
I'm quick to dislike  
The type that  
Speak a cheap hype  
How they gonna take me down  
With frail tales  
And weak psyche  
Raps weak  
Your style's mild  
And a tad meek

Welcome to this game  
Of hide and seek  
With crazy mic freaks

Verse 3

Yo it's Khazanah the Khalled  
I bled the ground red  
Moses scarred through  
The red sea  
I speak what the future said  
Resurrect hip-hop for the dead  
This egomaniac's drive to ecstasy  
So let the ground rules be laid  
The kid with braces grace  
The scene in this hiatus  
Rebel reborn revive  
Rehearse this verse

Verse 4

Yo five years now  
Malique is an astonishing cat  
We started off the same time  
You still promising act  
Now what your problem is black?  
They say they callin' you back?  
You still are shoppin' for your demos  
While I'm polishin' plaques?  
Should start your collegin' back  
Or start workin' like in Mc D's  
At least you'll get some mack on  
But minus the rap cheese  
You mad G?  
Start your cripwalk  
And wanna smack me?  
Please, a nation of asian Bloods  
Are gonna back me

Verse 5

Ba' wit' granna wit' mini bonn  
It's Atom Da'Bomb  
Namaewa genshi bakudan  
Inspectin' the kinda conduct  
To contemplate  
The kinda way  
You cynics trynna put  
The muthalovin' rhyme away  
It's evident that we adamant  
About the element  
Of this hip-hop commandment  
Equivalent to utilising  
This brilliant tool

I can prove  
Coz I barry more wack emcees than drew

Verse 6

Panel of the jury  
Witness this starscream  
I represent  
The infamous Phat Fam team  
Exhibit number one  
Murder raps on the run  
Spittin' fireballs  
We defy the sun  
Burning principles  
Killing bass  
Distort your eardrums  
Diagnose you with sun strokes  
Spotted your headlumps  
Defiance against us  
Will lead to your misery  
Nation of the three sixty

Verse 7

I'm sick of cats  
Who wanna diss  
But be acting like witches  
Here some disses  
To discompose disconcert  
And hit ya'  
I'm quick to disfigure  
Any figure who wanna play  
Swift with sharp blades  
Discover I'm hard to dissuade  
So keep your distance  
Don't discomode  
And disturb this verse  
Disingenous punks  
Disheartened best quick disperse  
I'll distinguish haters  
Who disunite the scene  
And discard disgusting friends  
With rap disabilities

Verse 8

I rhyme nice twice  
So lemme entice you  
On this mental heist  
You hidden behind a screen  
Never seen like a poltergeist  
Take my advice  
Up wit' us  
And you pay the price  
When it comes to street fights

I transform and y'all be looking  
Like itty bitty mice  
I spit out lines  
Like a bad taste  
Of chocolate mocha  
Gimme the crowd  
I bring it loud  
Then I rock it fo' ya'  
I'm sick of these cats on posters  
I burn 'em to crisp like toasters  
Rob yo' as leave you screaming  
Like six flags on coasters

#### Verse 9

Delusions of grandeur  
Is one of the symptoms  
With you tryna build  
Your imaginary kingdom  
If you think your Aragorn  
Then I must be Tolkien  
This is what happens  
When you messin'  
Wit' the protean stylist  
Let the finest  
Cunning linguist recite this  
Like this your so called highness  
Are you indisposed?  
I offered you the blue pill  
But the red pill you chose  
Now you're overdosed

#### Verse 10

Yo, buck a pencil  
I scribble stupid rhymes  
With my brain  
I'm mental  
This song's a little toast  
For my pain  
I'm roastin' my brain  
Crazy but I post no complaints  
Buckin' paranoid when tourin'  
Think of bombs in a plane  
I think I'm dyin'  
I'm seein' stuff  
I ain't supposed to  
Like Linda Blair in Exorcist  
Up in my lovin' poster  
Buck the mic I'm lonely  
I'm one fourth of a boaster  
Imaginary girlfriends  
Cause reals ain't buckin' closer

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