

Too Much On The Beat

"Bla Bla"

Visit "[Bla Bla](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro

(Yo mic checker 1, 2, 2-3 like Jordan
Gurlies who love us flashin' like Gordon
Some of them morons, who look like Gorgons
We scared of monsters, so beg your pardon)
what!

Verse 1

(Reefa)
Who wants to know who droppin' rhymes that you be
pumpin'?
It'll be the undisputed king of hip-hoppin'
Droppin' some funky lyrics for all of the peeps here
To mark the return of the 'R' into the atmosphere
Now peep the flow as we bring up the pace a little bit
higher
The home team Joe and Mista Malique bringin' an extra
playa
to face ya, amaze ya wit the style and grace ya
Makin' ya stop to think and say... Malaysia
kalakimasuka?
But check it, all the intensity from there to be
be runnin' roun in your memory the legacy that's
comin' up to be
number 1, 2, 3 in the industry but then you see
it's clear to me hip H-O-P ain't priority but y'all cant see
(Can i get a what what?)
(Malique)
Skoo that ,you know Malique ain't the type to be do that
Never gotta be beggin' to woo cats
My style is makin' 'em hoo' rats hollerin' who dat? who
dat coo cat?
the one who be doin' your boo wet
My duet ain't never get boo'd at
It's true that I'm makin' a rule that anybody battle me
gonna get blue black

Chorus

We the type of people who like to bla, bla, huh
We the type of people who like to bla, bla
We the type of people who like to bla, bla, huh

We the type of people who bla bla bla, bla
We the type of people who like to bla, bla, huh
We the type of people who like to bla, bla
We the type of people who like to bla, bla, huh
Just grab the microphone and go bla, bla, bla, bla,

Verse 2

(Joe flizzow)

Now your stop babblin', see you fools be stutterin'
jabberin'

Your flow be fumblin' staggerin' while my travellin like
javellin'

It's funny seein' y'all scatterin' at first y'all wanna be
battlin

(Malique) ay Joe, please stop the batterin'..aight?

(old skool) Check it boy one time for your mind
as I take you back to the old skool

You gotta know your roots dont act a fool
because that is the perfect tool

(Joe Flizzow)

My flow be levitatin' yours be hesitatin'

I rock amazin' blazin' while your phrasin' constipatin'

You frontin' when you nuttin' ain't that some'n little
punk?

You yappin' and you braggin' while you rappin like you
drunk

You lookin' like a chump kid in your baggy gear

Tryina hit on Nadia, her sista and Alia

and when you see me near, you screamin' mama mia

So see ya when I see ya and I wouldn't wanna be ya

Chorus

Verse 3

(Reefa)

Anybody wanna step to this come along and just clap to
this

Master this, pasteurs to the methodist, throwin up fast
to burn yourself like acid is

Blasphemous, wanna be Too Phat wanna be B.I.G like
Notorious

Wanna rock the house like Morpheus, another one bites
to dust

Like angel dust, without a fuss, pick another
microphone and start to bust

Get on the bus and bounce wit' us 'cause all the rest
get burnt to dust, cuz'

(We the type of people who like to bla, bla but still
make the honeys go goo goo ga ga)

(Malique)

Now check my rocket flows I addict you like a pack of

those
sticks made outta paper that wrapped over tabacco
but they kinda make you broke and po' but smoke it
mo'
Wit' lips that are gifted, spit flows that are wicked
More tricks get addicted, more chick chicks wanna get
wit'
Malique lickin' all em criticts, huh
I'm makin' 'em sound proper
So people can bounce bounce tah
They jumpin' around round tah
Now who be the playa? duh...
Huh, I heard your raps ain't about a damn thang
Like chicken wings and onion rings in Burger King y'all
numsayin'
It's all a shame, y'all sold the game, y'all sellouts better
stop hollerin'
Stop modellin', go grab some powder, perfume and
some deodorant
We botherin'? But you gotta get it harder man
Well, oh yeah one thang, wanna beg your pardon man
Last night when the party end, didn't know your boo got
a man

(Mista Malique he likes to bla, bla
Joe Flizzow he loves to bla, bla
That kid Reefa he always bla, bla
Phat Family we bla, bla, bla, bla)

Chorus

Malique
(Yo yo whut tha deal baybeh, it's Malique from Too Phat
just chillin' in the studio wit' my partner Joe Flizzow
and my partner Reefa, I see my man G-soul sittin' over
there
wit' the groove, you know we keepin' it smooove, yo we
out.)

Outro

(mic wrecker 5,6-7 eleven
gurlies who hate us can go to heaven)

Visit [Too Much On The Beat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.