

Too Much On The Beat

"Clap To This"

Visit "[Clap To This](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus - Lil' Marissa)

Hey everybody stomp your feet and move your body
Just feel the beat inside you when you clap along

(Malique)

Allow me to complain now, a llotta thangs done
changed now
Livin' the fast lane, I'm tourin' in planes now
And all the spots at cities that we go, we glow
Snaps and autographs after each show
We blowin' them heads until they brain seen
We off the hook this year but yo we came clean
My main dream ain't a dream to make it mainstream
To steady gain cream and make ya dame scream
Aight then, then maybe I should quit writin'
Too many starin' eyeballs have got a kid frightened
But why in the world, should I even pay attention
To lil' suckers who ain't even worth a mention ?
So Imma keep my head up, Imma stand strong
And stay creative in providing my fans songs
You dance on, while I rap to this
Let's celebrate the platinum plaque and clap to this,
cmon!

(Chorus)

(Joe)

Ever since I was a kid I just wanted to sing
Pursued my dreams and kept doing my thang
Is we rap stars now? Yo I don't know
Am I having a ball now ? You best believe so
Always wanted to be able to kick it at live shows
Rip mics in studios and meet some hot Oooo€¦..oh oh
oh oh
Now we got platinum plaque, we got gold award and
hits back to back
Never thought that rap could put us on the map
People rush and get our CDs off the rack

This 'ish be off the hook now imma telling you done
All a playa like me wanna do is have some fun
And make you bounce to this and make you clap to this
Wave your hands hard till you snap your wrist
Now what this really is ?
Now what we all about ?
Too Phat Baby make you scream and shout, cmon !

(Chorus)

(Malique)

I understand, that fame has a price now
It's goin' too high it's gotta get sliced down
A lotta people say I'm no longer nice now
Ain't nuttin' changed though I'm still eatin' rice , clown

(Joe)

Yeah man, now you know what I feel yo
People front and brown nose just to get near ya
And people think since we got a string of hits
We've gone soft I ain't slowed down one bit

(Malique)

Flip the script in spilt secs, punk *** it's hard now
Down wit' spittin' ish that'll rip me off the charts now
A schizo kid who switch fast like a shinkansen
Bust' on you punk *** marks for talking nonsense
Rush in your crib fast style is so hardcore
Snatch your ma's bra then upper cut your pa's jaw
I sit you down to get familiar with this style
And once I see smiles I gotta bust you' wit a pisstyle€|

(Joe)

Alotta cats wanna spit but can't even recite poems
They lost star trekkin' back in time thru twilight zone
Want a piece of me I pull your hair back like combs
Be hiting your chest plates and shattering your dome
Your words ain't wise you trying too hard to be an
intellect
Your side ain't sick you ### punks are hypochondriacs
Claimin' undreground MCs, You be dumb found Mcs
And flee when you zunk wit my steez

(Chorus)

