

Too Much On The Beat

"Where My Love At?"

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Verse 1

Listen...

It's been like
One fourth of a score
And I ain't glad at all
'Cause I been facin'
More bull than a matador
And ever since
The success of Plan B
Alotta people think
It's been candy
Sweet and dandy
It can be
Minus all the envy
And all these underground cats
Wanna slam me
Yeah I admit I been quiet
But off that I'm tired
You got beef?
I'll fry it
Now which motherlover
Wanna try it?
My silence's an act of charity
And now unmerrily
I'm forced to stoop down
To your mentality
Battle rap was an excuse phrase
You 'bout to lose face
The whole sing sing thing
Was a loose case
Sing sing's a pen
Short for penitentiary
S-G is Singapore
And Singapore is family
So tell Kuza
Which you's a loser
And if I see her face
At my show again
I'll bruise her
Duality of Styles'
Diss track was garbage

Illustrait, garbage
Souljah Boo, fat garbage
And praise the Lord
The mentions are kept minimal
And when I diss
I say names
Buck bein' subliminal
You asked for my autograph
Memorized my recitals
Well last year
You groupies
And now you punks rivals? (Please...)
Illegitimate beef is suicidal
I still hold the title
And I'm still your freakin' idol

Chorus
Now where my love at?
I'm askin' young cats
And all that
If I ain't phat
Now what you call that?
Alotta suckers are mad
Because I'm all dat
Yo' blast the track
Where you ball at

Verse 2
Alotta people love
Us but even some hate
And the feeling
When you dealin' wit'
Dumb hatred's ungreat
Five years
I met all kinds of people
Some minds are simple
Some kinds just grind your temple
Critics can suck my ***
I'm sick with it
Anonymous diss
And say another kid did it
Word is
Since in the limelight
Malique can't rhyme right
But puff that
This rhyme's tight mate
Now am I right?
Or am I right?
The buck I do
With my life is my right
Well everybody sins

Why mine's the highlight?
Now reporters stay nosey
Gossip and rumors
Life is made humor
Sicker than brain tumor
Friends turn to snitches
Jelly duns is vicious
Try to set me up
By hookin' me up with witches
Now even Joe thinks I'm paranoid
Cause I got this odd
Sense of danger every 40 yards
So I roll with bodyguards
I swear to God
If it wasn't for the cream
I've quit cause I've had
And done enough for the scene
Promote the four elements
Key show performin'
Foreign land tourin'
Now doin' a song with Warren
Kids is stormin'
Bum rushin' pack shows
But respect from the scene
Ain't had those
Now all fingers up
Not one, yeah I would love that
Askin' hip hop heads
Now where my love at...?

Chorus (2x)
Now where my love at?
I'm askin' young cats
And all that
If I ain't phat
Now what you call that?
Alotta suckers are mad
Because I'm all dat
Yo' blast the track
Where you ball at

Verse 3
Yoâ€¦
I got emotions to let out
Impossible in two verses
So here's a third one
Pardon the curses
First is first
Imma make clear
And state here
That I ain't start ish

And won't stop until
Your eighth tear
Diss until your mates cheer
It's retaliation
The price you pay
For thinkin' I've eternal patience
After squashin' beef with Ammo
I thought it'll be
Like no problemo
Until I heard kiddies
Who dissin' on they demos
Not just that
Go on the net
Phat Fam dissed by Bobby
Little sick kid
Who surf porn as a hobby
14 and racist
In real life Phlowtron
Will stomp you on a daily basis
Alotta internet nerds
Think they wildin'
Keystylin' ain't freestylin'
No timin', no hooks
No production, no beats, pal
I rather write dope lyrics
Than come up with wack freestyles
I write songs good hearts listen
The rest start dissin'
Wit' stanky rhymes
I call 'em farticians
Yeah I only mentioned
Few from the namelist
Your overnight trick
Of gettin' famous is the lamest
Diss the best
He diss you back
You get known
That's obsolete witch
Work the throne on your own
But until that day comes
Kill the bull ish
And all that
And realize that deep in your heart
That's where my love at

Chorus (2x)
Now where my love at?
I'm askin' young cats
And all that
If I ain't phat
Now what you call that?

Alotta suckers are mad
Because I'm all dat
Yo' blast the track
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