

## Twista

# "From Tha Tip Of Ma Tung"

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[ VERSE 1 ]

Droppin a flow like this be breakin the suckers  
And rippin the rhythm and showin I'm bringin the feel  
of my tongue  
And be makin em manifest that I be rockin the young  
Flowin this style I be singin and bringin  
It's breakin the people and go in the mind of a teen  
Be makin em hear it and manifest up in him that I'm a  
star to become  
Quick the lyrical style I'ma kick  
You better catch the rhythm of it  
Cause hip-hop is becomin complicated, never be left  
hung  
Bringin a style like this kinda quick and crisp  
A lyrical twist be comin from Chi-Town  
I know that hip-hoppers all over will be stung

[ CHORUS ]

(How was the rhyme brung?)  
Frum the tip of my tung (7X)  
(How was the rhyme brung?)  
Frum among the tip of my tung

[ VERSE 2 ]

Rock the style of my second verse like that of my first  
Be showin the hip-hop hypes my types of flowin, but not  
the best of T  
From an imagination this was took, a mental crook  
Stirring this up like a chef or cook  
I hear them say give me the recipe  
Breakin this off in the fashion of an erection of an  
adventurous style  
That I'ma use to just confuse and smart people then go  
dumb

You say me style be wack cause y'all can't manifest  
what I be sayin  
Think I'm a lyrical midget, watch me then say fee-fi-fo-  
fum  
Flowin this like a veteran that I'm incredible is what they  
be stung by  
When I'ma give in a flow of the funk I erect like a wee-

wee  
Then see me gee, we be DJ Jihad and T.T.  
Steppin and then I'ma find a lyrical line that'll flow from  
me like peepee  
Rockin and me stylin, rockin and me stylin, wildin  
Them say me tracks be wack, I just sip them like them  
coco  
Loco, a lyrical thing I sling and cling like Sing-Sing,  
merciless like Ming  
Watch me come and stiff in em like a photo  
Funky, funky, funky stylin, wildin  
I'ma drop in a flow that breaks and takes a lyrical wiz to  
wax a funky scholar  
Flowin a hyper type of song that I sung from the lung  
Breakin em up in a snap, I think that I better thank Allah

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3 ]

Face the lyrical rhythm of this lick I throw in a blister of  
a body  
Breakin em up so quick that I can even bruise hair  
Rhythm will rock blocks and funky track drops  
Don't wanna come in the door but when you're hearin  
this  
Do I hear a 'knock-knock who's there'?  
Twista breakin em off in a magical rhythmous  
manifestation of a lyrical racin  
Chasin suckers that my funky rhythm elects  
Wrote this, quote this, notice how I wreck  
My funky hoocus pocus broke his neck

[ CHORUS ]

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