

Nas F/ Aaliyah, Timbaland

"Table of Contents"

Visit "[Table of Contents](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Part One]

[Black Thought]

Background

Is this fast or normal speed?

Yea, knawsayin?, yea, Table of Contents

Fuckin wit it, one two, it's the Table of Contents, come on (2x)

Uh yea, uh huh, yo

Check it out, you're now intuned to the sounds of the
R to the, double-O to the, T-S and I stretch limit to this
profession

My voice physically fit, tracks I'm bench-pressing

The mic chord is an extension of my intestine

Delicate MC's sliced in my delicatessan

My mind state is that of the S-P

Connection, Pennsy a part of me, South Philly through
my arteries

Thought the dark one, fearsome, slump son

My vocal just a knuckle that sucker punched the drum

Hip-hop yo that's my hustle and it kill a kingdom

That Fall Apart to drastic propor-tion

Lost ones out there, you better stand clear

The Fifth Dynasty, it be a world premier

Cuttin through like attorneys at law that's car chasin

You star gazing, the force y'all facin is the

R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an'

Y'all niggaz in the mix, keep guessin

The world traveller in the flesh without question

Last seven years on tour without restin

Yo the kind of rapper you should reconsider testin

Supreme simply, o-fficial Dundee

What I bring'll motivate to move your whole country

Throw your hands up if y'all want me to proceed wit

And carry out strategic plans to leave wit

The title that I'm watchin, Roots we run-ting

My Dundee atire for MC hunting

Step up and out the ring

Y'all niggaz on some other, y'all loud as Don King

But wine drink within the danger zone lounging

You need to be more aware of your surroundings
Reality at times is astounding enough to get your heart
pounding
It's safe to assume, in all confidence
That I'm one of the illest in the seven continents
Yo, you on my dick, thanks for the compliments
You be fucked up by my Table of Contents *begins
fading*
Bad Lieutenant, you I been rhymin since
The fuckin past tense, fuck no delayin
Or playin taking your wing way back in the day of yo
Motherfuckin mind

[Part Two]

[Malik B]

It' the R-to the, double-O to the, T-S an'
Yo yo, it's the R to the, double-O to the, T-S an' yo
When I strike to excite, I just aim, I never miss
Embrace you wit a hug of death, give your ass a slight
kiss
Toxic words that spill over pages, for ages
Impacts like M-16's to twelve gauges
The rage is still in me, never act too friendly
Scully down creepin while you tilted off Henny
Many man begin pure but in this world of sin your
Holdin tight my mor-al by in-jure
We scramble, because this game life is the gamble
Vandalize your terrain, go against the grain
Invade your brain wit the collision causing division
Sweep your sector, leavin you niggaz for stool-pigeons
Sweep your sector, leavin you niggaz for stool-pigeons
Sweep your sector, leavin you niggaz for stool-pigeons
My religion is a way of life, but the trife replays
Cuz niggaz actin shiest these days
Wagin wars, usin dynamics cuz I'ma slam it
You talkin all this out out your mouth, you satanic
Roam the planet, always takin bullshit for granted
Just a cool type of cat but you still can't understand it
You told to sit back, stand still and chill
Niggaz bound to clap shots cuz they all act ill
Wit a sour-ass taste smilin up in your face
I'm like trust, never leavin no trial or no trace
Disappear wit the wind, ? shows the discipline
Twenty-five years of my life I learned to ?miss amend?
Peep the structure of a whole empire
Smuggled sealed tai, pack lyrics like Kya
Verbal messiah, when I cross I set a fire
Wacker MC went in doubt cuz I'm for hire *echoes*

