

T-nutty

"Flowmastermouth"

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[Intro]

Aww man... whattt
That nigga said he gassed T-Nutty
Awww man them niggaz is... awww

[Chorus 1: x2]

Should I enter the battle mode
And spit like a calico weapon
With the definition of mic checkin
And rippin it to the last second
My nigga, hit 'em with the flow master mouth

[Verse 1]

Now first of all, I got a verse for y'all
And I'm a serve it raw, well now my nerve are calm
Fixin to switch into battle mode, and drop a bomb
Yellin Geronimo, look out for y'all
Like troops we shoot
Lyrical bullets and poop gas, for the loot
Every syllable fully produced
Rap on you dudes, cause we mentally bullies
Who thinks you could fuck wit me
When I get my ass off the curb
And get to rappin fast with the words
I'm just a little bastard concerned
So I stall on niggaz
And stick to the bottom, of bottle
To feel my thirst, rock with me
I'm figna to bring the knock, to the street
Like a trunk bringin knocks, to the beats
Knockin niggaz of they feet
When they walk they walk
Cause they say that talk is cheap
I think you better watch, how you talk to me
I come from the block, where they cock the heat
With a passion, lookin up to niggaz that be gastin
Givin up the neighborhood, and other niggaz kiss our
asses
Cause we don't give a fuck about you
All my buddies do the nutty kung fu
Choppin niggaz down, from the town

Where the kings were a crown
Gettin money, cause we love who we do
Sometimes I laugh
Cause I'm the one, that dumpin through the lynchin
Because of my tongue, back flippin, they trippin
Cause I got more heat, than the fifty with me
Seekin me, rippin these niggaz, with a sentence
I'm a go nuts, when it start to get intense
Flippin the script, steady comin with the viscous
Ty gone cut you, like barb wire fences

[Chorus 2: x4]

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[Verse 2]

Recognize I got the antidote
To get you amped, and locced
You niggaz rap, I hope
You got to practice folks, I'm like a master
Givin up the nut factor, if you askin hoe
Fast or slow, I'm a gas the whole spot
You might be a hog, but you live in the pork chop
That I feed my dogs, ?, and young bop
And the flowheekin, named fleezo
Hot with the lyricals, cop you the minerals
Eat up the spot, like a fat boy
Invite her to dinner bro
Even if we shined identical
I'm a, hit 'em with the flow, master mouth
I'm dirty like, down south
I murder you, when I pronounce south
Every verbal feud, I'm a bounce south
Get to serve a fool, cause I refuse to lose
Cause I'm a nigga from cali, so peep game
Throwin up the w, trouble, who wanna bang
As if I'm in a diskette, this some shit
That make niggaz, flip you off
And try to rip you off, sit and floss
Like they spittin raw
But they never go against, the boss
Because I rip the bar, and if ya gettin lost
I'm too sick for y'all
Run up on me, and the clipse are tossed
Then I'm dippin off
Cause I'm tryin to stay ahead, of the game
Gettin breaded, for my name
Fuckin with the, black armor

I'm attackin harder, with the gat to harm ya
So watch, yo mouth
Cause I'm takin off, on you woofin
I know that you soft, as a cushion
You floss, when the hoes lookin
But scared to go, two can come to the flow
When you step into, a cold whoopin

[Chorus 3: x4]

Should I enter the battle mode
And spit like a calico weapon
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[Verse 3]

When it's bumpin, like this
It's hard, to stop it
Humpin like a, hound dog
When home girl, pop it
Ready to knock it
I done shocked it
I'm T-Nutty
But my buddies, call me cutty
With the 350, rocket
I put my money, deep in my pocket
At the same tyme, poppin my collar
When the party is on, listen, madam
Do you mind, double touchin the bone
I wasn't tryin to, start trouble
By touchin ya thong, I'm gone
Should I switch into, battle mode
And spit, like a calico weapon
With the definition, of mic checkin
And rippin it, to the last second
I got 'em thinkin, of stabbin
Or rippin, the session
Excuse me, if I make it a mess
But guess what, it's T-Nutty
I'm one of the best
And yes, I'm gonna confess
Like the rest, of my people
My niggaz, that be runnin niggaz over like a diesel
Got everybody humpin, the same way the beat go
Makin it a gangsta party
Cause there's nobody wit us, but hoody rats and killaz
Actin silly, I'm a Philly
Accidently spill you apart
Excuse my pardon, turn my car to garden
Turf is deeper, than the black mans million march
I'm perved, ready to twerk

I'm legal with betty first
But I'm not stickin to the chevy with her
Cause she don't got her purse, and first of all
I'm sippin the pommason, blowin the bomb
I'm in the middle of the pond
And can't tell the different between, a duck and swan
Homegirl shake it on, but after the break it down
I gotta be out, further down the road
Drop the bomb and it might explode
T-Nutty's nut, cuttin up
Switch into battle mode

[Chorus 4: x4]

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