

Tommy Tee

"International Connects"

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[Verse One: Mike Zoot]

Some fictions advice nigga, I'm nice to the letter
For better og worse I cross the finish line
And find the purse first
Born the Kapricon, hit it and form
And show my ways of the force
Oral, grab the course
Crosses jaws to I use it up vocabullary
It takes half reception to magnify my very
Detailed mail delivered straight from the mouth piece
Shout out to the white niggaz who don't know about this
Super sub-urb my verbal calistetics is pathetic
MC, yo, a sinner, when I'm about to rap so ghettic
In ya head I whoop the story like the writer of a novel
Slip out the canned laugh, no time to agree the rubble
But instead I feed your head with the truth, no doubt
About low term confirm, no to make a mic burn
And since I'm Mike Zoot we get the looping dash
And with my ass and my rules, so long till last

[Chorus: x2]

We got the runs, rhymes, beats and all things
This in it Mike Zoot the I'll shit we bring
It's like, that, this
Hit, we don't miss
BK, to the bricks on this Tommy Tee shit

[Verse Two: El Da Sensai]

You wanna beat us, a black kid
A baby born in scorn
Here's to all for the free
For all is joint in this sing along

To the king shit, legitimy
The harderst work in corners
I swear you want now, I don't know ways now
Take a chance and get on
As I storm boulevards
Run up and bomb rush for once plus
My tooth sence broken, talking clothes to back of the
bus

Drugs and dirt water, see realness in my aura
Is ambitious, so I slash performer
This tracks make me wanna just smoke and get loose
Tip my cup ova a fruit drink, mix it with fruit juice
Mike Zoot the new weed guy, hypnotate a big fry
Do it, wanna sell you, I know you wanna see me die
Certainify, I'm hard, not stupid
You gettin' diplomatic, juice papers that's no approval
On a paper, type me a favour or pay the pager
Bills are cock trees and fill the refridgerator
Till later, like when it's done off
I wanna run off shittin'
On fake friends there are forgotten, bless the ones that
didn't
They stay fresh on my mind, like the rhyme does
written
A couple of bosses dropped out, now I'm ready for the
kickin'

[Chorus: x2]

El Da Sen-Sen-Sensai, oh excuse me, my name's Mike
Zoot, I'm from the 90s
El Da Sen-Sen-Sensai, my name's Mike Zoot, I'm from
the 90s

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