

Domingo Placido**"Say That"**

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[Lateef]

Lateef!

[Lyrics Born]

And Lyrics Born

[together]

You can't see them!

[Lateef]

One way - a mircophone works

Checkin' suckas on the usage of vocal tones

While the breaks be bangin'

Cold shakin' ya homes

Vibrations reverberatin give identification

In meter Neter like Metu

Leavin' Holes in your speakers

Scold a brotha like Lateef - oh, that's a no can do

The Black and Puerto Rican lyric deacon speaking the truth

I'll make ya giggle like a tickle or a nipple tweaker

I freak a style from here to Mogadishu - here to

Mozambique-a

>From here to Mount Zion I'm hard to reach when at my peak

Of shinin' flowin' like a creek lava spicy like paprika

That's neither here nor there

Fully chargin' up the air - heavy sounds gettign thicker like the atmosphere?

Ya gotta get up no it cuz we got watcha want - the

Beats be fat like the factory Wanka

Suckas keep bitin' like a gang of piranhas

Ya betta come with it if your thinkin' is stronger

The mindset couldn't be any wronger

We roll deep swoll like the island of Tonga

Don't even really need to rock the mic any longer

So I stop!

Pass the mic like I pass on the porkchops

Chorus #1:

And it don't quit

I say that to say this
You can't oppose this
I say that to say this
Cuz if the clothes fit
I say that to say this
You're a hostess
I say that to say this

[Lyrics Born]

You're so sensitive
All I said was simple sentences
Premises was left as if the messages were venomous
They are though
Guess it's just my penmanship and how it moves
Your torso
Suckas steer clear of me like feminists
Do carshows
There's a little punchline for those of you
Who love rhymes with those in 'em
Hear it one time then you're finished with 'em
Give you that nasty, tangy feeling
Check it out
Free rhymes for griots in Fiats and Klingons
And wee tots with crayons and Koreans
In Reeboks in kiosks at flea marts and peons
That be on some feline shit
Y'all like the FBI on some espionage
Asking questions but my head's beyond that
Be openly honest
Y'all write ya'll own rhymes?
Oh I doubt it
I's dotted
T's crossed
Tell you what
I make a song
You take it home, you think about it
Promise me with every opportunity you'll use the all
illuminating eye
Beyond the obvious buffoonery
Defy the allegations and the rumory
Be out the labyrinth the average imp's enamored with

Chorus #2:

And you don't stop
I say that to say this
Cause with a closed fist
I say that to say this
Youc an't oppose this
I say that to say this
You're just bullshit

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