

Fabulous F/ Lil' Mo

"Inferno"

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[Chorus] (CUTS) (x2):

Dan-e-o, making it hot like Los Angeles
Give me a mic son, burning tracks long before
downloading was possible!

Welcome to what's best defined as my rhyme show
That petrifies guys with intensified flows
I testify God set the vibe in my soul
So inspect the lines, check for my specialized prose
I pose a threat to rappers and the industry at once
One side is out of luck, the other side is out to lunch
One side don't wanna battle, the other don't wanna
budge
And sign me, well screw it, to hell with the whole bunch
I do this for my people supportin' me from the day
Those who got my album and actually had to pay
Let me getcha up to date cuz a lot of shit has changed
Some of it's mad dope but some of it feels strange
Like I'm single now, when in the clubs yo I mingle wild
Years ago, living without my lady, couldn't think of how
More on that later, cuz I'm actually much stronger
Got ideas how to make my rap career longer
Slowed it down a bit, plus my hooks are top notch
Only ride the sickest beats plus the cuss words I watch
Flows are at they best whether smoothed out or hard
Still got a lot to say plus I still love God
Not a fool, I swallowed my pride and found a job
Finished school, then bought a new ride, then turned
the knob
On the door where opportunity was knockin'
I'm rap's eternal cradle, I will never stop rockin'
Check it out...

[Chorus]

For my next stunt, a David Copperfield-like magic trick
Make a rapper disappear while I get set to brag a bit
But hold a sec, before I go ahead and take a stab at it
I have to slap a diss on all you niggaz on some tragic
shit
It's wack that it's hard to find artists who ain't frauds to

me
If you ain't on this record it's because you didn't wanna
be
Ask to do a track and suddenly you stopped with callin'
D
But that's alright, keep sleepin', it adds to my armory
And now to all of the people who throw me pounds
When you see me on the street or somewhere around
town
Tellin' me to freestyle on the spot
Respect my space and privacy and if the time is right,
then we'll rock
But cut that shit out, I'm not 24-hour entertainment
Although I'm outstanding like payments from gamblers
in Vegas
Okay kids, now that I got that off my chest
Let me a poke a finger in it, while I talk about the best
Where do I start? Oh yeah man, at shows I'm tops
I put more people's hands in the air than cops
When I rock stages, I belong on a throne
I'm like a kid in school on Saturday, in a class of my
own
You talk a big game, but when I show up to your festival
Your poise switches like voice pitches on transsexuals
But yo, the best of all is just for spittin' these tunes
I make a living like women in delivery rooms
Yeah!

[Chorus]

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