

Fabulous F/ Lil' Mo

"T.N.T"

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I know you love how I do it to y'all
Dude, I was small and knew that I was suited to brawl
Get a competitor, forever they brutally fall
Gotcha listenin' like a radio station's new cue to call
Who knew when I started the type of rapper that Dan
would be?
Zeppelin-type lyrics make you scream 'oh the
humanity!'
To battle me's the definition of the word 'insanity'
Chances are screwed like faces of niggaz who be mad
at me
(Oooh!) check my magic, elaborate display
Been rappin' since the day before back in the day
Damn impressive so manic depressives are happy to
say
'Dan-e-o is comin'!' like someone always wackin' away
(Oh yeah!) introducing the industry's rap renegade
Flavorful like 84 gallons for fresh lemonade
Those who wanna scrap, but claimin' they never been
afraid
Greg Focker meeting your parents would have a better
day

[Chorus]

'Til I die I'mma keep strong (Tell 'em whatcha got!)
Lyrics make me a king (now tell these niggaz thatcha
baahd!)
Trust me yo, I'm a baahd man!
Bwoy, yuh no ever wanna try no ting! (x2)
(Take these niggaz to the top!)

I always hit homers when up to bat
Don't believe that? Go ahead nigga and check the stats
Oddly enough, I ain't even playin' with all you cats
Y'all washed up and I run rap's new Laundromat
With sicker flows than what you find inside of a
catheter
Ends of battles I'm in are best described as a massacre
The caliber of my lyrics got you stuck like a fastener
In the fact that I can mop the floor with you like a janitor
(Damn!) I knock the wind out of you like Rocky

I'm cocky, but honestly, whatchu gon' do to stop me?
My sixth sense see dead people: rappers who taunt D
Rhyme sweeter than faces of Beyonce and Ashanti
(Mmmph!) explicitly wicked until infinity
Been my favourite rapper from '87 up to this day
Ain't no slowin' down, I'm in this deeper than
sympathies
Splittin' niggaz like seconds leavin' 'em dead like
giveaways

[Chorus]

I'm constantly takin' it to ya grill
Got so much skill, cancer is jealous that I'm this ill
My music, from years of work, allowing talent to build
Is classic like T-dot dudes saying 'guy', 'bredren' and
'still'
If niggaz wanna trip, then I'm about to delay your bus
Flows shock you like you when your hearin' three-year-
olds say a cuss
Quicker than whites getting toothpaste for over eight of
us
Cuz we known to be Very Bad like Things that Christian
Slater does
(Ohhh!) maybe I don't need a silly deal
I'm funky like your breath when garlic is in your meal
Minimal record sales is my only Achilles' Heal
Major labels eat a dick to know how I just really feel
(Uh huh) it's your loss doubting I'm great like outdoors
Nastier than the thought of seeing your mom without
draws
Every rhyme I shoot just simply without a doubt scores
While you could never come with the right hit like
southpaws!

[Chorus]

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