

T-Love

"I'm Comin'"

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Droppin dimes on a high, diva got, beats and rhymes
I mean whatever man, I be sort of like a reverand
Said I'd be back one day, severin
Come now, come all b'say, sister and breddern
Whether'n you got faith or not
Beats fat like three cheese, see, I took walks with Jesus
Now it's time for me to make a reappearance
Now in form, on beats and rhymes sample clearance
I do amazing miracle theoretical, cause I'm global
All around the world, from the Merc to Chernobyl
May be on the tongues of millions, like throat lozenges
Whateva I utter is butter, homogenous
To the stuff that they put in tapioca; style's pudding
Wrapped around your neck like a choker
When it comes to rhymes I got a plethora
I'm a definition of a sister who can flip it yo

So where you at? (I'm comin')
So where you at? (I'm comin')
Where you at? (I'm comin')
So where you at? "From the midsts of the darkness, I
come with this"

Lyrical wickedness, down to the bone like Medusa
I used ta, turn emcees to stone
I came to break down sounds and proto-plex'm
Excuse me, I'm mic checking, mic checking
One two three -- ask how to spell sweet
L-O-V-E, see, this is the flow that goes
Well with the beat, T-Love on the street
I'm on the avenue, in the area, and
Lyrical abra-sions, what I'm givin
All throughout my days and, occasion
I'm fazin, amazin... cause I'm amazin in lo-o-o-ve
Plugin more Tunes than Trugoy to Dove
No static with Rhettmatic
But I'm up above see, ain't got time to kick it
Nah not for no booty B, the rhymes be too wicked
Oh so you can keep your sheeit, what?

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I be a spitter, not a swallower
See I'm a leader not a follower
See I be like A.D. at a cholera
And my, vocal appearance
O.G. like KDAY, minus interference
Who got the flex next, my wreck'll be done soon
I'm makin mine so each flows I blows is like
Hurricanes, it rains when I'mmm flowin
Wack rappers are the H2O growin
Tryin to be battlin, babblin downstream
I smoke verbs, smoke words, end thoughts in brown
steam
I get DOWWWN, like if I was in an armed robbery
Styles so fat, they clog an artery
I be on the go, I never run from the dough, I'm
vamanos
Now there's steak with the beans and rice, and
plantanos
Coast to coast, who works most
I, rise like yeast, they, crumble like toast

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(I'm comin')
T-Love is... (I'm comin')
I'm all that y'all, and to the back y'all
It's to the front y'all
It's on the, it's on the
It's on the one

Wanna give props to my boy who made the beat
This Kid Named Miles
Wanna give props to my boy Cutty
Cutty Mack, Cut Chemist
Thanks for the studio, and the use of
Red October storage facility
Peace

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