

T-Love

"LA to Brooklyn"

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featuring Siah and Yeshua Da PoED

Uh.. uhh uhh uhh
Check it out Wee Bee Foolish duty free
Uhh.. This Kid Named Miles

[T Love]

Drip drip be the sound consumate
when they hangin from my nipple tryin to get a sip
I've got so much much on my mind
Rhymes and beat beats and rhymes
Ain't these fascinatin times
Check the girl lactatin lines
I'm formula nourishin and warmin ya
from Panama Canal to Californ-ia
There be a path of spilled milk, leadin to my tilt

[Yeshua Da PoED]

My speech, apparently carries me
over break-beats and melodies smothered in Sara Lee
cakes, teeth, ache, even take care of the
critics, fans, spectators who stare at me
and get the greater effect, flavor beyond belief
increase, calorie intake, with each
syllable I spill, at will, cause I be a
skilled individual, your ?

[Siah]

Up in the tropical illusion, fusin rhyme and rhythm
Leakin about a creek from the wellspring given
Driven to be.. uhh, I'm not sure what (what)
It's gotta be pure, won't strut with smut
Allergic to wackness, like E-D
and T-B too, now see how we do
Anita you dance with the Japanese beetle
Call the ring and make it stop at the rays of the needle

Chorus: T-Love

From LA to Brooklyn, it's about rhymes and beats
From Brooklyn to LA, it's about beats and rhymes

[Yeshua Da PoED]

Now if I didn't rap, mics would be lonely, like the only
kid that didn't clap, when the lip be strictly, spittin that
Bros know, flow so intact, it be splittin caps on heads
that authorize admittance on impact in fact
MC's get with that, and take mental notation
of how I utilize, echo location to find my placement
in rotations, that sets the foundation to real
collaboration
of creation, begins with my imagination

[Siah]

To write the tight and light the night I need a bit of
inspiration
Ate Thinsulate, to get the shit with insulation
Not an insulin patient, I'm pencillin prescriptions
of a sweet medication, stenciled in the scriptures
of the street meditation for a blessed recitation
I lessen repetition with the dressing it's to have a
dash of with the seasoning, sneezing in the back of,
class
So when the breeze pass the crack of my ass
You feel the funk

[T-Love]

From LA to Brooklyn, I was out lookin
Too many MC's who wanna swing these
Time to dip dip dive socialize with your mind
Cause in the end bitch, all about rhymes and soul
Siah, Yesh, and me, make peace on the beat
Brooklyn to LA, we cause a melee
Fuck a beef, what the fuck, who give a fuck
As long as the beat is dope and your rhymes don't suck

Chorus 2X

From LA to Brooklyn (4X)
Yeah, ninety-seven, ninety-eight
Ninety-nine, two thousand

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