

## T-Love

### "Return Of The B-girl"

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(feat. Kool Keith)

[Kool Keith]

Yeah whassup T-Love  
A lot of brothers be freestylin (right)  
Blowin smoke at your clothes  
Girls be out there with, weaves with  
glue in they scalps, tryin to get loose  
But it's time to drop gooses! (true dat)  
Youknowhat!msayin?

"T, hit it off!"

[T-Love]

There's a lot of girls rhymin on the mic with no direction  
Don't know why they flexin, forgot rules and lessons  
The essence: beats and rhymes and shit  
I'm about to show these bitches that I'll die for this  
With more than the skills to pay the bills at ?, I rock it  
Nobody knows my name, at least I'm hittin pocket  
It's been a while.. [Ra:] "been-been-a, been-a, been a  
long time"  
Yeah, it's been a long time since B-Girls got down  
Now I be, mannered like Janet, Jack-me when I'm not  
lookin  
Cause iffing I'm lookin, then you get YO' shit tooken  
A hundred degrees of heat, under emcees who sleep-  
walkin  
in some bibles since the age of three  
See I be a rap editor, rhymer et cetera  
to the letter or competitor, not in it for the cheddar  
A calligraphist, envisionist  
Yeah it's been a long time but I'm back to make a diff'

[Chorus: Kool Keith]

That girl is wack.. That kid is wack..  
That producer's wack.. Your whole family's wack..  
"So wack that it's bound to show"

[Kool Keith]

I'm systematic, graphic, outspoken, master past a  
certain MC  
Abilities of enemies, construct nine million quitrillion  
makes a brother brilliant, strong like Einstein  
I find the underlying, words with verbs herb  
Make me famous when I pull up on your anus  
It's disaster for the tri-state actor, in a circle like Urkel  
Yo T-Love, these assholes are dirt specks on my rugs  
Smokin blunts with stomach pumps  
Pick up the mic, your crew'll only rhyme once  
For the budget, 70,000 Monopoly money  
With a wack producer, usin Sonny Spitz  
You on that "Keep it Real" list, you're broke  
You're name is Captain Provoke, better know you ain't  
never eatin Tony Rhomes, files of culture I'm still dope  
even not with Ultra -- back you saved this from Casio  
samples  
I'm raw like green apples  
Fly smooth, I ain't got nuttin to prove  
Your album has been out for forever  
You didn't even go plether  
Plastic was your quota, Mr. Spiritual Philosopher  
Prepare for your release for foul speech  
You weak, like Cream of Wheat  
I step to you and blow out assholes like Miami Heat  
Yo, take off those boots, it's ninety-five degrees out  
here  
It's fuckin hot

"So wack that it's bound to show"

[Chorus]

[T-Love]

Return of the B-Girl promises  
nothing less, than spectacular, with vernacular  
Peep how T mackin the verb  
like hoes strollin, on Pharoah, I'm givin you the narrow  
The L-Down, I mean the skinny, this Pickaninny  
went to rock battle, while she rides up to Denny's  
Nah I ain't really tryin to diss nobody  
But old school B-Girls swore in the Goddess  
In studded Gazelles, they did windmills  
West had on the Pumas, East had on the Shells  
Rock the Bells sell prevailed by L's lips  
Serious about the type of styles we flipped  
We get closer to millenium, B-Girls dwindlin  
You don't have to stress because "I'm, comin!"  
It's been a long time, I shouldn't have left you  
Sorry for the wack shit you slept through

[Chorus x2]

[Kool Keith]

Yeah, it's return of the B-Girl

T-Love in the house for the nine-seven

Pullin all, glue off wigs

That's right, damagin skulls

That's right it's all beauty parlor skills

That's right

Touchin up on the weaves and cuttin ends off

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