

## T. Mills

### "On Da Spot"

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I mentioned success, right?  
I tell em, I used to give a shit  
Now I don't give 10 less, niggas want shows  
Applaud for em, as I impress and inject threats with  
twin techs  
Your kin's next, my niggas hit the bar  
And park you with the guards  
Who got the bench necks, I been fresh  
Yes, fuck G's, your bitch ass the way out I told her  
"suck seed"  
The problem with the league is that niggas don't want  
to perish  
They nervous, Cory get em discouraged  
That sort of verse died in that Beem and Suburban  
His sort of wording, you probably see him in a turban  
Disrespectful, fondling your beam while she nursing  
I'm lyrically perfect, fuck it I said it  
Mirror me worth it, a good look made it clearly and  
certain  
Hold me to the age of your favorite regardless  
I'm favored by the starvers who make their targets the  
product  
This lil' nigga got some nerve, you think you Jay?  
Nigga save your thoughts, think yay  
My niggas pop Xannies up in nannies  
On you cross-dressing trannies  
On the 4th, Wessons go off at your fannies  
And I want every cranny, and I'mma be grit  
For every Grammy, and I did it with shit, not even  
Mammy  
You hear me?  
Had to let that bitch breathe...

Fuck it, let's suffocate her cause I waited long enough  
I'm on this nigga's heels, I'm just waiting on the cuff  
Threw it to him smooth, but it blew it through him rough  
Pull out some shit Suge-height, jerk like Puff  
Toughs like bluffs, bring the uptight stuff  
Fight what? I fuck fights up  
Abrupt dice luck cause a nigga Niks scuffed  
Corrupt heist bucks cause a nigga life cuffs

And that's how I write stuff, making niggas bite dust  
Aiite, what...

I'm rapping like M, Jigga, Kool G  
A pinch of Fugees, grouped in Nas and his kufi  
My group the groupies are like wet bottoms to roofies  
You can be the new G, seen first in that v-neck Coogi  
When that tech loogie, hacht-pooie  
No lock, just pop and drop like Huey  
These haties' ladies see me coming on that kaka  
doodie  
To me, you sushi, chewy and tooshie  
I'm bad like Boosie  
Rap to me is easy as apple-picking is to baboonsies  
I baloon his goons and lay them lead with that strap  
It'll leave you scrappy, Scoobie  
Act the movie, ain't what he shat, but it kept him rolling  
My swag is

So overpotent, I rap like I'm overloading  
Convulsions doing exploding imploding foes  
And reloading foes back  
I keep shit going all lax why the fuck they fronting? I'm  
back  
The fuck they wanting with that?  
Just keep mine coming in stacks  
And repeat your thumb in your ass cuz you fucked  
yourself  
Iller than some are real and I'm trill enough for the  
South  
'88 New Yorker nigga, old school grill in his mouth  
No school blocking my route  
Pro Tools truck and I'm out  
Those rules drop and I'm out  
Position her like a stool then we pool drop in her mouth  
Militia we ain't playing  
MC'ing we ain't banging  
Quiet riot what you saying? Green  
Ha ha ha ha ha yes on the set like a bet  
Who the next guest best the shit I express  
Too much to ingest like incest being confessed  
Lingo I possess can infest the nest  
You manifest, blessed, your chest compressed  
Can be digested, following a drive by  
Like let's get high, eyes get tested  
Lives get hectic, guys' wives get pipe-necked  
Besides refreshments, I can't imagine any more than  
poor misfortune  
Forming porking if I'm forking he's an orphan  
Dwarfed and morphed into a short and awkward  
vulture

On the? kind of raucous  
Hit the stork like skip the door bitch it's important  
Stripper store, pop a cork for Cory Culkin  
Whore a story walking glory talking  
For a Maury Povich audience  
I'm annoying, I'm employing so I'm enjoying  
Employing my shit's a dime on top of another nine  
This rock could your mother climb  
Shit popped another?  
Gets dropped for some other? to get flipped for other  
tops  
But bitch, a lot of niggas hella copped my swag  
And trying to raise the race green and never clocked  
my drag

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