

Tone Loc

"The Tonedeff/logic Project"

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[Verse 1 - Tone]

I snap wack rappers in half like they was a stack of
crackers
Till the animals they're crafted after, be laughing at ya
Blasting ya bastards, cause it's for certain
Your skills are a figment of your imagination like Tyler
Durden

[Logic V1-B]

Whatever happened to qualified lines written down with
mental quality
I renamed your style pet-peeve because your shit just
fuckin bothers me
Don't bother coming back, with your weak thoughts, I'm
outta body
I ripped em outta your skull with my one-handed
lobotomy

[Tone V1-C]

Here's an affirmation, I'm leaving your ass thrashed
with lacerations
Voraciously masticating, you waste half of your dates
while masturbating
Placing your severed in front of an assassination
station
So that day to day you'll Face decapitation

[Logic V1-D]

You can't stop, top me, or even rock me
I don't believe in fuckin' crews, I even beat the guy who
brought me
You stop me? Now that's some shit that fucking shocks
me
Send your girl to ride my dick, cause that'll be the only
way you'll top me,
You got me?

[Verse 2 - Logic]

My dick's bigger than Mandingo, I swing with a
fandango
Banged a one-legged retarded bitch in a Durango, just

to catch a different angle
Angles angel different in competition, exposing your
styling all bare
Cause even your shittiest flows has got your rhymes
running scared
Sometimes I can't bear to witness the multitude of
mediocrity
Running repetitive schemes making hip-hop a total
mockery
But awkwardly, I welcome the weak when they're all
coming
Cause in competition, I house more niggas than if my
name was Mr. Drummond

[Tone V2-B]

Can I take you out? Probably
Make you take wrong turns like when Whitney decided
to marry Bobby
You'll get hooked up, then get fucked early like girls
that fornicate
I come off like loose promotional stickers on porno
tapes
The head to coronate
With flows so organic that plants are green with envy,
just how the hell you
Think they chlorinate
No chemicals needed to formulate
Challenging calendars to tic-tac-toe's the only way that
you can score a date

[Verse 3 - Logic]

I hear you crying with pleading, but your times up like a
lease
What? Jealous cause I move crowds like Riot Police?
Bitch, stay at ease, and back off my mic please
Cause you seem to be giving my beat some kind of
fucking disease
You trying to step to me? Like you're the main feature?
Like bad audio email, I'll ignore ya and delete ya
Then I'll beat ya, I mean, like, just BEAT ya and defeat
ya
In front of your friends and family watching helpless
from the bleachers
Yea, I spoke to all your teachers, went over your notes
in your pad
And The part where you were speechless... best rap
that you had
I wanted to respond, I just didn't hear what you said
Rhymes with expiration dates on em, I mean, your shit
is so dead
That in the middle of a battle, in your rhyme

deliberation

You're gonna need that kid from 6th Sense for

translation

Now, follow these directions, go to your rhyme at the
top

Switch to delete, cause you're a bitch

[Tone V3-B]

To grasp fame you clutch performers

You gotta take scissors to almanacs of your street to
cut corners

Weak MCs on my lunch order

In the winter you bitches lips are my certified nut-
warmers

The oral emancipator, Formative rants that paved the
way

For an advance decay of exorbitant wack pervaders

Through attacks for haters, Flows are the active agents

Blindfolded fast breaks just to show you horrible stats
later

There's no surprise here

I'm Tonedeff but with fully functional fingers, tongue,
and nose, eyes... ears

Like college kids buy beer, it's a given

That nobody else can flip it when Logic & Tone is rippin

Assaulting your bitch to hit the shit with ease

I'm rocking it HART, never skipping a beat

Even when I sneeze, with no FEAR of amateurs

I'm prepping the pop world for combat like giving

Britney Spears in Africa

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