

Too Phat "Alhamdulillah"

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Chorus

Ult li albi bissaraha (I'm opening up my heart with honesty)

Hayya nab'idil karaha (Let's avoid the hated and hatred)

Syakkireena a' kulli na'ma (Let's remain thankful with what we have)

Ba' ideena anil fattana (Let's avoid all lies and sins)

Verse 1

I feel the heat

From these 4 candles burning

As I'm staring out the window

In solitude I look at life

From different angles

Thoughts strangled

My mind is suffocatin'

In this truth quest

A greed law

That we abide by is ruthless

Enough will never satisfy

Until we toothless

Filthy millionaires

Are gamblin' until they muflis

A sad fact of life
But mankind approved this
I gotta call Him
Sajadah is where the booth is
I'll make it clear that
I ain't even tryin' to preach here
By sharing thoughts I hope
To find a little peace here
I thank Allah for blessing me
To be creative
So here's a diss for me
For bein' unappreciative
Wanted a perfect life
Yeah smile then die old
Fame, money, women
Phat cribos and white gold
Drive my own Beemer
Before I hit two six
A straight pink bitin' toothpicks
Who walk around town wit' two chicks
And doin' new hits to woo tricks....
Now that's wrong
Pleasure from partyin'
And bull ish don't last long
A lotta yuppies sneakin'
Cars out when dad's gone

Crackin' bottles in clubs

Frontin' designer fashion

But I ain't about

To trade happiness for a Jag

So stop smilin' with your ragtop down

Cause for a fact

I don't care about your money

Or how slick your car

'Cause no matter how rich and big you are

It's still Allahuakbar...

Chorus

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Verse 2

I know that all this

Ain't the right thing

Partying, chasing moneys

And material things

Flying high

Think nobody gonna

Clip my wings

I'm lying to myself

Knowing that

I've been neglecting
Responsibilities
As a healthy Muslim
Riches and loot
Ain't nothing
We frontin'
Diamonds and scrilla
But forget to say
Alhamdulillah
Made my album a killer
Plan B
Now 2-3 droppin'
And I wish to
Ask for forgiveness
Your guidance
Protection and strength
For humbleness and faith
To make me a better man
Success in foreign lands
Never dreamt of that
I remember being 18
When we started Too Phat
Now let's go back
Three years before that
Sometimes I forget

Me and my parents
Took a trip with granddad

I remember '95

While performing Umrah

Made my wish in Mecca

Right in front the Kaabah

Dear God

You made it possible

When facing obstacles

Please let me do good

Before I pass on

In the hospital

And keep reciting

The Testimony of Faith

And find the right way

Out of this life's maze

Chorus

Ult li albi bissaraha (I'm opening up my heart with
honesty)

Hayya nab'idil karaha (Let's avoid the hated and
hatred)

Syakkireena a' kulli na'ma (Let's remain thankful with
what we have)

Ba' ideena anil fattana (Let's avoid all lies and sins)

La Li ya ruhi bi (The soul in my self is not mine)

Ya ya Lali (Not mine)

Lalia Ya ruhia (The soul is not mine)

Ya hayati (My life)

Verse 3

Ay yo fâçâ, -Ã,Ã!

Two candles go out

That's when

I feel the wind blow

I haven't met Fatim

For two years

Been livin' like I'm single

Evaluatin' all the friendships

Relationship

The reason it's the tenth year

Is 'cause she's a patient chick

And as far as friends are concerned

Many I've had it all

From those who cried for my pain

To those who plotted my fall

I learned to differentiate

Fakes from the great

Mates from the snakes

Apes wanna beef

Hate's all it takes

For me to blow

A diss song for you

Not even worthy

As an album filler

So now it's smiles

And Alhamdulillah

Yeah, love me
Or hate me
This who I am
Look at the past at times
I wish that I was born again
So I can rectify mistakes
And my wrong doings
Attempts on minimizing my sins
Before my story ends
I ain't no Eddie Murphy
Tryin' to sound as a holy man
But if I tried to be a better person
Now I prolly can
(Wait...)
Who am I to advise you
I ain't been the best
Of God's slaves
Just a poet writin'
What my thought says
A little house
A little car
A little sweet girl
Thank you Lord
I'll try to slow it down
On the cheap thrills

This song will prolly stir

A little controversy

At least I ain't be rappin'

Bout the stuff

As tho' I'm born in Jersey

Stage name is Malique

And lost name is Cairel

Mama told me

Stop complaining too much,

So I will...

Chorus

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