

## **Too Phat "Ali Baba & The Mic Thieves"**

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Verse 1

Ladies and gentlemen guess

Who's back in town

It's Too Phat and Phlowtron

Ay yo we runnin' it down

Breaking the barrier's of sound

Jealousy knows no bounds

Moving in three sixty degrees

Like a merry go round

Still red and warm

The blood that courses through my veins

Arising from the underground

Like a hydroplane

Smuggling in crack phlowcane

Where there's no pain

There's no gain

So I sustain my domain

In a mind frame that's untamed

Verse 2

Yes

Yes yes

I know I'm sick

I confess  
Displays of finesse  
When my raps manifest  
You couldn't handle this  
Till I'm hundred I spit tight  
Can't battle me on the mic  
We'll hit the streets and fist fight  
I'm quick to dislike  
The type that  
Speak a cheap hype  
How they gonna take me down  
With frail tales  
And weak psyche  
Raps weak  
Your style's mild  
And a tad meek  
Welcome to this game  
Of hide and seek  
With crazy mic freaks  
Verse 3  
Yo it's Khazanah the Khalled  
I bled the ground red  
Moses scarred through  
The red sea  
I speak what the future said  
Resurrect hip-hop for the dead

This egomaniac's drive to ecstasy

So let the ground rules be laid

The kid with braces grace

The scene in this hiatus

Rebel reborn revive

Rehearse this verse

Verse 4

Yo five years now

Malique is an astonishing cat

We started off the same time

You still promising act

Now what your problem is black?

They say they callin' you back?

You still are shoppin' for your demos

While I'm polishin' plaques?

Should start your colleging back

Or start workin' like in Mc D's

At least you'll get some mack on

But minus the rap cheese

You mad G?

Start your cripwalk

And wanna smack me?

Please, a nation of asian Bloods

Are gonna back me

Verse 5

Ba' wit' granna wit' mini bonn

It's Atom Da'Bomb

Namaewa genshi bakudan

Inspectin' the kinda conduct

To contemplate

The kinda way

You cynics trynna put

The muthalovin' rhyme away

It's evident that we adamant

About the element

Of this hip-hop commandment

Equivalent to utilising

This brilliant tool

I can prove

Coz I barry more wack emcees than drew  
Verse 6

Panel of the jury

Witness this starscream  
I represent

The infamous Phat Fam team

Exhibit number one

Murder raps on the run

Spittin' fireballs

We defy the sun

Burning principles

Killing bass

Distort your eardrums

Diagnose you with sun strokes

Spotted your headlumps

Defiance against us

Will lead to your misery

Nation of the three sixty  
Verse 7

I'm sick of cats

Who wanna diss

But be acting like witches

Here some disses

To discompose disconcert

And hit ya'

I'm quick to disfigure

Any figure who wanna play

Swift with sharp blades

Discover I'm hard to dissuade

So keep your distance

Don't discomode

And disturb this verse

Disingenous punks

Disheartened best quick disperse

I'll distinguish haters

Who disunite the scene

And discard disgusting friends

With rap disabilities

Verse 8

I rhyme nice twice

So lemme entice you  
On this mental heist  
You hidden behind a screen  
Never seen like a poltergeist  
Take my advice  
Up wit' us  
And you pay the price  
When it comes to street fights  
I transform and y'all be looking  
Like itty bitty mice  
I spit out lines  
Like a bad taste  
Of chocolate mocha  
Gimme the crowd  
I bring it loud  
Then I rock it fo' ya'  
I'm sick of these cats on posters  
I burn 'em to crisp like toasters  
Rob yo' as leave you screaming  
Like six flags on coasters  
Verse 9  
Delusions of grandeur  
Is one of the symptoms  
With you trynna build  
Your imaginary kingdom  
If you think your Aragorn

Then I must be Tolkien  
This is what happens  
When you messin'  
Wit' the protean stylist  
Let the finest  
Cunning linguist recite this  
Like this your so called highness  
Are you indisposed?  
I offered you the blue pill  
But the red pill you chose  
Now you'se overdosed  
Verse 10  
Yo, buck a pencil  
I scribble stupid rhymes  
With my brain  
I'm mental  
This songs a little toast  
For my pain  
I'm roastin' my brain  
Crazy but I post no complaints  
Buckin' paranoid when tourin'  
Think of bombs in a plane  
I think I'm dyin'  
I'm seein' stuff  
I ain't supposed to  
Like Linda Blair in Exorcist

Up in my lovin' poster

Buck the mic I'm lonely

I'm one fourth of a boaster

Imaginary girlfriends

Cause reals ain't buckin' closer

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