## Too Phat "Clap To This"

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(Chorus - Lil' Marissa)

Hey everybody stomp your feet and move your body Just feel the beat inside you when you clap along

(Malique)

Allow me to complain now, a llotta thangs done changed now

Livin' the fast lane, I'm tourin' in planes now And all the spots at cities that we go, we glow Snaps and autographs after each show We blowin' them heads until they brain seen We off the hook this year but yo we came clean My main dream ain't a dream to make it mainstream To steady gain cream and make ya dame scream Aight then, then maybe I should quit writin' Too many starin' eyeballs have got a kid frightened But why in the world, should I even pay attention To lil' suckers who ain't even worth a mention? So Imma keep my head up, Imma stand strong And stay creative in providing my fans songs You dance on, while I rap to this Let's celebrate the platinum plaque and clap to this, cmon!

(Chorus)

(Joe)

Ever since I was a kid I just wanted to sing Pursued my dreams and kept doing my thang Is we rap stars now? Yo I don't know Am I having a ball now? You best believe so Always wanted to be able to kick it at live shows Rip mics in studios and meet some hot  $Oooo\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $-\tilde{A}$ , $\hat{A}$ |...oh oh oh oh Now we got platinum plaque, we got gold award and hits back to back Never thought that rap could put us on the map People rush and get our CDs off the rack This 'ish be off the hook now imma telling you done

All a playa like me wanna do is have some fun And make you bounce to this and make you clap to this Wave your hands hard till you snap your wrist Now what this really is ? Now what we all about ? Too Phat Baby make you scream and shout, cmon! (Chorus)

(Malique)

I understand, that fame has a price now It's goin' too high it's gotta get sliced down A lotta people say I'm no longer nice now Ain't nuttin' changed though I'm still eatin' rice, clown

(Joe)

Yeah man, now you know what I feel yo People front and brown nose just to get near ya And people think since we got a string of hits We've gone soft I ain't slowed down one bit

(Malique)

Flip the script in spilt secs, punk \*\*\* it's hard now Down wit' spittin' ish that'll rip me off the charts now A schizo kid who switch fast like a shinkansen Bust' on you punk \*\*\* marks for talking nonsense Rush in your crib fast style is so hardcore Snatch your ma's bra then upper cut your pa's jaw I sit you down to get familiar with this style And once I see smiles I gotta bust you' wit a pisstyle $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ $\hat{a}$ ,  $\neg \tilde{A}$ , $\hat{A}$ !

(Joe)

Alotta cats wanna spit but can't even recite poems
They lost star trekkin' back in time thru twilight zone
Want a piece of me I pull your hair back like combs
Be hiting your chest plates and shattering your dome
Your words ain't wise you trying too hard to be an
intellect

Your side ain't sick you ### punks are hypochondriacs Claimin' undreground MCs, You be dumb found Mcs And flee when you zunk wit my steez

(Chorus)

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