

Tung Twista

"Frum Da Tip Of My Tounge (fastest Rap Ever)"

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Droppin' tha glow like this be brangin' an' sockin'
tha rythm i be feelin', it's right and rockin' one yo,
i'm singin' an bringin' on to, as long as i'm singin'
i'm breakin' tha feelin' and tha rythm because hip-hop
become complicated never be wit rythm bringin' style
like this, be poppin' kris tha lyrical twist comin'
from chi-town i know that hip-hop was never out.

Chorus: How was tha rhyme brung? Frum da tip of my
tounge, yo, how was tha rhyme brung? Frum da tip of
my
tounge, how was tha rhyme brung? Frum da tip of my
tounge, yo, how was tha rhyme brung? Frum da tip of
my
tounge, how was tha rhyme brung? Frum da tip of my
tounge, yo, how was tha rhyme brung? Frum da tip of
my
tounge, how was tha rhyme brung? Frum along tha tip
of
my tounge...

Kick, rock tha 2nd verse betta' than tha first showin'
tha hip-hop heights my types are flowin' but tha best
ah ti, like from tha imagination this was quick way
to quick, show 'em to tha cook, hearion' them sayin'
gimme tha recipe, showin' like tha passion of tha
erection of tha visual style, jus' to confuse tha
smart people from don't know, ya'll sayin my style is
whack, cause ya'll busta cap, which i be singin' sayin'
i'm a lyrical midget, watch me then say fi-fy-fum
show me like a veteran, then in incrediblethat ya'll
be stung by, it's a flow funk that i eat like a wee-wee
see me be ge be, dj G he into ti-ti, holla' then i'm
fine, stand on tha line look at me like pee-pee,
rockin' ah me stylin' rockin' a me whilin' see them
tracks, then i just sip them like it's cocoa, it's a
little thing that sing like ching ching, merceless
watchin' me when i stiff on them like a photo funky
stylin' whilin' i'ma drop tha flow i'ma lyricalist i
watch a funky skyline, pump a mic watch along it's
sing along, like a mother i think that i better high-
wire...

Chorus

Face tha lyrical rythm of this lick i'm throwin' a
blista in tha upper body, bring em' up so quick i
can't even lose hair, rythm ah rock block tha funky
rocks drop, when i come i hear a knock knock like
whose there? Twista breakin' em' off it's a magical
sexy
rythm it's off on tha station it's a lyrical race an
chasin' sucka's that my funky rythm'll rate rotas
quotas notice how my funky hocus pocus broke his
neck...

Chorus

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