

Nelly Furtado, Tres fly(feat. Tallisman)

It's the "T dot L-U-V dash S-K-I"

Came to rock the spot my flow's ill plus Trs Fly.

So may I? O.K. I will convey my skills then chill you know I keep it real!

Well I'm the Tallisman that's who I am.

Short brother with the curls & the year round tan make the sucka rappers scram when I rocks

Drive the ladies crazy nuts like a box of pecans.

I'm a make you hop cause I'm more hip than popotamus.

Lyrics flow from a lyrical well that is bottomless unlike ya mom's & that spot ya papa hits.

I'm watching yas play ya selves like nintendo then go anonymous.

I'm on top of this rocking kids having fun.

A jam without T-Luv be bug like burgers with no buns or weekends with no funds or beats with no c

Mic check 2's with no check 1's or ladders with on rungs or alleys with no bums greasy spoons with

skies with no suns better yet Sanfords with no sons or guitars with no strums or jokes with no puns

Or kids with no moms or math with no sums or bubbles with no gums Atillas with no Huns

Guerillas with no guns better yet cops with no guns or kisses with no tongues man it just would be

It just would be no fun man and that jam would be done in Bum ditty bum ditty bum bum bum

T. Luv-Ski won't you kick a rhyme one time for me.

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You see love.

It's T. Luv that you speak of that you dream of That you seek 'cause

I freak stuff my beat's rough my that my crew's steeze plush Mc'z rush

You need love? I be love manifested physically plus exquisitely silky lyrical wizardry make you feel

Mc'z left in misery defeated bitterly quite quickly trickily I rock my rhynes I rock my rhymes they right

But forget that enough of that I bless tracks caress tracks & improve tracks if ya crew's wack t

Move back leave tracks do that! believephat

We be rap True dat I mean hip-hop but you knew that

Already it's not deadly but very nearly very dearly I hold this micra

Very clearly rhymes travel through ya cypha rhymes give life ta

Verbal arrangements with agility ain't no containment facilities

Able to restrain me or my linguistical abilities habitually

I grab a mic & pick a style now which will it be?

The fat one or the PHAT one? once I had a wack one

But that one bounced through ya entire crew then it surpassed 'em

& attacked 'em then it blast 'em left you with back spasms

& nobody knew what happened except for me & UNIT-e

& we was simply laughing & laughing & laughing & laughing.

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