

# T-Bone, Follow T

You can catch me in the big body S-Class wit chrome spinners  
Pulling up to the club wit a brim, ice and the chinchilla  
Stacking that skrilla in a legal way  
Rock stadiums from Nicaragua down to San Tropez, hey  
And I ain't even gotta curse in my raps  
I keep it gully while I'm spitting this fire on hot tracks  
My skills speak for themselves  
I'm like a young LL back in the day when he was rocking the bells  
The Sly Stallone of the microphone, I'm old school like Special K  
Turbo and Ozone, rep for my people like I'm Che Guevara  
Wit a derby and linen pants plus a guallavera  
Oh, I'm so sick they sending ambulances to resuscitate the mic from my verbal thrashing  
Cash advances, and top brand fashion  
Guaranteed to rock the spot and keep the party peeps dancing

I had to switch up the flow for all the DJ's spinning wax in the club  
So when ya hear my joint yall better turn it up, louder  
Suvelo, blast that music bro, respect the flow, ya listening to a music pro  
The Burt Bacharach of rap is back ready to make ya move ya body And lean back like Joe Crack  
Woah get ya hands in the air and wave them back and forth in the atmosphere  
I know ya wondering if the rumors are true, believe the hype  
I am the dopest rapper to come through wit brand new series of rap arts like kung fu  
You don't believe me, ya crew could get hung to  
I run through anybody opposing  
Don't make me have to tell you again  
I'm Gods chosen, like Peter, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John  
Now everybody just bounce to this new hit song, What!

From sold out arenas to the silver screen  
I move crowds and drop hits that make the people scream  
Stack cream, get chauffeured in stretched out limousines  
I'm a hot album, you just a ahhh 16  
T-Bone is hard as it gets and I don't fly first class, why?  
I travel with chef's on private jets  
That's why you mad and upset, homie  
I paid my dues though, been ripping these mic's since tape decks  
So place your bets, I'm the best yet  
Move the crowd and make ya bounce like bad checks  
I got next, like the WNBA, defeating me is like blacks joining the KKK  
It won't happen, like hoods without guns clapping  
Or hip-hop wit no DJ's and MC's rapping  
It's contradictory, none of you'll ever get wit me  
The dopest to ever breathe on a mic and claim victory