

# Too Phat, Ali Baba & The Mic Thieves

## 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 collegin' 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 tryinna 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

Disingenuous 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 tryinna 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're overdosed

Verse 10

Yo, buck a pencil

I scribble stupid rhymes

With my brain

I'm mental

This song's a little toast

For my pain

I'm roasting my brain

Crazy but I post no complaints

Buckin' paranoid when touring

Think of bombs in a plane

I think I'm dyin'

I'm seeing 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