

Too Phat, Whutthadilly (Original Demo Mix)

(Intro)

Too Phat... we comin' out like that
'99 it's on
Word is bond

(Chorus)

Whutthadilly, what?
Whutthadilly, what?
Whutthadilly, what?
Whutthadilly silly Billy what the dilly really what?

(Verse 1 - Malique)

Aiyo silly... you the King of Rap now rilly?
But still I'll snatch your crizzown eventually
You say wassappenin' I scream back, yo whutthadilly?
Me and Joe, just the two of us like Big Willy
We be rilly silly, corny, funny, and naughty
Special shoutout to Lil' Boogie and Booboo Shorty
Crack a forty now while I'ma tell a story
Metaphoric expository allegories
Derogatory or maybe I can make it mushy
Moshi moshi baby come and hoochie koochie wit' me
Boogie woogie wit' me groove wit' no commotion
My rap styles will make honeys move like locomotion
Your boyfriend says that rapper's one helluva fella
Makin' my gurlie spin like a helicopter propeller
Too Phat, my rhymes need a liposuction
Malique and Joe, now you can skip the introduction

(Chorus)

Whutthadilly, what?
(Tell 'em what we all about)
Whutthadilly, what?
(Gotta show 'em what we got)
Whutthadilly, what?
(Hip hiphop you don't stop)
Whutthadilly silly Billy what the dilly really what?
Whutthadilly, what?
(Tell 'em what we all about)
Whutthadilly, what?
(Gotta show 'em what we got)
Whutthadilly, what?
(Joe and Malique you don't stop)
Whutthadilly silly Billy what the dilly really what?
(Malique)
Attention, attention, can I have your attention please?
Wack emcees drop to your knees
Sit back and learn how to make the ladies scream
I reign supreme like Prince Naseem, nahmean?

(Verse 2 - Joe Flizzow)

Whutthadilly? Eat jelly, play witcha belly
Booboo feelin' lonely? Call me on my celly
Baby we can disco, coffe in a Bistro
Maybe catch a plane and we go honeymoon in Frisco
(Jiggedy Jizzoe wit' tha Flizzow)
Yeah, I used to grow an afro
Till all the honeys sayd, ah man, I hate your hair bro!
So now I'm baldy, be hunky and funky
Rockin' microphones and makin' people jumpin' monkeys
Jungle junkies, baboons, orang utans
Your style goes mine comes like a boomerang
(So you say you keepin' it real?)
Nah, I'm just keepin' it right

You claimin' hardcore soundin' like a transvestite
Wannabe gangsta rapper cause you got the gore
But can't even say 'she sells seashells by the seashore'
So whut the beef for? Playa? Now whutchu got?
Just grab the mic and make it ha hot ha ha hot

(Break)

(Verse 3 - Malique)

Ay baby bubba, wanna get down wit' a hip hopper?
Your momma calls me son but you can call me poppa
Baby bite a BK Whopper booboo bop your head and stuff
And when you crack and wreck your neck you know you had enuff
Wiggedy what the diggedy dilly what the diggedy dilly what?
You actin' siggedy silly I'll give you a coco butt
What the heck? Cut the crap, let me rock the discotheque
Abd now you overdoses wit' the raps that I inject
(Who supercalifragilistic?)
Yeah, now you know it's me
And everybody in the party wanna get wit' me
Cause I'm the illest, baddest disco voodoo dadda
And if you wanna bust a move then booboo make it proper
(bounce, bounce, bounce, like the man from the big VA
I ain't got all day, shorty better swing my way)
Now shake whutcha momma gave you wit' full stamina
Even if it's a fake girl, just shake 'em like Pamela

(Repeat chorus)