

# 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 dad-da  
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)