

Too Phat, Wanna Battle?

(Malique)

Remember back in the time when it was all about the simplest rhymes
Way before Malique be kickin' the the wickedest flows and ticklish lines
But hey it's a little bit changed now, it's getting more strange now
I'm feelin' the pain and sick of the dirty games and sick of the flirty dames now
I'm sick of them kekos who kickin' their simile so similar to the mista
I'm sick of them people that takin' advantage now is you diggin' the picture
Slick with the raps I'm bringing, I'm killin' any cats in Sing Sing
Your cat wanna battle me? Bring him in the ring ring
And see this killa be sting him

(Reefa)

Wanna battle me dribblin'
Gonna be laughin' at you like you be ticklin'
While I be goin' fast u be tricklin'
Doze off like a dose of penicillin
And even though you be figurin wit the flow you deliverin'
In a bose speaker bein' in
For this ear to be listenin'
Keep your head up for a dissin', I'm good like finger lickin',
Wanna test the best and get yourself in a mess
While you kickin' a dress
I'll be up in the press
Never settle for less
While you feelin', depressed with a stick in your chest
So bring it on, and lay it down
And now you know I get around
And while you kickin' it
I'll be the fella in the back puffin' under breath lickin' it

(Mizz Nina)

Get ready for the attack cos look who's back
Mizz Nina comin' through with the crew and Too Phat
Have you ever seen a hot b-girl emcee.
I bust rhymes with mad style
Positions, baby freeze
So please acknowledge the fact that I'm the equal in this hip hop sequel
Don't be judgin' on my physicals
I swallow you and your crew like small raisins
Whether sober or under intense intoxication
What you facin' are nights full of frustration
It's amazing how I always keep my rap blazin'
Hot like cajun, witness the chicks assassination
It's evident, believe my hip hop dedication
This highness be with wisdom, touchin' upon the throne
Furious intensity bestowed upon my microphone
Lyrical fitness, the impact like a hitlist
Keep your s***list and won't stop till I'm finished, what?

(Noreen)

Your whole style feminine
Sickin' when you spittin em
No more fans be diggin em
Cause I be the one who addictin' em
Sugar make you high like I'm lemon gin
Grillin' any man like I'm Eminem
Who's that next chump? Bring em in
I'll stomp on him wit' ma Timbalands
Y'all know I ain't no fairy yo, some might think I' a scary ho
Mind full of war scenarios, Noreen remain imperial

(Joe)

My dribblin' don't impress you
But would you be depressed,

If I address your female sibli
With my ticklin' too, and the figidy freakin fools
Swing my diggity dingaling from Petaling too Timbaktu
And got me impromptu freestylin' spits blow you to bits
Turn your fans into my fanatics
Jizzow addicts we'z a force to be reckoned with
Now don't you know
I can pull it off slow
But then again I could be droppin jams
Advertising bpm

(Saint)
No more time to be silent , it's time to get violent
Cause you know here I come with the bomb and it's pumpin'
So best beware don't sit down and just stare
Pump it up in the air when you know we are there
Get it up and down comin' to you straight from the underground
Buck buck pow it's the sound of the shallow streets of my hood
And it's makin' me frown
Steadily standin' me, feelin' me, backin' me, bring it on to the top
Better just makin it real so you can feel the beat don't make you drop
Get your groove on, put your strap on
Don't keep me waiting too long
Cause I'm a blow it off

(Sam)
Feel ma' heat when I'm home alone
Couldn't keep me asleep gotta sleep till dawn
Shall I stick with me click
Might get rid of the heat so I sit on
My seat 'fore I slip or get prick on my feet makes me sick
As I peeped out the street, got a tip for the treat
Better hit down the beat start to lead on this song
Couldn't keep me home
Close up the wind blow
Get in the car and close up the window lookin' in far and
Ya'll better be holler me for battle as I rebel against the devil
Friends form the past
Enemy who dares to stop on my chest go ahead
Be my guest