

Tung Twista, From The Tip Of My Tongue

(VERSE 1)

Droppin a flow like this be breakin the suckers
And rippin the rhythm and showin I'm bringin the feel of my tongue
And be makin em manifest that I be rockin the young
Flowin this style I be singin and bringin
It's breakin the people and go in the mind of a teen
Be makin em hear it and manifest up in him that I'm a star to become
Quick the lyrical style I'ma kick
You better catch the rhythm of it
Cause hip-hop is becomin complicated, never be left hung
Bringin a style like this kinda quick and crisp
A lyrical twist be comin up from Chi-Town
I know that hip-hoppers all over will be stung

(CHORUS)

(How is the rhyme brung?)
Frum the tip of my tung (7X)
(How is the rhyme brung?)
Frum the tip of my tung - Last Time Frum among the tip of my tung

(VERSE 2)

Rock the style of my second verse like that of my first
Be showin the hip-hop hypes my types of flowin, but not the best of T
From an imagination this was took, a mental crook
Stirring this up like a chef or cook
I hear them say give me the recipe
Breakin this off in the fashion of an erection of an adventurous style
That I'ma use to just confuse and smart people then go dumb
You say me style be wack cause y'all can't manifest what I be sayin
Think I'm a lyrical midget, watch me then say fee-fi-fo-fum
Flowin this like a veteran that I'm incredible is what they be stung by
When I'ma give in a flow of the funk I erect like a wee-wee
Then see me gee, we be DJ Jihad and T.T.
Steppin and then I'ma find a lyrical line that'll flow from me like peepee
Rockin and me stylin, rockin and me stylin, wildin
Them say me tracks be wack, I just sip them like them coco
Loco, a lyrical thing I sling and cling like Sing-Sing, merciless like Ming
Watch me come and stiff in em like a photo
Funky, funky, funky stylin, wildin
I'ma drop in a flow that breaks and takes a lyrical wiz to wax a funky scholar
Flowin a hyper type of song that I sung from the lung
Breakin em up in a snap, I think that I better thank Allah

(CHORUS)

(VERSE 3)

Face the lyrical rhythm of this lick I throw in a blister of a body
Breakin em up so quick that I can even bruise hair
Rythm will rock blocks and funky track drops
Don't wanna come in the door but when you're hearin this
Do I hear a 'knock-knock who's there'?
Twista breakin em off in a magical rhythmous manifestation of a lyrical racin
Chasin suckers that my funky rhythm elects
Wrote this, quote this, notice how I wreck
My funky hocus pocus broke his neck

(CHORUS)