

It's over here
It's over here

Check it
We ice cold, rap Siberia, North Pole
This ain't rock 'n' roll 'cause the rapper's in control
I'm like a blacksmith, forgin' the mic into gold
The game gets old, when the game gets sold

I spent a lot of time, perusin' the T Dot
Maybe a beats hot, but syllables bleeped out
Many men turn to mice when searchin' for cheese, auk
Pick up these guitars, not negative heat knocks now

I'm like a rangular, angular, rhyme strangler
Bangin' the beats from here to Hallie
And I'm manning a microphone
You best respect Canada in this musical famine
So here's some manna you can't examine

I'm staggerin', drunk amongst style
Offishall like Kardinal, big up to Red Won
Misfit, they put me up in the mix
Zeb Rock, ghetto's comin' with a bag of tricks, sick

Yo, it's over here
It's over here
And we blow the spot
Put your city on the map and it's called the T Dot

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Oh, oh, oh, you don't know?
Corrup and Whippy, that's east of Toronto

Used to take the Jetta downtown to check the sounds
Of DJ X and mastermindin' the underground
Now I'm grown up but I feel stuck
Hip-hop head forever, tryin' to keep it together

Sometimes I think I'm goin' insane
Pressure brain, pressure flowin' on my head like rain
But fame can bring pain
That's why I got game and a rude attitude
That I call Emily M

So you can get the Prozac if you claim to know
That what I'm livin', I break it down like long division
A mathematician with inner vision like Stevie
No wonder, I make a move from one street to Vancouver
Lookin' for philosopher's stone
It's over there, no, it's over here, what?

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