

Bring It

TonedeFF

CHORUS

If you really want it... I can bring it to ya/
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If you really want it... I can bring it to ya/
So, make up your mind, cause I'm itching to move through ya/

V1 - TONEDEFF

You have never heard this flow before/
Hold your soul in and then close the door/
Shut it tight, 'cause I bring that raw hardcore/
Dirty flow to pump and leave your heart sore/
I'm sure the rhythms and the rhymes are pure/
The lyrical auteur to pitiful sophomores/
Emcee wannabes that all got tours/
Prepare to surrender your shit and fall to all fours/
This is yet another redefinition of the emcee/
With a view to a kill no matter what the lens see/
I focus on flawed imaginations that's empty/
And devoid of funk, pre-eminently/
I've bent the original rules of rhyming so that nothing prevents me/
Cause the drum & the bass tempt me/
I've sent these words in verse, so, evidently you're done/
Cause I refuse to bring it to you gently.

V2 - TONEDEFF

You can call me the freeze-frame shutterbug/
Cause I'll stop you dead in your tracks and snap your picture while I'm at it/
I've had it up to here with the static and the jeers/
Response from my peers is automatic wreaking havoc on your ears/
Been rapping for years, mastered every aspect/
Of this craft, that I'm saddened to say is stagnant/
I be laughing at half-wits, just coming to grasp with/
Vocabulary patterns that's average, as I play with Symantecs/
Famous for tactics, Lines that I - say with a passion age into classics/
All while entertaining the masses/
Drastic measures are implemented all in your head/
The sandman to put em to sleep and then swallow the bed/
I never, follow the trends, I'll bend whatever you set/
I'll embody your style, and dismember your rep/
Inventive and set on revising, revolutionizing the gears in this mega-machine/
The appointed head of the team/
Set on defeating the feeble, Completion is the true test
T-o-n-e-d-e-double-the-F, who's next?

V3 - TONEDEFF

Push forth, That's what this Jux' for/
Never fall for these crooks with more titles bookstores/
Always scheming on good scores, creaking on wood floors/
But peep 'em and their hook's horse-shit, and their look's poor/
Bordering on absurdity, Served the underground for an eternity
Yet, certainly most radio stations ain't never heard of me/
Thirty-percent of these niggas is flossing/
The other seventy's thugging, emulating whatever they're watching/
Caution, lost one, ain't you see the sign? Music's redefined/
Just read between the lines/

I'm bringing my expertise of extra heat,
To melt this ice age at the hundred and 10th degree/
Preventing me from accomplishing this is inexplicably devious thinking/
Like shooting holes in a boat as you're sinking/
Odds of survival, reduced to those of finding decent delinquents/
If you stand in the way of progression, I'm pleased to bring it.