

# 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.