

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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