Inkredible

Lil Twist

(Yo)
(This is the first freestyle,since the shina's got out of line)
(Young Money)Young Money Cash Money (yeah) , Im the young boy.
Im goin' a little recognition like Brandon Roy (what up).
Im bout' to go nuts for fun, call it almond joy (get it).
And imma bee hidin' in the summer calldaroy.
The Young Money popstar (yeah), imma rock her
I got your girl combination, watch I'll lock her.
Get it. They say im silly, well imma lease a rapper to the youngin" Lil' Diggy.Re-Rest in peace Pac, Re-Rest in Biggy, but twizzy, im more like The Beatles in my city (rock).
Why? Cause i know what's uppa, and i dont call these young artists rappers their suppa.
Im eating all these rappers whoever claim they better.
I tell them to get off my meat, my peckerwood and my decker.
And get ready cause im comin' for ya, better get your whole team to start running for ya.Holdin' campaignins. I dont care if your famous. Im on fire like im cannin' , it wont help me if its rainin' , not complainin'.
Cause im indestructible. Crazy mother truckable , when im livein' like the Huxtable's.Now get off my testicles.
Im illy-illy, the kid like Gille willy.
I get more "P" than a hat of a Philly, hold up.
Well let me keep that to myself. Black and White like the ref.
Im rockin' shorts for the def, ugh.
Im the hardest working artist, im the smartest, im the modest. Hit them muggers like a ??? and get out. (ugh) 101 game now sit out. And if im nasty to you haters, then you can go and spit out.I be doing if i fly. Better grab your tissue when my ish drop.
Cause its gonna be like diarrhea, droppin stacks at galleria.
Hollin at these mama mia's (yeah)
Im so Inkredible, switchin' up on ya kids, you better buy a vowel.
I make you sweat so you better buy a towel. And i know who's who's now who's looking for the aisle.Not we, cause we in Young Money. We sick in your tummy, we make your nose runny. Yeah we make your nose runny, got a house full of chicks, I call it twist clyde bunnies (yeah).Sh-Shall I keep going? Keep flowing? Throw my chain up, and then it starts snowing, start storming, start hailing. Whatever they call it. Yeah its hailing cause its ice falling, yeah your kid still ballin'.Im runnin' out of breath, im feelin myself. If no one else. (who cares) Cause i dont care about what you do. Because its me against you like 2x2 or 3x3 yes imma do me. Spell my name "T" "W" Mr capital "T". Oh wait I missed the freakin "I" "S", cause I is the best. And i will freakin dissect, all you freaking rap-ets.Im nasty on the track like rat sex. Im happy, because I got a mad check. Mr. Little "T". Mr 1 point 3 young mula ba-by. (yeah)(ok)
(I just had to go in. Ya dig)
(Shout out to my little bro diggy, i see you mr. atlantic)
(Young Money)
(What up Free'd)

(Ya Dig)

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