Watermelon

Footstone

I express like an interstate
Hyper when I ventilate
My rap pieces penetrate and infiltrate your mental state
Just to reiterate
That I innovate
Bonin' broads when they men estruate
I spend a great time with the rhyme
More than I did any female
I derailed your train of thought
Because your brain was caught
On some other man's thinking
Now your third eye is blinking
My rhymes be kicking
Like a brother's breath be stinking
I get funky for sure while your 'sniff' unsure
If you got beef, chief, then let that shit unthaw
This track was a broad
I'd be bonin' the shit out of it
Bang, bang, bang then see what I can get out of her
Probably some scratch clothes and some J's
I got six thousand ways to rhyme, choose one
I stand out like a nigga on a hockey team
I got goals and I can like a pop machine
I come clean
Like a fiend in Chi, I'm down with rehab
My stutter styles crazy
'Cause that's right, we bad, we bad
Prior to Richard I was that crazy nigga
'Cause I kick ass
And when I wreck other rappers be like Whiplash!
It's like I come, I come to the party in a B-boy stance

I rock on the mic and make the gils want to dance
It's like I come I come to the party in a b-boy stance
I rock on the mic and make the gils want to dance
Me without a lyric, is like a nigga without a beeper
I'm a blow this shit out 'cuz I'm the joint like reefer
If Barry White was in the mob
I still would be deeper

'Cause I had lyrics back when I used to run with Keyvin
MC's step to me, butt-ass naked like "What's up?"
I said, "You know you done fucked up
Now I'm sayin', "You know you done fucked up"
Everybody that here be say, I'm Jams like the NBA
'Cause I'm on fire
If I was a Michelan I wouldn't tire
It's funny how time flies
Well, I'm as fly as time
I don't believe in role models but if I do then I'm mine
I make brothers say, "True"
They be you and be like fiction
I want 'spect and dead presidents like Richard Nixon
I'm a coach not a player
Not a gay M.C., I'm straighter
My style is similar to AIDS
You can F with it now
But catch you later
You can't touch this 'cuz this is what I'm feelin' bro
I'm the man, you need me, I'll be on the fifth flo'
Just chillin'
Even if it's played out it's not the word to play so peace
I'm out to Dirty Burgers, I'ma give my change to Reese

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