Give Me MY Freedom

M.C. Shan

[VERSE 1]
M.C. Shan's what I'm called, I stand tall and brave
And me and Marley Marl is as close as a shave
My rhymes lock jaw like a pitbull bite
Suckers always try to sleep on me cause I look light
See, a lotta wack rappers try to rack their brains
To feel a style of MC, come on, break these chains
Speak now or hold your peace when I decide to pass this
But every rhyme you ever had could never surpass this
If rhymes were food, the main source for livin
You would swear that every line of my rhyme was Thanksgiving
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em
Stop jockin me, boy - give me my freedom

[VERSE 2]
I want to break away clean, I mean virtually spotless
And all year long I been schemin and plottin this
If beats were cakes, then my rhymes'd get frosted
This is '88 and I still ain't lost it
For all of those who still got a doubt in their mind
There ain't a rapper livin bad enough to take mine
There ain't no studio-illusion and no scratch-syncin
Stop - if that's what you're thinkin
Write rhymes simultaneously, say em in pairs
And I would hate to have a rapper proclaim they're theirs
Instead in comin in a limo, bring a casket and hearse
Before we speak we'll hear the preacher from the deacon first
We won't be gathered that day to unite no couple up
Marley, are we gettin this on tape? (Yup)
All you dirty low-down better slow down faster
Your technique isn't good enough to hang with the master
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em
Stop jockin me, boy
Jockin me, son
Jockin me, punk
Jockin me, kid
Give me my
Give me my

Give me my freedom

[VERSE 3]
I'm the opposite of what you say a slob is
Dumpin suckers off is exactly what my job is
I'm feared like Napoleon and blessed like Buddah
You couldn't face me solo, you'd have to bring your crew to
Dump me off, I don't recollect the mumble
I ain't soft, homeboy, and picture me crumble
And forget all of those that don't like my rap
I don't be kickin that old shooby-dooby-doo-wop crap
Rappers often brag about their bitin deejay
But they can't do Marley nothin, no how, so hey
It's clear to the ear what I'm sayin, son
That's why we feel like slaves on the freedom run
And each and every time a wack rapper walks by me
His head starts singin: Come on and fly me...
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em
Stop jockin me, boy
Jockin me, son
Jockin me, punk
Jockin me, kid
Give me my freedom

[VERSE 4]
We can do this like Brutus, I'm not mad, I'm pissed
This parade of mine I doubt that you can rain on this
You couldn't place my rhymes amongst mortal men
When I be rhymin on beats that set the hip-hop trend
I will always exist because I'm bein preserved
Don't agree to set me free, then you gotta be served
I earned a name amongst society as lyrically ill
But yet I'm loyal, see, cause Marley hooks the beat up still
There's no way that you could say there's a day I'd fess
Hamana-hamana-nothin, you can kill that mess
My rhymes are ruthless, no heart, and totally wretched
And if they was to fall down, then the beats would catch it
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em
Stop jockin me, boy
Jockin me, son
Jockin me, punk
Jockin me, kid
Give me my
Give me my

Give me my freedom

Give me my freedom or not
I DON'T GIVE A F-
You don't want to play this?
Suck my -
Fuck off, muthafuckas
You don't like this?
I don't give a fuck
Just gimme my muthafuckin freedom
Goddamn!

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written by WILLIAMS, MARLON LU'REE/MOLTKE, SHAWN LEIGH
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