

Poetry

Freddie Foxxx

Always spit fly and never be afraid Verse 1

Yo, yo, yo, listen

It's the MCs time- for spittin the rhyme,

Believe, I be in the ring gettin the mind,

I'm the word in your dialect that's hard to define,

Like unity, no man gets immunity

I rhyme for your community

On a Harley (Davidson), throttle in my right hand

Left on the molly (?) With the muffler, lookin for to toughin ya

Feelin like a burnin in ur belly, when I get to warmin up in ya

I see u niggas in kill mode, then u see me in kill mode

then u in chill mode, my twin glocks still load

Nigga I'll make you roadkill

Then bump in you in kill road (?)

On the highway i spit the verse my way, and never say another niggas rhyme, that's biting

not homage

you need to stop writing

that garbage

I won't let you, let him tell them

That bumpy ain't spittin that hardcore phlegm

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