Freestyle (DJ Clue Presents Fabolous)

Funkmaster Flex

Tony touch Iraq Iraq 50 M-C's,
A little bit a thugs is all it takes
To make this industry just brake
A little bit a thugs is all it takes
To make this industry just brake
What what what poison arrows
Swords and lords yo but really
My Mac Milly spray niggas lay niggas
Yo the cognac make you feel unbeatable
Yo especially when that ass drunk too much
I call up tony touch tony touch bring the next dutch
Yo I'm all fucked up bent and can't think
While you both stink, don't even care that you sink
Yo impulsive, exclusive, high explosive
Can't even get with, shit I dealt wit
I'm on some other shit, my main script describe the foulness
Panama canalness, what, yo, I, don't even talk so I'm far from the loudest
Kid, nigga, can't touch this, rush this, yo what
Yo, switch the beat, now, bless itWhat, I'm bout to fuck shit up, what
Fuck it up
Fuck it up
Fuck it up
Fuck it up fuck it up fuck it up, what what!?
We on the lines like the internet
Many will come but few was chosen
Against my set, there ain't a nigga yet
Smoke so much niggas say I need nicorette
You say boogie, but you used to say cigarette
Now I know, a new religion, a new beginning
I own women, three-fourths rock and linen
This middle east shit, father beat shit
Release this, the only place in the world, that pull out cracks pieces
We rock camels, split that ass in text
Yo we bag bitches after we fuck em and say thanks
Yo thanks for havin' me, next week your straight grabbin' me
Swearin' they homeless, sayin' that the havin' me
I don't, want to crawl at all
You want to be a thug, you used to play ball
Runs the play for Seton Hall

Now, outta the blue, you got thug in you too
Yo I knew you, your size shoe was due in voodoo
Always, smell like shit, used to call you doo-doo
Never came outside, in the crib you hide
Scared to death
While we played manhunt, to our last breath
I never chose this life, it chose me
What, l-f-c, heavy amount with jewelry
Crime syndicate, nigga livin' this
Never mention miss ?
Smoke rain bodies, you had to saw before, before
Yo, you on my dick, I had the lime green on
With the string on, with fatigue on
Fresh avirex's, cockpit, now from the outlet
Jose Luis emperor, two shots I blow ta Dillinger
No real kings like john Dillinger, the politic
What, I'm on some ides in the militant
You either with me or against me
That in between shit make the money stop too intensely
So what the deal is, the generals what the deal is
What the deal is, the devilish thought you can't kill thisWhat niggas, Iraq, realize that

Songwriters
REMI, SALAAM/JONES, NASIRPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd., Universal Music Publishing Group
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/