

# Barry Bonds Freestyle

## Drake

Yeah, look  
It's what you all been waiting for ain't it  
Your weekly entertainment  
For me to get a hold of this beat  
And go ahead claim it  
I'm bout to paint a picture  
You niggas go ahead frame it  
Since we gettin Seinfeld  
On some Jerry and Elaine shit  
I flow far from mediocre  
And if we talking cards I will fold him with the poker  
You and your whole crew are like a deck of 54  
So it's obvious ya'll gone steady be rollin with some jokers  
Uh, and me, I'm rolling with some brokers  
Like damn, could you niggas get any broker?  
I got my new girl so content  
Just save yourself the embarrassment, don't even approach her  
Disguise yourself, go buy a costume  
I am making stocks work, while you working stock rooms  
Uh, and I was praying I would drop June,  
But label reps applying pressure to make them pop tunes  
So I keep it rocking for peets sake  
You fake gangsta rappers are cliché  
And if you ain't talking dough when you meet Drake  
I'll be in your face,  
Like "No speak a la ingls"  
Soon as you hear it you quote it  
They tryin to be the one that I done left out the show with  
But trust me I'm aware, and my car's right there  
Is this interior enough for your ulterior motives?  
Cause if you like it you should stick with me  
My money good, I ain't neva had to flip a key  
A lotta ice, a lotta cream like Dickey D  
Might cut the phone and disapear like Mishy Me  
But I'm tryna have you on that trip with me  
Slidin' through Henry Bendale like it's slippery  
And yo ex man is a hater, officially  
Probably cause he know I'm exactly what you wish he'd be  
Yeah, that's the reason why he looking hard

Cause I done snatched the Chips Ahoy out his cookie jar  
He just mad cause his girl at the house  
With her tounge stickin' out,  
Like a Michael Jordan rookie card  
Let me address this, pardon me while I fix  
A couple subliminal lines caught me in the mix  
I guess he thought that he could've been gotti in the flix  
But at this point I'm just poking a body with a stick  
Now-a-days rapping is a children's hobby  
And girls keep telling me I'm still as snobby  
I tell them myself is who I am feeling probably  
Just because I gotta buzz like a building lobby  
It ain't a song that your ass finna skipp  
I tried to sell weed, give me cash for this zip  
The way your girlfriend pump me up in the car  
Seem like she don't really need no gas for the trip  
Millionaire shades, fade with the waves  
I smirk at a nigga if he still rockin braids  
That just let's me know that we ain't on the same page  
And that goes out to every nigga except Trey  
(Eyy) I'm outta here baby, they asked me about the past years and how does it phase me  
I wouldn't take it back, nah not if you pay me  
Mister, betcha that's expensive cause it's not a Fugazi  
Spittin a crock pot of bottomless gravy  
The shit is so nasty, how is it tasty?  
And you can probably find him walking out of a Macy's  
Forget it girl, they just thinking how to replace me  
Exit with a joke, leave these niggas some hope  
You took the 'Ye beat and you put that shit in a joke  
Well, I'm thinking I should leave out on this note  
Nigga keep your two cents I ain't trynna leave you broke  
Life of a Don, lights keep glowin'  
Come up in the club with that fresh shit on  
Something crazy on my arm  
And here's another hit barry bonds

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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