Freaky Flow

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My flow is vivid
I give it two-hundred percent
That's a hundred for me
And a hundred for the rent
I know whatcha meant, joe, I gotta flow too
Cause they wack every show I go to
I be leavin'
I don't be beleavin' they be even
Beleave in they own shit
Actin' like they owwwn, shit
Butcha never will
So you better chill
Or getcha grill, peice, torn by the beast
You get the claws
Across your jaws
Hear the roars
Now we gonna lock the doors
Your trapped in a rap like a def game
A left came, then a right, then a fight came,
Then a light came, then an eternal night came
Now your in it, in less than a minute
Don't ever try to battle cause your never gonna win it
You better know your limit boy
You better know your limit.
(chourous: (jeru the damaja) got a, freaky, freaky
Freaky freaky flow. (brother j.) it's freaky deaky
It's freaky deaky. 2xVerse 2:I'm here
Not fronichole, but lyrically present
I'm in the flesh, yo, ain't it fresh
I got that special ed shit
Slap that dead shit
Now play dis
Now say dis (your the greatist)
I got enough to stuff into the ladies
I rub her with a rubber
But I'm lyrically raw
Protect your neck and double check your jaw
Cause I'm gettin' bummy
A'yo I'm still gettin' money

Yo, ain't it funny
How you can't take the ghetto out the ed-o
Maybe I'm just crazyWhy I think, I wanna kill my shrink
I see, pink hearts, yellow moons, orange stars, and green clovers,
And red blood all over, a dead leprechan
With a time bomb tied to it's arm
In saigon somewhere on a farm
I gotta calm, down
And hit the wright wire
Or fight fire
Maybe it's a premenission, or intuition
Or some kind of vision
But either way, I'm on a lyrical mission.Chorus 2xVerse 3:I think it's because I break the laws of language
Like a sandwich
I eat the whole beat
On whole wheat
Cause it's good for your teeth
Imagine a vaginal nigga like you on the street
Back on the concrete
Feet up
Gettin' beat up
So when we meet up, give your seat up
And rise
The honorable ed is presiding
Stop biting, stop writing, stop hidin
I hate fish motherfuckers, but I like writting
And snappa, blue fish
I go to one fish two fish
Or some lobster
No I'm not a mobster, but medoddion
If I was white I might say: party on, dude
But I'm the original rude
With the new york talk
So just peep, because the skills go deep
So look, and think about it, before you leap.Chorus 2x

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