

# Freestyle

## Z-ro

Freestylin' on the mic get in the go  
Freestylin' on the mic so let it flow  
Freestylin' on the mic get in the go  
First on the microphone psycho  
Taking rappers like hot dice, like hot nights in Vegas  
Got says they hate us 'cause they are fucking with the greatest  
Niggers that pull gats and steal gats just like potatoes  
Knowing they couldn't break us or take us now fake us take us out, no doubt  
Make us serve your ass with a teck  
Making rappers bow down like the west side connect  
I want the ice like cube, so I blast with the mac ten  
But trust me, I'm throwing up the dub just like dub C  
Plus we fucks it up on both coasts  
Don't show clouts when I rip shot, putt niggers in zip lock  
Fucking with this hip hop fanatics still automatic  
Yes I smoke Kryptonite, get it right, my site is tight  
Got wicked ways like MR Mike  
Get the gauge in the night these niggers running loose, get the bodies  
These niggers in Khakis and not Versace  
Somebody should have told you, son it's on like that  
With the ice man bitch and I am gone like that  
Freestylin' on the mic get in the go  
Freestylin' on the mic so let it flow  
Freestylin' on the mic get in the go  
And next on the microphone cnote  
I got some bidnez that I gotta handle  
See this is kinda risky but I'm gonna have to take the gamble  
Niggers they trying to plot a scheme on me  
Double and triple teams on me  
I'll make them bleed for me  
And that's how it is going down  
I won't be satisfied until I see that ass six feet underground  
'Cause you fucked around and pissed the wrong brother off  
You lied to yourself when you said I was soft  
Now that's a no no, with manhole I'll formulate a plan yo  
That will make your children bastards and your wife a widow  
Trying to battle me that's a sin  
And be like Toni Braxton and you'll never breath again  
'Cause I hit hard like thunder, straight from the under

Ground with the sound that will make Stevie wonder  
Hard, but let me continue  
Serving MC's like lettuce on the menu  
Pound for pound up in this game to be the best  
Back the fuck up off me motherfucker 'cause I'm stressed  
You'll wind up in a casket fucking with me  
You get your ass kicked hit you harder than an accident  
Lets get down to pleasure  
And beat the kid out the treasure  
Let me measure this here joint 'cause it'll be nothing lesser  
I'll betcha that I'll get it wide open like hosteler  
Vanilla kobe surround all of you like kobe  
And leave you in suspense like who done that  
You checked with grandma  
I'll be the last man standing off lyrical stamina  
I round up one hundred MC's in one city  
Knock off ninety nine and a half  
And that leaves a half that wanna face me  
I'll leave him face down in the dirt  
Call the paramedics check the body for surgery with anesthetic  
Total mass in a mass stocker, hit the creator  
Set it off like Michael Meyers in a double mattny feature  
Feature funky rhymes that are hard to swallow  
Send your ass until tomorrow, you'll be hoping to escape the horror  
Now pay attention to today's lesson  
And in for your possession  
Recognize these freestyle confession  
I'll step aside a case like Kojak giving up the evidence but I leave no  
Fingerprints  
Yo put the scrip off in a case like mattock  
Come bumpin' on your block  
And clean your ass up like Dr. Spock  
Freestylin on the mic get in the go  
Freestylin on the mic so let it flow  
Freestylin on the mic get in the go  
And next on the mic it's the ice, so let it flow  
It's the incredible party rocker, the heart stopper, hit dropper  
Hypnotize you all like big poppa  
Getting everybody blazed with the funky don't stop  
As I detonate the spot like Oklahoma on your block  
Like it will be the day that I don't blow up any buildings  
When you hear me boy gonna beat the microphone I'm killing  
Registering ten on the richer when I shake it  
With the earthquake based my taste blowing out your woofers  
Put you in a state of shock like Mick and Mike so get it right

Making is the night  
Just to let you know my click is tight, right  
We got women up front shaking ass  
Just about stripping want to put on the glass  
Pass the phat philly as I heat it up like chili  
Put down the gun son, there is no need for the nine milli  
Got the meat for the barbecue so spark a few hops  
Watch as I raid your spot like spartan infatruate your whole block

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