

# Freeze

## Flote

Yo, yo what the fuck? Yo, yo  
It goes stop, don't make a move, just freeze  
Instead of tellin' a lie, get down on your knees  
Please, give up the mic to MC's  
Masters of the ceremony, is what we be  
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I was walkin' down the street about three o'clock  
When I saw another MC at the end of the block  
Talkin' to kids tellin' em, how they had to get the dough  
So I rolled right up in the Cypher and said "Yo!"  
Here is an example of a whack MC  
Caught in the world and he just can't see  
He said, "What? Yo, aiyyo, you disrespected me"  
"Now I got to battle you and show them who the best be"  
He started spittin', he said, "Somethin' somethin' hot"  
And then he tried to talk about the money that he got  
I said, "Shh c'mon yo, that's all passe"  
I got to break it down another way like this now  
Follow me here in this moment and time  
Follow the rhyme created instigated to see the crime  
You commit, when you sit in the past, don't you know?  
You construct a future based on everything that you know  
But to get to the unknown, we surely must erase  
All the preconceived notions they keep throwin' up in our face  
On the daily, I run over tracks like Donovan Bailey  
And break every record, in less than ten seconds  
They said, "Ooh! That's a real metaphysical"  
"We pull down the light 'cause the force is centrifugal"  
He tried to act up, I had to give in  
Because the truth is an offense and not a sin, word life  
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MC's ain't comin' equipped, with the rhyme  
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time  
The time is essential when you play with the lives of the youth  
They want the truth, but you want loot  
So ya change a little bit switch up your steeds  
Now you got a bigger bank account and extra ki's  
Please, everything you do we do with these  
Real MC's are universal entities  
That scope the universe, lookin' for the fraudulence  
Then we take a disguise like Clark Kent  
Mild mannered but I'm quick to check a scanner  
For a weak MC sinkin' a city like Atlantis  
You can't stand this, missile placed and you vanish  
I meditate, delevitate the twelve planet  
You cannot withstand the heavy verbal attack  
I'm the lyrical master blaster, yeah I can do that  
I could also beat your style, because I analyzed it  
You used to rock, but now you paralyzed it  
Doesn't really matter like platinum blondes  
Think what is an MC if he can't drop bombs?  
Don't really know if it's over your head  
'Cause the job of resurrectin' is to wake up the dead  
So pay attention it's the hard to behold  
That everything that good is ain't gold, for real  
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It goes stop

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