

# Kokamoe Freestyle

GoldLink

Lackin' with the clip  
We dump it off like we run Montavit  
Sorry homie you know we not friends  
It's all for politics  
Politics, never get to see who really runnin' shit  
Now you know who runnin' shit  
You rappers on punishment

Popping dog niggas they be lyin' on their brother dick  
Everybody scared of "Lil' Linky", man it's evident  
Feeling like 50 way back in '03, aw geez  
Talkin' 'bout goddamn, they on some other shit  
3-0 why I'm screamin' 4-4 on my Louis shit  
Poppin' tags, I buy the Mo', niggas on their dummy shit  
Uh-uh, see I say no, so I don't know  
Black and yellow goose with the boots and the jumpsuit  
3 shot, a nigga had the go-go last week  
We don't really care who got shot last week  
Runnin' up the meter, plug a villain bumpin' me  
Coastin' past shit, you don't want no problems with a G  
Big Sig, big jig, I'm the gang of the streets  
I never had to struggle when gangs in a beef  
Always ten toes so it's hard to defeat  
And trust me nigga, I been looking hard for a beat, huh

He ain't rap this hard in a long time  
U-Street, poppin' off, Vita do's and nines  
Muslim homies always saying wallahi to the guy  
I'm alive, been addicted to the power, ain't gon' lie, yo  
Ain't no fear, I'm never well and put a shell up in yo  
Ain't no tellin' when we do it, we just shoot and get ya  
Got a bad thing, her name LaLa  
Ask why, with them tatas keep my mouth wide, uh  
Northside bumpin' "Norf Norf" what a day  
When I was a baby I was wildin; for respect  
You gon' get your head bust fuckin' with the set  
Fuck around here and talk crazy, you get wet  
We ran so many niggas outta here  
Wonder why young Linky never had a fear  
Say it once, say it twice  
You gon' get a piece  
Anybody ever ask what happened with the bitch

Runnin' from police, they almost had me when I steal  
Ran, went back I almost started selling then  
'Round the same time bumpin' T.I. versatile  
I ain't know who went harder, made me wanna sell a brick  
Now we in the game enough so busy from the bank  
Niggas look to you like damn dog, look where you came

I don't give a fuck about shit, man yeah I changed  
And let your niggas style and I need my fuckin' change  
DMV nigga, hunnid niggas under ya  
Lackin', lackin', lackin'  
Lackin' with my peers  
Rappin' ass nigga, but I'm quiet when I'm here  
I'm always plottin' on a bitch

Pretend I'm plottin' on my fears  
We don't need no attacks from the boys  
We just need, run scared from "the boys"  
We don't wanna fall in love by the boys  
So I just get the lil' reap drilling with the boys

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