

Black Hippy Freestyle

Black Hippy

Jay Rock checking in, you niggas checking out
When I grip the pen, that's how it is when I'm on the mic
I'm the People's Choice
The streets never lie
I paid dues so I'm self made
And if you got something shitty to say
You get slept or slayed
Haters in the shade
They running they mouth
They steady talking till the gun in they mouth
Go ahead and chit chat
That's when you hear the click-clack then its all over
Too late to bleed, squeeze then flee
Bleed the streets, bleed the beats
True story
I'm straight gutter, all guts
No glory
You niggas whack with them same raps
Y'all bore me
You're all killers and dealers
With scrilla like Kobe
Cut it out, you rappers papier-mache
K. Lamar my nigga, go ahead and take 'em away

I said we don't wanna hear that weak shit no more
My flow China white
Like a sheep in the snow
I go deep as the Bible, I could debate with the pope
And you rappers go down hill
Like a ski on the slope
I been a boat with Papi
But I ain't trying to cop no work
I'm trying to cop me the boat and some more property
I told Rock
"We gotta be more then just a commodity
Make the whole name and entity to infinity"
Y'all want me off the juice, no grenadine
Could stop me from thinking presidential like the scattered brains of Kennedy
Y
After I shot, duck down
So the crowd won't witness me
Now, could somebody locate Mr. Shakur?
And tell these Tupacs, they two shots, away from two blocks
Of being neighbors with the Almighty Lord
I put your best material in, then fast forward
Kendrick, signing off
I'm sure your signature's forged, boy

They say I'm headed to the county and they said it's for a murder
In a zone like a touchdown
No need to be turned down
Catch a fade, mandatory
Walk up in the dorm room just me and my heart
Let it start
Where you from?
I bang back
Start pushing back the rack

So I guess it's time to scrap
Run that, Look
I Whooped his ass for an hour
Made his nigga have to drag him in the shower
Survival techniques from the streets don't apply in here
Just barbarious niggas who'll try your fears, ruthless
Little church choir and Hell's fire
And lemme see you sing your ass out of this one
Smashed out a victim
Should've kept push ups in your routine
Eating tuna for your protein
Most niggas turn scary, fags get buried
Snatch a mothafucka's commissary
Don't worry I'm a gangster

Look
First name Herbert
Last name Steven
Don't call it my government
Cause I don't know none of them
As far as rap
I'm running it like I'm getting robbed
Target wasn't quite my target
That's why I quit my job
These niggas better hop on board
When my ship sets sail and I sell a few records
Sipping Guinness and set a few records
Enough is never enough
I gotta do extra
I gotta go the distance
I gotta prosper, I gotta put my mamacita
In that big casa
I gotta be the
Realest if not the illest to spit a verse
God MC, Pick a church
Hallelujah
Don't let the curly hair fool you
My hair ain't quite wool
And my feet ain't bronze
And it's inadequate thinking I used to run Nazareth
Imagine if this hoodie was a crown of thorns
You wish you had the stamina to go that hard
Get your punchlines up, then maybe we could spar
Your lyrics should make a point, then maybe we could score
Then maybe I could show you how three met-a-four

Metaphorically speaking I'm more indecent
Then papa bear getting distracted enjoying his porridge, peep it
In a war, I rip a warrior to pieces
Make a Domino effect, like I'm delivering pizzas
("Let him go, let him keep going")
And if that ain't a fact, then neither is Jesus
Black-lipped bastard
Puffing on a pasture
I hit a chick till she holla' like she caught the Holy Ghost
Then I passed her, holy smokes
I bring disaster to every quote
You a Shasta to a Coke
I'm a master
Sensei with a pen raised
Build up bricks, just to break
In the dojo blowing do-do
And to be frank

I 'm so hot I make the snow flake
On any day
Ab-Soul, now you know mane