

# Hello (Freestyle)

IDK

Damn...  
How the fuck did I get here  
Last year I was a nobody  
I mean  
Nobody  
That managed me, couldn't even last one year  
But now them niggas see my last drop  
They mad that I dropped back  
Like a Brett Favre right after the sack  
Yeah  
Hmm  
Now I'm in this bitch like a pap smear  
Hmm  
Now I'm in this game like that name of the EA nigga with that fat chin and g  
ray hair  
Is Nia Long here?  
I got a long dick  
That get up quick  
Like Supreme Cutlass  
Somebody tell her I said that  
And you don't need a motherfuckin' class to  
Understand where my head's at  
I'm  
Sick as a baby with insufficient Similac  
If Michael Jackson sent a verse and I ain't like it  
Send it back  
I take my shit  
Serious as Bruce Bruce  
Taking a constipated dump  
In the bitch that Biggie mentioned's lap  
If you caught that line, you felt a fuckin' slap  
You could sniff that line and know that shit was smack  
They should have never let a nigga in  
Let alone let a nigga back  
And now I'm kinda mad  
Cause  
This industry  
Told me I wouldn't last  
I bite my tongue  
Lock my jaw, hold my mouth and I still laugh  
Put everyone on blast in front of my blam blam  
Get to the club  
Then I beat on they' buzz like  
Bam Bam  
Damn  
How the fuck did I get here  
Last year I was a nobody  
I mean  
Nobody had ever dreamed  
I would make it past the common fear  
Of risk taking  
I'm racing like a Jamacian  
On steroids running the 400 my skill is unfair  
I can write fucking circles round yo ass like a small booty getting prepared  
for butt shots here...  
So Listen up, I'm a killa  
Don't mix it up

I might kill yeah  
Behind your back like I'm Bishop  
When I attack like militia  
The type to buss on ya sister  
Then hug your mom after hittin' her  
And if the semi don't hit ya  
I drop a bomb that won't miss ya  
That's for ya family mister  
Miyagi kicking that knowledge  
Like Uncle Sam when I bitch ya  
Give me yo' money  
Li'l buddy  
Or I'll be forced to come get ya  
Kick open the door  
Like who is ya?  
Get down on the floor like I  
Pimped ya  
Now I'm on an island like skipper  
With a bad lil bitch... former stripper  
You know we' gone off the liquor

Don't look at me and think you can't be touched cause ahh...  
I might  
Might  
I might just bust  
Got my Uptown niggas and they don't give a fuck an' ahh...  
They might they might they might just bust  
Got my Landover niggas with, the flock in the cut and ahh...  
They might they might they might just bust  
Know some Southside niggas that do not give a fuck and ahh...  
They will bust

Niggas wonder how my buzz growing?  
I did a damn good job, right?  
Conference calls with my squad every single night  
After that  
Call my broad  
She gon' do me right  
She gon' blow the pipe  
Like she Tina  
After that I Ike  
Beat the pussy up  
Like what do love gotta do with it?  
Nothing bitch  
Get the lubricant on  
Do it quick  
For I lose it, trick  
Easy E, he too  
Ruthless

Who is this?  
I'm that nigga that killed it  
After I nailed it like it's Jesus on a crucifix

I'm with my Jews from Jerusalem  
Told me if I keep  
Making fire  
They gon' make the flames lucrative  
So I'm cooped in the studio for the coupe  
If a nigga in my way, get the blakka then halooket him  
Ryu and Ken  
Couldn't kick knowledge  
Like I can

Made your favorite rapper  
Kick rocks like hiking  
Climbing up the pedestal after that I stool on you fools like a goddamn pige  
on when it's flying!

I did a damn good job right?  
I use to wiki favorite albums every single night  
Eminem  
Pharcyde  
Even Gladys Knight  
To be the best thing that ever happened  
When I'm on the mic  
Catching one way flights  
No cash to get back  
Just to bag contacts  
Like I work at Lens Crafters  
Back when I used to feel cursed  
And a verse was the only way to get the hex reversed