

Freestyle For Stay Dougie

Jay Electronica

In hollywood everybody got a business card
In manhattan everybody got a business card
In new orleans... everybody got a gun, and a bible, and a net,
or some type of a fishing rod,
And at night, if you listen hard,
You can hear gunshots from blocks away or fiends pushin bricks
through cars,
I'm from the same dark alley niggas never go down,
Forty ounce glass and needles on the merry go round
Look, abracadabra bitches,
I ain't the average nigga yappin on a track for riches,
Even though my rags to riches tale is vicious hell,
A lot of niggas sick an pale when I spit the braille
You feel me?
I never ever ever slipped and fell
You hear me?
And any pussy that decide to try and come near me
Will get raped crushed and left for dead on the hill
I'll be on the pyramid stairs out of Brazil
Now put that in your pipe and get twisted
Make like fingerprints and get lifted
Nobody spit the sick shit like I do
The bayou kid so deep on google you need goggles
Nigga I'm sick with this
I'm castin spells on the judge and the jury and the snitches in
the witness pit