

Freestyle

Jay Rock

Yeah
I like this shit right here
Yeah, Jay Rock

Top Dog Entertainment, yeah
You know I gotta keep it gudda on this one, nigga
Cause that's what I represent, motherfucker
I'm going in

Look at me now, they loving my name
Applying pressure, Jay Rock crushing his game
You up in my lane, then it's a must you be slayn
Fake niggas yell out my name to honor some fame
Shame y'all lames, my bars are vivid
Your's are scripted, Jay Rock fact, you fiction
Cocked back, blast you missing
Bash bitches, kill tracks so severe, no chance for stitches
Solid, don't fold, won't stand with snitches
Seen the police, the land man and prison
Damb, I'm from the projects, the land of killers
Got pumps like Ark, get your mans a fill up
Like a screwdriver, I'm a true rider
Can't deny it, city survivor
I'm still hungry, treat the block like a potluck
You bring your dish, I eat your shit
I'm bout it bout it, Rock used to rip hives
Got weed, pushing water like riptides
I love the south, they rock chains and cars
I'm from the west, all we do is pop things and rob
Shit I'm like Mac 10, I bang and bomb
For my fans, I shit on you fakes and frauds
This is Top Dog Ent, he next in charge
Run your mouth, fuck around, put your life on pause
I'm too gudda, when it come to my stacks
Hit the hood, make it rain, and I'm snatching it back
I'm a playa, fuck 1 bitch, I'm snatching a batch
And we at the hotel, put the stick down they back
Yeah watch counting [?]
Pants sagging, red ragging, and I'm holding my gat
Cause niggas out here, thinking I'm pussy
Till I cock back, leave they fuckin head mushy
Too rough, like a couple of O's
Do a couple of shows, do a couple of hoes
And we still cooking up, D work in my stove
Got a frunt Chevy thing, if they kick in the door
Them apple bit boys wanna throw us away
Them fake niggas, dog better watch what you say
Cause them boys steady taping, recording your calls
Catch a nigga like that, then I'm out in the mall
Got dollars, sitting on a pot of gold
The money coming, the money running, like a snotty nose
Tryna snatch, Imma clap, leave your body froze
Knock your fuckin head off, when the shotty blows
I gotta keep it gudda dope
Stay eating, cause I got that bread and butter flow
And you know I never studder though
Watch what we do it for, G, go on, tell them, bro

They think I'm selling dope, no, I'm selling I'm selling [?]
They want this 32, fuck all that taking turns
Bitch I'm ball hogging, there's too much gass to get
Call me Kobe Bryant, I ain't passing shit
Motherfuckers snitch, a nigga tryna score
And if I miss a shot, believe I'm back for more
You niggas after whores, you acting dick
Dressing like a bitch, jeans tight as shit
There ain't no tighter Crip, Rock the king of Bloods

Yeah west coast [?]
Don't believe my words, stand back and watch, cause
On my dead homies, we finna run this bitch
And if my disks don't sell, rap niggas run your shit
I'm taking magic plates, and I [?] them nigga
Talking magic [?]
You best believe the hype, G the grimiest
Why the fuck you think Mac 10 signed me, bitch?
If it was up to bars, he would've signed Krit
One of the hardest stars, [?]
I bet a couple niggas [?] grab his hand and shook it
Album bout to drop, niggas ain't pushed it
You feeling like a pussy, how that feeling feel?
A couple deals later, I'm at [?]
At the Top Dog, man this a little loanly
So I spit this lil verse just to help the homies
[?] this my cocky run
Cause death the only thing that's gonna stop my shine
I refuse to let another nigga stop my grind
Long as my vocals fresh, I'll make them press rewind
Since I'm pressed for time, I'm bout to kill this bitch
That's how you do a track, tortured and kill a bitch