

# Jdilla Freestyle

Jay Rock

I'm still lost in my own zone in the living room Like I'm dead to the world  
playing Donny Hathaway  
Patron shots I consume taking the pain away Each sip bring me closer to my d  
oom  
Sun shining bright through the crack in the blind  
Thinking to myself this morning what happened to time  
It's passing away, the world decides, it ain't what it used to be  
Everything I love don't mean what it used to mean  
For example spitting a 16 No thrills, feeling numb like I'm of Thorazine  
It used to be nicotine, I was addicted to this rap thing  
Now I'm just trying to trap cream  
Enough drowning in my sorrow, never put off tomorrow  
What you can do today, that's my new motto  
With that said, I roll out the bed  
Hit the showers, it's time to get this bread, now make dollars

I woke up in the morning, washed my body, put some clothes on it  
After that, put on my heat like Alonzo Mourning  
Cause everybody got a gun, it's like they're copy cats  
So me without one is like I'm dated  
I'd be out of style like Adidas and fat laces  
Starter Jackets and dookie ropes or whatever the late 80's had favored  
I'm one of the best of my Homo Sapiens  
One of the best of God's creations  
He shows favoritism everytime you hear the record on radio stations  
I know you mad, you ain't gotta say much, I can feel you hating  
Serving mc's like waitress, Andre Agassi, multitalented  
Rapper slash athlete, killing these niggas, they're screaming in agony  
Half of these niggas ain't half of me  
Half of these niggas ain't talking 'bout nothing, yakity, yakity  
Pushing my buttons like plaid shirts, clapping them rapidly  
Actually, Kurt, Co-  
Bain Ten years in my career, pray to God that I don't blow up my brains  
Lord, I'm here  
Great Depression, I don't know much, all I know is studio sessions, and how  
to get my bars up  
They call me Subway sandwich the way I give them cold cuts  
Cut from a different cloth, and these Yves Saint Laurent jeans;  
They cost so much  
[?] Usher  
Either way I'm caught up in materialistic  
Anything that's custom, best believe I'mma get it  
Getting tired of it and get rid of it, don't step on the Compton premises wi  
thout your weap-on on your hip  
The home of the stray bullet that murder the innocent  
No matter the crime rate I still remain content  
Moving at my own pace, cause if it don't make dollars  
Then it really don't make sense, and if you can't comprehend  
I holler like a rottweiler behind a backyard fence  
(Holla)  
(Holla)  
(Holla)  
(Holla)

I woke up this morning, counting my cash  
Girls calling me now, straight throwing the ass  
I threw on my T, I grabbed my bitch

Laced up my chucks, rock sharp as a piece  
They used to call me a creature, but now I'm a beast  
With my voice on the beat, I'm the voice of the streets  
From my head to the feet, I'm bad to the bone  
Nigga, I won't stop, 'till I'm add to the throne  
Dog, I ride with the chrome, gotta be safe in this shit  
Call me Pharrell, boy, I keep me them Clipse I don't ride on no skateboard,  
I roll with some grinders  
Trapped in the hood, far from Giligans Island  
I was a drug dealer, but now I'm a wild spitter  
Nigga, I'm more iller, call me a hospital  
You got the hiccups, I got this fluent as shit nigga  
I spit a bar, straight ruin your shit nigga  
Known as a mack, I can influence your bitch  
I'm the reason these niggas be handcuffin' them quick  
I'm the reason these bitch niggas be playa hating on us  
See them in the streets, these niggas don't be saying nothing  
But keep on talking, you ain't ready for beef  
Jay Rock down to bust a nigga head in the streets  
I can't help it, the hood flow through my blood  
This gangbangin shit, should be considered a drug  
Everybody doing it now, I see you rap niggas  
Wrong place, wrong time, that's how you get clapped nigga  
Raised in the projects, money my object  
They standing in my way, like a frog I dissect them  
You'll get shot walking through my section  
Now you a verse all in my session, they say life is a school  
Everyday is a lesson, well I get kicked out, shit got me guessing  
Shit naw, check my ghetto report card, straight A student in every class up  
in the Gardens  
Money over bitches, nigga I'm heartless  
Money over bitch niggas, rich is my target  
(Target)  
(Target)  
(Target)  
(Target)