

Freestyle

Joe Budden

Real MC shit you know
Jedi's on deck pay attention
Fuck y'all niggas talkin' bout?

Lyrical last dragon, acid saliva
Guns are the bars yeah the casket provide it
You can ask a survivor, you can ask a supplier
He's hot headed, he'll leave you as masses on fire
I'm the ghost rider that'll kill your ghost writer
Make him OD on heroin, he's a dope writer
If you had it written don't you tell me that you spittin'
I'm a say you bullshittin' and go suck a dick
And get a hand gun and stand there and take this ass whippin'
Yeah, I'm 41 but you ain't got to act dumb nigga
I ain't got a problem killing 41 young niggas
14 years ago I had 41 guns nigga
I was movin' work at like 41 slums nigga
Told my nigga Budden we don't always get along
But one things for sure, we can have a rap discussion
We know we got bars and these little niggas don't
Let's lock 'em up, just slaughter 'em, make it look disgusting
Cut from a cloth that God made
Waring in the devils' land when I want to war knockin' 'I Pray'
Could kill MC's for like 5 days
I'm talkin' Monday through Friday
Go and pick up then dump 'em on the highway
Yeah, you should know that the ghost here
Space ghost, kill 'em all, then say the coast clear (yeah)

A nigga vision is so clear
Even through the mystici, keep the pope near
Was big out in L.E.S., this ain't Joe clear
Gossip gets deaded as soon as it hits Joe's ear
So the venom is caged, I'm underpaid
I can only give 'em minimum rage
I came up when all they respected is violence
If you know, it's something to be said in my silence
Only time we vacate is when we left for the islands
Stash in the bathroom, police severed the tiling
Got football numbers when the squad was pinched
Well deserved, we put Eagles in the cars and went
Listen, the fame you can keep
Some niggas became sheep
But before I ever snitch, I refrain from speech
All I hear is niggas talkin' bout Game and Meek
I'm in the crib thinkin' this entire game is meek
This shit has changed Ghost
They lowered the understanding
Prisoner of my mind claustrophobic in my mansion
But you and 'Kiss told me we gon' make it
Say whatever you want about him he don't fake it
You rarely see me out, I don't be most places
In bars it's still shit that real G's hold sacred, yeah
That's probably why they adore me though
Lastly before we go, rest in peace Shawty Lo