

I Do Freestyle

King Los

Now from my manicured hands to my totebag, I'm so bad
My grammar, my vocab, my manners, my whole swag
Dog, please, from my heart beats a story
Leaving art's beats by large leaps, to God be the glory
Your facade to me is boring
Ain't a fucking way that you could clown me
I'm so hot, even summer play it cool around me
I sweep the town like a king, baby, peep the crown
Who else you know could tell a skyscraper, "Keep it down"?
But that ain't bout shit, my style just appear fresher
I'm really bout this, my outfits is peer pressure
Watch your mouth, bitch
These ain't Guccis, they YSL
But fuck, if it was shit on a stick
I'd make it look fly as hell
I say I got mo' pads, that's cribs for us to go tonight
He say he got mo' pads, this nigga's on a motorbike
But fuck it, pop a wheelie, throw the deuce up
If you pimping, tell your bitches pop a pill and pull some juice up
I'm too pumped on the track, I need to calm down
I'm so over the top, I climb a mountain for the climb down
Yeah, I said climb down, nigga, my work has just begun
Why celebrate on top of a mountain if I ain't fucking done?
I'm the one, I be a bastard to assume
You still'll be mountain climbing when I'm dancing on the moon
Success loves to hide but I go seek
Ever if I sat my passion down, it would grow feet
I'm talking walk, crawl, jog, nigga, run to me
And I ain't gotta run game, it really run through me
She said, "Ain't you Los? Well, what it do, nigga? "
"You feel that breeze? " I said yeah boo-boo, I'm a cool nigga
Now she stay in arm's reach; as far as she know
I could stand on a beach and make a palm tree blow
Speaking of blow, met this freak at the show
Told her give me some head and she began to go
She was geeking and blow, put it deep in her throat
Titties and ass need to be on a pole
Attempt to get high but she frequently low
Picked a spot on the map and a weekend to go and we gone
Whitey so soft and I'm blowing that strong
Got me saying, "I do" like it go in this song
I do, I do, I would, I will
For your love, who should I kill?
How good I feel, I kill myself
I'm fresh to death, I feel myself
You don't get it, feel myself?
Fresh to death, I kill myself
I'm still myself bro, who are you?
Bitch, you sound like so-and-so
Rapping about such-and-such, I wish your motherfucking flow would grow
No chance
Nigga so watered down
If you put him in the ground he'd probably grow plants
Call it flowers for the dead
Yeah bitch, I'm far out like I'm hours from the crib
I heard when they get thick, you turn diva
Me, I'm riding out, and I ain't making u-turns neither

Bet you turn zero when them lions out there
Take your stripes like a tiger, leave you lying out bare

Had to slow that down, had to speed that up
Damn, I'm just freestyling, nigga, what the fuck
This shit was over a long time ago
But fuck it, I said it's time to show these niggas that
I care, I care
I make home look good like I'm eye care
Damn nigga, this is my year, my year
And it feels so good
Say yeah baby, it feels so good
I said, I'm singing to you motherfuckers
I'm like a friend to you motherfuckers