

## Power Freestyle

King Los

Okay, yeah, it just became unfair, let's go  
Burberry button downs fly poppin collas  
Bonafide hustlas never stop clockin dollas  
Pineapple candy painted drop top Impalas  
And none of that ain't comin till I drop outta college  
Cause no one man should have all this knowledge  
Of intricate articulate evolved and polished  
With theories of philosophers and laws of scholars  
A whole heart full of go hard no coward  
I'm high no hydro  
I'm fly no pilot  
I'm gone no goodbye  
On fire no hydrant  
I'm fresh no Trident  
Cool as an after dinner mint  
Strong no Altoid  
Fuck with me no intimate  
My flow is like intuition  
It's oh so intuitive  
Me a tell ya to your face  
No choice who the truest is  
I'm balling like Julius, Erving  
Disturbing the peace  
Ya'll niggas so ludacris  
You losing I'm lucrative  
It's foolishness  
If you ain't tryin to hook up with me  
That would be a giant look  
Giants look up to me  
And if your sleeping on me son you done chose your death  
I'm so hot I slept on the sun and almost froze to death  
Shootin till no foes is left  
Shootin till no opponents left  
Hatin niggas hold your breath  
If you waiting for Los to F  
A-I-l, but I saved myself  
Niggas thought I wouldn't get up  
From the way I fell  
They say damn Los what's takin so long the game trippin  
Use to ask my momma the same thing on Thanksgiving  
And just like she told me I gots to keep it real  
And say nigga when it's time for us to eat we will  
Now I'm writin 3 wills for sucka bustas and lames  
R.I.P. to all you niggas that's fuckin up in the game  
I'm coming cuff in your change  
When I'm coming tuck in your chains  
I'm coming up in your lane  
When I come you cuffin your dame  
I'm somethin fuckin insane  
Leave her suckin fuckin a train  
I fucked her up in the brain  
Make her suckin fuckin the train  
It's nothing, to take it back to all black, black clothes  
Black on black and pitch black on the scaffold  
All black, mask black, new fly Izod  
Black suitcase, black rooftop tripod  
Black Ray-Ban's, Black album in my iPod

Then black out and let the shooter back out, my God