

Try Me Freestyle

King Los

Let a nigga try me (try me)
Put 100 on his head that's a Maserati
See me gettin' money wanna stand beside me
Bitch I ain't got no friends all I got is family
Be a episode of Martin if ya niggas try me
Brum man, give ya wind, you can't eva ground me
Or have my bitch Pam waitin' in ya loby
You know she go hard, she sleep with the Tommy
My little nigga cold, do this for a hobby
I tell him big Shurly that's a heavy body
All ya niggas hoes, ya don't petrify me
If we can't get to you we hittin' everybody
Let a nigga try me (try me)
Bitch, we servin' cake, come and get a nine piece
Yeah, I keep my old dawg right beside me
Niggas front like they a menace, then they turn to Chancey

Uh, speakin' of Chancey, I run the bill up
Once I'm in my groove, you screwed, that's a Philips
Hell yea, I got up and I'm still up
Poppin' off Bellair, [?]
Weak niggas loud bu the strong quiet
My niggas knock off pounds like LeBron diet
Ballin' since do or die was the anthem
Movin' piles, runnin' suicides in the Phantom
Fuck it, I think the Roy more sick
Squares bout to push my button like Atari joystick
I go range on the week-end, seas like the weep end
Faded bum Rae, 50 shades and some retail
Niggas fucked up the game when they let you geeks in
I should crossover cause all you niggas is reaching
Like these bitches want your time first
I tell a hoe like you can keep your pussy, what your mind worth?
All these niggas wanna shine first
Niggas want the top, but nobody wanna climb first
I just multiply on these bastards
Niggas live in a box, you ain't gotta buy em a casket
Uh, comin' from my hood, it ain't very fun
How niggas get old fast but get buried young
And yo city don't wanna see you fly
I rep us bitch, not me or I
When a crown big as my G ride
Play ball apart three, that's thugga's projects, east side
Fast lot, the more they see I drop the mixtape G-5
Six years later got another deal, now a nigga fly G5
Hit a coach, I get em in the game
Finna post up, pivot in the lane
Niggas insane, I just get to this chain
You fishes luscious, ya say that ridiculous
Shit like a bitch then like a bitch I will aim
Missin' my name, ain't no bitchin' my name
Look at me nigga, I figure that you'll be inspired
By all of these riches and fame
Name in em bright lights, go try and get the hype right
Bitch, I'm everywhere but in em lame niggas eye sight
Uh, or in a bitch nigga's armreach
Yeah, mean you, bitch nigga, we in Palm Beach

I got ya cuffin' yo girl in advance
But why would I give a fuck if the world in my hands
Gripin' the steerin' wheel of the rafe
She said a girl chill at her place
I sell week-end, don't ride, baby
You know you need a third wheel when ya race
Homie, I know these loud niggas might hype you
But I'll put a period on yo life cycle
Period. You a life cycle
Niggas spot you at the pad and they might wipe you
Bitch nigga, adjust yo volume and save that talk talk for ya album

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