

U Be Killin Em Freestyle

King Los

Never been a woulda coulda shoulda man
My shit is fabolous de-de-de-de-de-damn
There's a lot of bitch niggas actin fly now
You on the ground nigga I jus brought the sky down
Need sum diamonds in your watch you could borrow mine
That's a reminder ya'll niggas "on borrowed time"
And I'm feelin big everybody smaller den me
So they lookin up to me even if they taller den me
You ain't never live a word of what your mouth speakin
Your whole shit made up nigga house keepin
My money stack not a funny cat worry me
I hand out ass whoopins with money back guarantees
Apparently you get hype and play roles
You talk like a pimp, but you wife and pay hoes
I'm bout 8 months from that white and grey Rolls
Russel sweatsuit with the breitling face froze
In them reebok classics white and grey soles
Holding my nuts doing my best michael j pose
Hope you like to take notes cause you sloppy, imperfect
So the best you could ever do is copy my worst shit
Your hearse flip from what I'm loading in the gauge
So you ain't gotta wait to roll over in your grave
Cavalli shades, fresh fade, Gucci link on
Front row at the fight light, Lukki with the mink on
And my girl go harder than 6 Compton bitches
Red bottoms on look like she been stompin bitches
Yea we gettin them amounts you will never see
I got a brick o' swag for every ounce of your jealousy
From what they tellin' me, I seem to be the man
A boutique boy that cop sneakers in japan
Lampin' on the island jus to see a decent tan
So have my money in total "Kima Keisha Pam"
All this ice on my wrist that's a risk factor
You wouldn't need this much ice for a wrist fracture
N roll with a clique full a chick snatchers
So we didn't really want your bitch it was just practice
I flick ashes off a yacht deck
All I do is come to a chin like a mock neck
Stop dat I'm from a hood where they never smile
Niggas make that tre pop like kevin liles
My city never blink they be thinkin' cash
And stay clappin' on a nigga like pinky ass
That thing flash they snatch chains and curse
Gettin that dirty money no last train to Paris
So to all you rap lames and other suckas
I bet this mack maine leave you in the gudda gudda
Motherfucker, spend a day in these streets and see
Niggas a do the unthinkable for a lease a key
Uhhh need as soon as them fed swing through
They Draked on you damn I ain't know you sing too
King who? run what? we can all assume
You got knocked cause all your goons use autotune
Meanwhile I Lebron ball, john wall
Give me the mic I give em the light sean paul
Haters stay tuned I got a lot of shit in store
Best to ever do next stop bidding war