

Versace Freestyle

King Los

Versace Versace, I'm mean as Nazi
Can't no one come stop me
Frontin' like you so tough
But I'm dicin' em up, you would think that is Yahtzee
I roll through the city
These girls on my Jimmy like Drake in Degraassi
They actually like me, I'm nasty, bukkake
We crashin' the lobby
This rappin's a hobby, I'm spittin' wasabi
I live in the Rockies with different com-padres
Women beside me that's into pilates
They cleaner than Oxy, I'm sick of the copies
Whoa whoa, just calm down
I'm the bomb now, think Saddam brown
I found a new crowd for my hot sound
"Mom, wow, it's gon' take us to a high ground"
Time out, take it up
Starin' at 'em like "Hater what? Hater what?"
Shake 'em up, break 'em up just to make a buck
Steak for lunch, now I'm goin' hard for the sake of us
It's F.A., doin' well so to Hell what the rest say
Big year, gon' be here for a decade
Inside all leather like a sex slave, uh
I'm good and she young
I grew up a bum now I'm boomin' a ton
She choosin' the rum but the cutest of ones
Is usin' that tongue, to do it for fun
Ha, you get it, I won it
You win it, I done it like Emmitt, I run it
You rappers is supper so sit in my stomach
Or finish your plummet, the difference is nothin'

It's Battles, it's Battles