

# Freestyle Ghetto

King Tee

I grab the mic and start breakin down niggas  
Wit out no problem  
Broadcastin live from the bottom/aint no mic checkin worse/  
Kick some rhymes if you got/but if it's wack  
I draw back the cap for the peelin  
Should of stuck to rock dealin  
'cause it's the blood stealin/super vill..  
Chill..stayin high like the ceilin  
See there ain't enough room for the both of us  
See it's a showdown/throw down  
Your best style I'll bust  
(yo)i write rhymes that make niggas throw they sets up  
Couldn't hold my style if you had a pair of handcuffs  
In all disrespect  
I'll snatch you by your neck  
And do a suplex and step  
So nigga you can check my credentials  
Just hard rhymes and instrumentals  
Xzhibit smash you wit a dental  
And a loaded pistol  
No longer lookin in the window  
I'll bust a field wit indo  
Killin quarts of beer  
Sadie's outta here...

Like a fuze/start spreadin the news  
Its 94 and breeze is givin niggas the blues  
I paid my dues/and now it's time to go on to the next mode  
Make room for the kaboom/'cause I'm about to explode  
And drop bombs like a bl/cops I seize none  
And niggas step up/i soak emcseason  
3 seconds to detinate/you betta evacuate  
No time to hesitate/you fuckin featherweight  
I ain't the type to pic up the mic  
And catch the stage fright  
I'll pull a gauge if I ain't paid right  
To the promoters on tour  
Short me a buck and a buckshot and the barrel is yours!  
I'm psycho pathic like manson  
Aint wit the dancin  
But still I get more cheers than ted danson  
More dough than marino or roles than pacino  
You beatin me? that's only in your dreams ho  
I'm not sayin I'm unbeatable/i'm sayin I'm untouchable  
Livin comfortable just like a huxtable  
Plus I'm rollin wit the cross roads  
Movin fast foward/while you other suckas  
Stuck in a pause mode  
I goes deep like a great white  
But I'm a stay black  
No matter how high the pay stacks  
Or if my rep gets bigger  
You might get take this nigga out the ghetto  
But not the ghetto out this nigga.....

For the balls basketballs  
Microphones gassin grass(hey)

Some of the few things j-ro likes to pass  
93 mandingo/94 I'm the pharoah  
'cause I'm b-bbad to the bone marrow  
I get wild  
Wit more styles than the martial arts  
I need weed  
I roll more grass than golf carts  
April 92 you no the ro was a looter  
Now I'm writin raps on my lab-top computer  
J-ro the tittie fiend/rap dean/wearin green  
Been on the scene/since the age of 13  
I learned I had to earn the mic  
Now's my turn  
I got furious styles like larry fishburne...

Wit da bitches tunin me in  
Like it's the young and the restless  
Next up to bust my shit  
From the l-i-k-s's  
Yes it's the freshest  
Wit lyrics rough around the edges  
I'll smoke you on the mic  
Like a pack of benson hedges  
But..hold up wait  
I'll bust rhymes that'll circulate  
That'll wake yo punk ass up like mc eiht  
'cause I be rockin rhymes  
Since the roof was on fire  
So point me to the bitch who's the dopest butterflyer  
I'll make her break it down like she patra when I catch ya  
Broadway is on the tables  
While I throw these lyrical atcha  
So....slow down before ya fuck wit my sound  
You betta do the hokey pokey  
And turn ya self around...