

# Pitchfork Selector Freestyle

Pro Era

First of all, Mr. Cooper  
On these beats you need to make it feel more super  
We need it like duper  
MF DOOM or Lord Finesse?  
Don't know  
Come through bring the fucking floss to your chest  
It's too much flaws in this shit, not even my style  
I'm the type to might go wild, the golden child  
From the BK borough, this shit is not thorough  
I don't like this beat  
Make another one tomorrow

The room smell like buddah so light up some incense  
And I'm worried about my future 'cause my past was intense  
Now a guys careers buzzing, cause they think he's insects  
Pair of mid class bitches, have em cummin in sex  
But they ours, sweet dreams, smoking sours, picking white  
Bitches like flowers, gave Kelly a golden shower  
With an R I'm over your head like I'm on to the next  
These bitches is fucking me over and over again

You can me Chuck but it's Charles to these hoes  
The only fucking stranger that everybody knows  
Man, life's great  
Me and my niggas fresher than ya  
Kicks on release date, for Pete's sakes, we in it  
We told a friend to tell a friend now that strangers shit's a trend  
Not a lifestyle or a movement, just some plans  
That we drew up, used to be Che, but I grew up  
Now meet Chuck Strangers, the motherfucking screw up

Once and again, it's the flow on the check-in  
When I come through and I step in, gotta get the Wessun  
This Beast Coast shit that I be reppin'  
But you know I do it one time for my brethren  
Never peep a flow second I come off straight the melon  
Niggas got the shit to tell 'em, they tried to tell him  
They tried to erase them off the tomb  
But they see us and we racing with the jewels

Checking my chakras, it's total silence  
Just watching, my mind extends  
Thoughts cause what you call corruption  
But a temple keep you sane  
I'm sayin' I don't think I can live life this way  
Where I got to ask my homies for gats instead of homework would home work  
If life begins, I get lazy and I slip up  
Like a dick inside a condom when I'm trying to fuck some pussy  
You are what you eat, but I swear, don't push me

Rap assassins, cruising right past 'em, no actin'  
All I hear is talking, see no action  
Hit you so hard, you ain't even know what happened  
Went and lost your rank just for fucking with the captain, slackin'  
Now you just stuck up, stuck up in the past tense  
Absence...

Ain't shit fly unless I rock it, fly like drop kicks  
In cockpits, Red Eye fly shit, holding chopsticks  
Yo, weigh your options: it's either you hide your optics  
Or it's back to the block with your profit-less pockets  
And I ain't trying to be another hoodlum, cruel and gruesome  
Knew I'd be a big baller before I grew some  
Shooting on the cannon, been the last man standing  
Let me keep flowing, damn it  
You see I been the rhyme-slinging bandit  
I came straight through and the legends just handed me  
Say, "Yo, he the baby of the golden era"  
So you know I should know it's better  
When I come through, and born this way  
See I was born this way  
And these fiends they just mourn this way  
I get on in the morning and play

You know how many joints we done sparked in Union Square Park?  
After dark, ashing joints out on cop cars  
My crew never gave a fuck before  
Like Bush in '04, all we do is stay high  
Shit those was some good times and shout out to Dread  
'Cause, shit, those was some good dimes  
And we still live it though our haters lives difficult  
Hate to see me winning we put our jeans behind our tongues  
Because you know us niggas winning

And they already know who I been  
Third eye wide, they shouldn't let the flouride in, shit  
Let him begin to blend in with the pen  
And cut through it like the sun in the wind, shit  
I got them wavelengths on point, let's make shifts  
Mischievous, causing a menace up in the basement  
Hazmatic aura, I'm not the one to play with  
STEEZ been tight with the flow since the slave ships  
I'm the savior; he's obviously gifted  
Trigonometry analogies are twistin' the system  
13 different dimensions  
And the rest get swept in quicksand

I could make it rain and they're open like umbrellas  
I'm flier than propellers; ain't shit that you could tell us  
Bitches that like to whine, we throw 'em in the cellar  
Give 'em time to mature and hopefully they'll come out better  
Never promise marriage, still wetting the pussy  
I'm that high definition so you can't overlook me too  
Eagle eye, check the bird's eye view  
An evil guys since my third tattoo

I could tell you what it is; I could tell you what it isn't  
Hop in turnstiles, but I ain't trying to go to prison  
I'm trying to earn a better livin'  
Ain't really asking for a lot  
By the age of 25, I'm just trying to be alive so I  
Speak my piece and sneak my trees  
[?] into the cup where the D's won't peep  
I might tell your chick what's up if the physique is sweet  
And if the head right, I'll be there every night

Fuck school, I took a chance with show biz  
Now it's cameras where we go  
Shoot a video, passing hydro to Roby Ro  
Car on cruise control, look ma no hands

Niggas rollin' my watch showin'  
You mad? It's too bad  
You stressed off them seeds in yo quarter bag?  
My prodies roll something that you wish y'all had

Call it bags, before I couldn't afford the hash  
But now I got like 10 Porsche, what's the stash?  
Got the stash hidden. You see me?  
These rhymes is forbidden, this shit is only when I get bitten  
Come out of battle with flea bites, you know my feed right  
Niggas don't want it cause I'm that flea type  
And I be in the sky with Skyder  
Came back through, niggas tried to drink cider  
I don't know, let me get the flow liver  
The livest one, chillin' in Bedford-Stuyvesant  
They tried to pass me the livest blunt  
Said, "How you ain't gone just shine this way?"  
Say, he the Sun God, so you know he had to do it one time

Better check your specs cause you ain't seein me  
I spit that crack so it make sense  
Why I'm the negus who you fiend to be  
Trying to be like me you niggas Tweedledum and Tweedledee  
Flier than Tweetie Bird, tweetin' words from a cedar tree  
You see the G, no contest nor contestin'  
Nobody can test this, I'm not to be f'd with'  
So fuckin' with me, it shouldn't be on your checklist  
It's more like a death wish  
I'm just suggestin' that you jet quick to the closest exit  
Before you end up getting your head split