

Rosenberg Freestyles

Pro Era

Real late Hot97

Joey Bada\$\$, Pro Era in the building
Turn it up a little bit Dominican Drew

I said I go in, everytime I'm rollin'
Gotta roll a swisher, style never switch up
Came back through said Joey 'bout to be the new mista
On top of the game, nigga
The finishers on the turn buckle these niggas can't get it
Said I burn these brussels then I'm out
What's the amount (Sprout) sprout

Uh, check it out, I woke up in the mornin'
Like God damn I'm yawnin', I always be mournin'
Cause I'm always thinkin' 'bout another homie gone 'n
Every time I come through yo
Tryin' to get the money, tryin' to get the green
Gotta do it right, represent for the team
You know the Beast Coast shit, you know the fuckin' movement
Bitches always know I be smokin' on the Cuban
That's just how I do it, got flow like fluids
Every time I move it, bitch play like, they move it move it
I don't really know, said I'm tryin' to catch a flow down
On the low down said Polo, low down
Always on the sunrise, you see it in my eyes
Always gotta get high and I get fly
Pass it off to my nigga Fly one time
One time, one time

U-N-I 7 my style and you know I spit it wild
Every time I've been spittin' the illest shit since a child
They don't know how I kick a flow
When I got a different ho every time I walk into a different do'
I don't even know I'm still broke
Tryin' to get my eats up and you know I know nothin' but
What I learned in the school and shit
And you know I always do it
Chillin' with my fuckin' Jewish nigga

With my fuckin' Jewish nigga
Me and [?] tryna kill-kill 'em with them Jewish [?]
Still checkin' up my longevity here
I got long hair, little bit of dread but don't no fear
Don't hold no fear when I'm just comin'
You know it's the mic check of the Gods
It's the God, I been grindin' since a nigga was a little toddler
If a nigga try to get it, you can't fuckin' squall him

Mic check, mic comin'
I don't really know should I get it and I'm runnin'
Freestyle off of the top
These niggas on drop like a bunion
Came back through so they can't tell him nunchin
It's sumchin get yo bitch
I don't really know said the mic might switch
And I just might flip
Cause when the mic hit record, that's my kill switch

Niggas don't know said
Switch up the tempo
And I'mma switch it in my temple
And adjust your treble
Yo yo yo yo yo
I said I kill these instrumentals cause I'm mental in the mental
You niggas can't get with another extraterrestrial
Flow or celestial though, I don't really know
I'm just tryna get back to it
You see just how I do's it, keep this just lucid
Always got the light like [?] when I'm showin
Always got the show when I prove
Nigga you gon' lose, if you try and fuck with my crew
Pro Era nigga, no better nigga
Know that these niggas can't see our cheddar nigga
They gotta get they eats up, they get beat up
If they ever try to look at like we stuck
I don't really give a fuck, nigga I be flee
You see me, these niggas always bitin' me
Bitin' my swank, niggas bitin' my steeze
So fuckin' blessed that I just might sneeze
Cough button

Hit the cough button real quick
But yo, check my style, why they bitin' my steeze
My nigga please, I just had to hit my nigga STEEZ up
You know I had the trees up in the back up
And in the back and in the bacchanalian
Smokin' up Backwoods, that's how I used to do
And you know my nigga Chuck, he's a Grenadian too
And I threw a grenade because we drop bombs in the stu'
Like yo, and you know I got the demo tapes
I'm blowin' up heads when any these niggas try to integrate
Yo, check it, my style's crazy, since a baby I been a wild child
Since a baby, since the '80s my nigga

They wanna kick it with the Pros, but they all got bunions
Choppin' up the trees, would've thought it's Paul Bunyan
Yeah I'm on a roll and you know the pros tumblin'
If you give me the ball, you know I'll never just fumble it
And I just, yeah we runnin', yeah I just kick the flow
And you know just how it goes when you kick it with the Pros
And you do it from the top, you know just how we rock
When the beats they always drop, Joey tell 'em what you got

I said, yo, I'm so Brooklyn, came back through with the lumberjack
Niggas ain't even know how to act
I'm the shit, said I act like a plumber act
Nigga gotta get your plumbing back
Because we flushin' it up on the fuckin' royal flush
Niggas don't know, said they get fuckin' coiled up
If they try to get my lines, niggas can't even press, hit rewind
When the press hit you know it's on time
Right on time, nigga check your issues, nigga check your issues
Nigga these niggas cryin', nigga get your tissues
Don't give a fuck

I said, who got the pot roll it up I'mma smoke
You see me come through on a ho
Everything that I spit is fuckin' dope
Check this shit, so fresh no soap
Got bars, no bell
Every time I come through nigga no jail

Just got this shit, no sentences
Niggas know I be represent this shit
Beast Coast motherfuckin' bedren, reverend
Nigga 'til forever then
Always got the motherfuckin' top

Yo yo yo, comin' from the top
And you know I had to come from the top
Wait hold up
If you a Brooklyn nigga then I got the black Tim and hoodies
These niggas tryin' to get me down like it's fuckin' goodie
But I don't care cause I'm 'bout to steal your goodies
And I been [?] since a nigga was a, hold up

My flow is odd, yeah you dudes is soft
And I been goin' off since I been in charge
Been the captain
Ever since I'm steppin' in a nigga kept on rappin'
And you know there's niggas talkin' shit, I get to clappin'
Never start, never ever stop
And you know I always go and my niggas they got the Glock
Let it pop

Who got the pot? Who got the pot?
CJ Fly, Kirk Knight, Joey Bad
Who got the pot? Who got the pot?
CJ Fly, Kirk Knight up in the spot
Who got the pot? Who got the pot?
I said yo, uh
I said I'm lookin' for some reefer
Fuck my fuckin' teachers
Told me I would never be nothin' fuckin' either
Now you see me on the radio spittin' ether
Came back through, said these niggas check the sneakers
Nice kicks daily, you see how I be
Fresh shit baby, know just how I lead

Know just how I lead
And you know it's the Creeper killin' up the steez
Hold up, yo
And if you're checkin' in my hydroelectricity and my bonds
You know that's just how I do it, that's my chemistry
Me and shorty got a little chemistry, word is bond
And you know my bonds is fuckin' entities
Everybody say you gotta check my fuckin' entity
I been freestylin' since a baby, check me
That's that '90s shit, that's some '90s niggas
We the 90's clique, fuck you talkin' 'bout?

Yo, I said check me [?] ACT or a Regent
On my testes, these niggas just can't test me
Like a ACT or a Regent
Nigga we some legions flying over your region
Next season, came back through
Said niggas get seasoned if they got beef
You see it in my teeth, said I just keep flossy
Came back through, Pro Era team bossy

Got so much bars that you might need bail me
Shouts to my English teacher cause that bitch failed me
I don't even care cause I spit them hot bars
And I got a nice broad and we riding nice cars
Yeah, I'm tryna be a mutha-uuckin night star

Shining in the sky, and you know the light raw
It's always up in my head, I'm feeling like Thor
You know I, need to go home, and feel like a whore
I got a, couple bitches with me they tryna roll up
And you know I pass it to my Pro cause he tryna buck
Tryna what

And I'm tryna fu-
And I'm just tryna, hold up
You hear the desperation in his voice, had to close his eyes
Just to envision, envision a Rolls-Royce
I'm sorry that I messed my line up
Rosenberg got a nigga sweatin on side doe
I don't really care doe
Had the long hair doe since a baby I don't care
Cause I'm crazy and you know I'm a wild child and from the
Let me stop saying that because it's kinda crazy
You know it's kinda lame how I'm sayin
It's the Fool's Gold stick up

I said Boot Camp Clik come through with the Timbos
Joey hop on the flow simple
I might pop like pimples
Said I get right in tune with the tempo
Then I spit it from the temple, from the mental
From the noggin, the shit is not a problem
These fuckin' bloggers always got a problem
Tell 'em suck my dick
I don't give a fuck, said I just hit the piff
Get lifted with yo bitch
Always on the mic when I pre-exist
Coexisting in places, hitting different faces
These niggas tell me that I'm racist
Just cause I replace they faces, different ones every day
They get adjacent, then I'm out the fuckin door
You see me, rolling on ya f'in whore
Do this shit so freely, niggas wanna be me

BedStuy, home of the original ill spitters
BedStuy, home of the original ill spitters
Chucktown, home of the original ill spitters
BedStuy, home of the original ill spitters
I've been kicking these verses since I been in a hearse bitch
Dead like a zombie but you know I got a hommy on my body
And I don't even know what to say
And you know I got the home and you know I'm gon' spray
I don't know
Pass it to my homie Kirk cut, he flow
Bugging up, I'm fucking up, I'm nice I know
And you know I'm dimming down the lights real low
Cause I just found myself the nicest ho

I said regulate homie yo stasis man my bucket's low
Everybody said that a nigga what's bucket's low
I don't give a fuck, let me stop sweating this shit
Let me just say it right, you I'mma fuck yo bitch
I'm 'bout to go in and yo, ain't gonna check my H-O
And everybody said you know he had a little ego
Now niggas tryna get him with that crazy flow and I go
And then the beat change but I'mma still flow, uh

I said yo, my gift is my cursive
I hit the verse no curses

Never rehearses, I just disperse this
Tryna get the purchase without ya mama purses
You know how I do this shit, reimburse it
And then I'm back in it, you see me
Pro Era crew roll through you city with the black van it be tinted
Ritty in the driver seat
CJ roll shotgun with the shotgun
Niggas don't want it, I come through pop one
Niggas gon' be blunted, every time you see me
I'm like Pac's son, I'm chilling in Pac Sun
I got the fucking shit said they try to drop one
But they could never drop me or box me
Niggas get so fucking cocky
I don't give a fuck I'm like Rocky
No A\$AP, talking 'bout the nigga in the ring
You see me, radio, ding I do my fucking thing
I do this shit, one fucking ring
That's what this rap shit earned me, it deserve me
They could never burn me, see it is my turn see
To put it on my map for my fucking city
Do it for eternity, you know I gotta keep it gritty
I keep it high, sadity, when I'm in the shit, no biggie
Do this shit with no Diddy
And I'm still gon' get my shine, nigga no really
You see I do this shit, hahaha, effortless
Niggas don't know, said I been a fucking Beast Coast resident
More like the president, see this shit and it's definite
Said I approach the mic with some elegance

I'm a Beast Coast veteran
Niggas try to get him like a brethren
If you catch me, you can catch...
That shit changed again
I'mma keep freestyling, I don't give a...

Word, word, word, word
Kirk Knight start it up
(Kirk Knight start it up)
Yo, I know how we should start this off perfectly
I said who wanna cypher in the room tonight
Grab the mic everything is gonna be alright
I said who wanna cypher in the room tonight
Grab the mic everything is gonna be, Kirk Knight!

Said, since a little baby
I ain't gon' front niggas said I'm real crazy, hold up
I said, if I check it in my electro bonds
And niggas try to get my down like it was, bombs
But niggas try to catch my style, I don't give a fuck
And you know a nigga had that big Tonka truck
And you know I always been fucking up
But then a nigga started fucking up
And now I'm living higher in that Tonka truck
If...

Yo, I see this shit in retrospect
Yo bitch get swiped like that Metro get
Through my city, on the bus
She wanna like my bust, and act kitty
Do that shit, it's a must
I don't eff with bitches that's musty
You see me, I like all my womens custy and busties
Something like

I got the finest shit, yea I spit that diamond shit
Yea I'm always shining bitch and I got the rhyming with
My noodles - and you know I spit it
And you know I always doodled on the paper when I write my verses
Never spit it and you know I spit it in the person
And you know I never go on radios and never cursing
Blur it out, uh, slow it down, uh
We got the pot, yo, let's burn it down

Let's burn it down, let's burn it down
Let's burn it down, let's burn it down
Let's burn it down, let's burn it down
Let's burn it down, let's burn it down

Ayo, I can't front I'm in a daze every time I [?]
And I don't care cause you know it's just different day
All up in my English class just tryna get paid
Tryna get my gold figure, gold finger when you get in my way
And I don't care cause a nigga been a crazy style
From the block to the block from the top to the top
If a nigga got top one more time I might just bust
But it don't really matter cause I got a bluff bus
Everybody says that shorty is a health nut
But I don't care cause shorty just want a health nut
And if I can't freestyle off this shit again
I don't really care cause you know I'm 'bout to [?] (Kirk Knight!)

Shorty want a health nut, shorty want a shelf nuts
She tried to cuff me, I said bitch you bugging
I don't give a fuck said I go up on this shit
You see me how I do I said chilling with my clique
Not Boot Camp, but we get the root my man
We smoke roots then we out on the stoop
We come back through we spit the truth
We move in cahoots with yo bitches, rap flow malicious

You know this how we do it
The Pro Era crew be the illest and the newest
The beat ending out so I'ma...

Can we put some Pro Era in ya ear
Put some Beast Coast in ya ear
Can we put some Pro Era in ya ear
Can we put some Beast Coast in ya ear
Can we put some Pro Era in ya ear
Start it off Fly, Beast Coast in ya ear
Can we put some Pro Era in ya ear

Said we were just a couple kids like the Brady Bunch
Styles were miscellaneous, cats taking, speeding in the lane with us
Favorite line of quotes you can hang 'em up
You straight what's up, I don't know I wrote a statement cause
It was state and just, how homie he was faking tough
So I gave him lumps, beat 'em up broke his jaw he claimed he got jumped
Got on an orange suit, it hurts to see my mans in cuffs
It goes to show just how these Brooklyn streets were dangerous
Niggas ain't playing son, come around shining it's that timing
When things get violent, I [?] whenever they violent
That's why my style been [?] unless they want the Shaolin
I came into this game and ain't no one to make my plate

Hit my plate, can we put that Pro Era in your ear?

I said yo, I'mma hit it like this
I'mma hit it like this, I'mma hit it like this
Ain't no reason to doubt this
Be that beyond reasonable doubt shit
Rap Genius, check the account for vouchers
We outchea, [?] these out chairs
No donor from higher powers cause no clique is high as ours
Niggas think they... they ain't with it
You can't rep the flow if I ain't say that you with it
If you with it, then you know that who's really
Runnin' this rap shit, niggas caught in a rapture
These niggas is just actors who shoot out on film
Set up on your reel, cannons'll blast ya for real
Niggas not tryna see it with the skills
Kirk Knight help a motherfuckin' Pro for real

From the block to the block, keepin heaters son
Like the chromosomes losing ends, the sale's gone wrong
All I see is D boys tryna hold it down
While I'm in the lab tryna take the crown
Puffin loud, puffin on that one time
I don't wanna see ya coughin
At most fear till I hit the fuckin office
Sign me up then I'm off this
I'm tryna be a prophet I done heard these niggas lost it
Hold up, I'm so far, lounging back, I'm so far
Niggas tryna sensor me out like SOPA
But the sensor been so off, observe through the scaffolding
Make niggas throw the towel in...

Lookin' at popular colored faces
Observing what my brothers faces in all races
Lost in generations before hatred
See with your eyes dilated for the sake of the Gs
But keep it sacred G, fuck a rat race, we take the
Cheese, jack cheddar from the make believe
Break the trees on they eighth CD, rocking the red and black
Lumberjack faithfully, I'm a Brooklyn
Nigga, basically I grind with the grimest
Learn how to eat in the jungle full of hyenas
And vultures, don't worry what a verse will cost ya
From the young scorcher, just remember who taught ya
I'm gonna spark it off unorthodox
Won't sign to no major of no wager
Less than a 3 million offer off the top
I'll be in a box with my coughin' drops, why settle for a
Office spot? Niggas don't always make it off the
Block, unless they extort rocks or support the cops
They still snitchin' - let me guess: that's your mannequin?
Leave 'em shook while you're standing and quit the shenanigans
Have you panicking, induce damages 'til you're vanishing
Words or tour probably resort top see examinin'
This is for my real hip hop fans and 'em
I dispose for 'em, leave fake MC's in the post mortem