

Bless The Booth Freestyle

REASON

Soul

It's black excellence, rap specialist
Special teams I made a living kickin' shit figure that
Remember rappin' on corners nigga that feelin' back
Facts nigga, let's take it back nigga hustle like Nip
But ain't nothin' like you rap niggas, more nipsey
Cause if they fuck with my hustle I slap niggas
Fuckin' TMZ watch nigga TDE poppin'
This is Solo, Del Amo up
That's where I started with it young black
Retarded nigga spitter but the smartest nigga, so smart
Highly regarded as the one to be found
So smart, when I get brain feel like it's dumbin' me down
New Beginnings out, niggas be bumpin the songs
I'm El Chapo nigga, wasn't underground long
Support now and not later
Went from underground to fader so
If you ain't here now then you ain't comin' along, that's real
Look my music bumpin more than the road test
No competition, shit I compete with my own self
Losin' all our kings, startin' to feel like the throne left
Vision misplaced, remember these statements
Everybody sound alike, so the vision I tainted
Same flow, same flow we call that Clippers and Lakers
From a block where niggas pop and kids' inners get stapled shit
Unstable mind and I just let my soul out, soul out
It's the reason you made it, but sold out nah
Everything nice 'round here this road bounce
I built this shit up, nigga I took the mole route
That's ironic I molded, and now I'm touchin' old bread
Respect from the youth to the old head
It's all gas just keepin' the stove spared
Look I ain't that nigga 'till Hov say it, or Wayne say it, or Dot say it
My block waited for a chance for me to get on
Tell Candice Harris I got a face that she could sit on
That's just the nigga in me
I mean everything I say that's why I rap so clearly
All gas so whoever I go at must fear me
I'm respected by the young kings and the young fathers
Instrumentals Missouri nigga done dada
Reason cooler than brushed shoulders and pop collars
Walkin' home seen liquor stores and rockweilers
South central grew up on a hard block
Where they called homies, they ain't call cops
Disrespect treat the police like mall cops
Kickin' downs doors, this the school of the hard knocks
I ain't gon' lie, I was feelin' like a small guy
Moved to Del Amo, grew a little more wise
See the game from a different angle like a tall guy
Need the bacon wrapped in rubber bands that's a hogtie
Turned into a big potato from a small fry
Hustle for the fam like if I don't make it we all die
When I was broke, hoes puttin' up road blocks
Now I ball with tricks, feelin' like a globetrot
My auntie made a livin' off cookin' on stove tops
And now her nephew make a livin' cookin' up cold plots

All my memories I gave it to the streets to feel it
Streets feel it cause the streets is in it

Soul

Del Amo