

MC Hammer Freestyle

Tink

I need a check like the engine
Put me on the guest list
He wanna do titles that I'm not really impressed with
Niggas in they ego
Rather take a mill yeah
Point me to that money paper long as my brazilian
Snatching wigs, I'm really their worst fear
If they can't hold their weight, I swear I slay 'em like reindeer
Even my dearest niggas was switching when I was down
I might go cop a jet, just be sure who's up now

Back in the zone and they know what I'm on
Bitches upset and I'm peeping the tone
Sing on the phone or a nigga and dip

Tippin' the bitches while up in V-Live
Sipping on bottles, I don't do no wine
Wavier than the American flag
I'm a star, no spangled banner
Too legit like I'm MC Hammer
Money talks, and I got the grammar
Wiping niggas, no gammas, gammas
Everyday I wake up making headlines
Why the fuck the sleeping on me like it's bedtime
I just spent some hours at the car lot
My shoe game might be wetter than a swim top
They starin' at my pieces like it's wall art
Bitch, I got bigger diamonds than a ball park

You were never in the league
I put your nigga on the team
He say I'm doper than a fiend
And his brain better than a dean's list
He give me money, not flowers
I think he hurts than he ours
And his hair fly with no flower
Oh you think [?] no power
Yeezys squeezing, I just boasted up another level
All you bitches need some class, like a sports schedule
I can garantuee my name is in your search bar
I'm just showing them they averages like a report card
I've been giving them the game for a minute now
And if you're a pussy, we gon' drag you like a wedding gown
All these flavors, I could buy an ice cream shop
No vanilla bean, flyer than propeller wings
Everyday I elevate, flow under a [?]
And I'm so high, that I can jump right over heaven's gate
Hit 'em with that goddess flow
Then hop out that holy ghost

I mean she's cool, she's alright, but
She ain't know how to act

I give 'em a fever
Do shit at my leisure
Not up in the jungle but the snakes upon the t-shirt

I can flex for hours
Fuck you and your fake friends
Can't get close 'cause niggas dirty as the Days Inn
Bitch I'm on my craft flow
Dog 'em like it's pet code
Heavy like a sandtruck
On my money band it out
Looking like I'm André
Flowing like it's prom day
Niggas should not fuck with me, that could put them in harm's way
Money on the speed dial
Roll up, let the [?]
Flow so hard that I should charge 'em for the freestyle

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