

# Get Right Witcha (Freestyle)

Wrekonize

33 Knee deep no turning back  
Knees weak from the burning track  
Free speech off churning yak  
Now I'm three sheets like Bernie Mac  
I'm a drink champ that's word to E  
Word To NORE Serve us 3  
Next round's my courtesy  
So let's do shots till we feel the third degree  
Talking awesome on and popping  
Rock for the commandants that palm the profit  
I been on a lawless ride beyond the coffin  
I just wanna bomb the office sorry bosses  
Tried to be civilized  
But ya paying us small and we never been the to type be minimized  
I got plenty of people incentivized  
To come burn this down lemme tell you why  
Breaking bad the paper stack is hateful and baked in fact  
It's basically enabled the cake to cast a shameful mask of angels  
That Damien has to shape and blast the angles  
I don't wanna stay long Plus I got a casual battle with Satan  
You ever heard a Mayday song  
Well you know that Wrekonize liable to spit Napalm  
Rhyming with A-arón  
Got a nice plaque from the bat and the snake huh  
Now I'm just trying to figure out  
How to get another one and finally get around the 8 ball  
Hate to be late y'all  
But its taken quite a while for my profile to make calls  
Started as a unsure teen now at 36 chambers  
I'm feeling like it's yay tall  
Walk in the great hall  
I'm like what's good in the hood with the face off  
A bunch of fake killers on beats just leave stained drawers in the meet like  
paint ball  
Bang Bang bang ya Nobody believe you we training to aim on  
You're gonna need a Propain campaign  
If you ever wanna flame up the game like 8off  
Feel the Burn skin fades off  
Anybody walking around when I lay laws  
You got on the mic and they felt hot too  
But it turned out you burned like Madoff  
We bang beats never they soft  
They take lunches to play golf  
They make fun of the way all  
All us of live and we let em get the playoffs  
Bitch get up out your seats and leave the booze and  
We the people oversee the movement  
We the freedom fighters for the music  
No need to be finicky for losers  
Gimmicky was never the solution  
I'll be building up a realer schooling  
You can keep the silliest of students  
Tonight I might hop a plane and fly off the range  
Stepped back in and a lot has changed  
I might stop the rain and buy stock today  
Rock the range and here's a proclamation  
Wreking crew is the indoctrination

Wreking tunes is just an occupation  
On my way to prop up the population and I'm gone