

# Start It Up Freestyle

Wrekonize

August 31st, Miami, bitch I'm back!  
This is number 4, and my name's Wrekonize (Hahaha)

Wakin' up to sunny days, human honey, summer haze  
We been getting fans and shit, still you see my hunger stays  
'Bitch I'm Back' is coming August thirty one  
That bottle that you got is looking full you need to serve me some  
Flashing back to high school, scribbling in my textbook  
Young and in my drug years, what's that pill that Wrek took?  
Somebody help my mind is on some rebel shit  
I'm 'bout to take this industry and fuck her with a metal dick!  
I bang with a little bit of UK swang  
Got fam' in the KC MO  
Sang with a little bit of southern twang  
M-I-A-M-I too gone?  
Well if not... then I'mma keep on down this battered path  
Scratching my 'Illmatic' scabs, thanks for all the tracking dad  
This family tree is shaping up to yield more  
Reaching for a steel sword, stabbing at the billboards  
What you think I'm here for? Smashing all these weird whores  
Who been wrapping ears towards? Closing off like dear Lord  
I thought by now for sure I'd be hallucinatin'  
Thanks for your call press '1' for God, '2' for Satan  
'3' for sex, '4' for church and state and to this nation  
Ah, what the fuck! It's all the same when they out chewing faces!  
But I keep on ridin' beats cause I don't fear none  
I been tearing ear drums since I was a year young  
They don't wanna hear one, ¡Mayday! song cause we're dumb  
They say we're still too lyrical your blog is pure scum  
Like they want double ours to make my bubble rise  
These fucking guys would charge their mother five  
To have her publicized, and I'm just s'posed to smile, right?  
Act like I don't know they crock? Smokin' on that holy pot  
Greener than a 'Goldie' sock  
Now I don't mean to hold your spot, Goldilocks  
But only hot shit gets play around this little lonely rock  
Don't you ever wish that you could pull a holy plot and  
Get your life to jumping off right? Tony Scott  
I'm 'Top Gun' man, on fire I'm unstoppable  
The last boy scouts mind game on your dominoes  
But I get 'em in the line of spray, hold them notes 'til the piper plays  
Felt this way for ninety days, wish I would of been alive to say  
"Stay in school kids, don't be on this whiskey watch"  
Tryna sell these notes to a broker with a risky stock  
Mixing hot, with a misty crop  
And every time you hear your name called out you're doing sixteen shots  
Armageddon's here get my shades please  
You know what drink I like, no change just the same steeze  
I work so hard it gives me brain freeze  
So I put Monster in my cup and speed it up until my veins bleed  
Spit that Kit-Kat, whole lot of game with a zip flap, get back  
Bet it up and get a better mix check this track  
Messing up my head, need a lift back, get that?  
Feels like we never left I tell you this a fact  
But August thirty first, we in Miami, bitch I'm back!

"Yeah, I mean that was pretty good, that was just, ya know

I mean, I don't, I don't really, I doubt, I doubt it was a real freestyle  
Ya know, like off the top, it says 'freestyle' but I just, I just  
I would think, ya know he's thinking off the top [\*gunshot\*] [\*thunk\*]