

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*]