

Warmup Freestyle

XV

Heard they been waitin'
So this here is pre-game
Jogging suit is still on
Sub-con t-mane
I swore I get the girls and
They thought that I was deranged
Now I'm like the King
Run through Queens like the E-train
First she makes the "Oh" face
Then she give me pea brain
Her man was comin' home late
Then she heard his keys rang
All my fans is funny, they be hungry
Like some fiends mane
I treat em like
They blind to my rhymes
Cause they need cane
My buzz like Mr. Bean's
Watch, Digital, but all my fans
Is literal and all of them is central
Watchin' visuals of
Vizzy go spit all these syllables, fightin'
Sentinels while yo bitches eyein' my genitals
Wooow the only ten I see is Bo Derrick
So I rose from the Bull, no Derrick, I can go
E-every quarter I don't promise, I swear it
And ya'll niggas still need subs like Jared
Owwww and now I'm thinkin that I'm on one
Finish what I started for that reasons why I don't run
My pride is a virgin, I won't give that bitch to no one
Ask anybody I been doin this since '01, holdin down my
Team and I lead em like I'm Sho-gun
All my niggas eatin passin plates like a home-run
Vizzy on yo ass now that is what you don't want
Got it in my jeans, so you know this thing is sewn up
Pullin up stuntin, grow up
I'm in the whip makin cop patrol much, donuts
So what, on time fuck XXL I wanna be on TIME
Ain't no RapRadar but my UAV is online
Get head and tell oh well, I flip a coin fine
Vizzy's on, what is he on? I call this cloud 9
Uh child's play this is easy shit
Fix ya girl's mouth and then you cuff her on some
Weezy shit
Beef, and I don't work shit out cause that
Don't keep me fit and I don't pull my heart out
Cause that don't keep me rich... get it?
Over ya head look up and see the shit
I stopped worryin about whose next and started
Bein it, the informant for rap nerds who rap words
Ever since my criss-cross colored pants with
Black words, I did it for the Glory like Denzel at
First, then I turned to Benjamin Button, such a
Inglorious Bastard, I'm heard of, from China to Europe
Every summer, I turn up, like turnips, my glory, my honor
My courage, niggas wanna ride but they ain't
Bring they stirrups, I put this thing in gear

Now they primal fear it, I'm so near it they can
Smell it *sniff* teenage spirit
They tryin to cut me hair, but this ain't "Mommie Dearest"
They tellin' me don't do it, I tell em I can't hear it
Most ya'll average I'm lucky to be the weirdest
And this is just a sample and ya'll don't need a clearance

Vizzy Zone!