

Vixen

"Super Ugly"

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* mixtape freestyles aren't normally published, but this one is a specific response to "Ether" by Nas and noteworthy as such

[Intro: sample singing from Nas "Got Urself A Gun"]
(Woke up this morning) Uh oh!!!!
(You got yourself a gun) Yeah, I got myself a gun, uh oh!!!
Yeah, I got myself a gun, Brooklyn stand up!!!
I got myself a gun

[Verse 1]
But really I don't need the heat
Your heart pump project Kool Aid you sweet nigga
I don't got a 2 way you gays
This is not beef this is rap homey, I don't have a scratch on me
You feel Jay soft rip Jay off
Damn I'm only worth over a hundred million
Look I got beef with like a hundred children
Niggas with pink suits, tryin to get cute
You a little outta line homey, don't let the nine hold me
Put you out your mind homey, shit just rhyme homey
Kick your little lies I kick my real facts
Like you sneakin out the back of the source sound lab
Huh, we wasn't chasin you, we had a tapin too
We came through to do our one two thing
It wasn't a Roc-A-Fella come through thing
Cause if it was on like that niggas would come through Queens
With Queens niggas you know how I do
Look, I got more shooters in Queensbridge than you
Niggas will tie you up on the colliseum roof
And open beer bottles off the boy chipped tooth, look here

[Chorus]
I got myself a gun, uh oh!!!
Yeah, I got myself a gun

[Verse 2]

Listen, I'm the J, the A to the fuck this broad
Nigga never sold aspirin how you Escobar?
Had to buy your chain back last time you got robbed
The nerve of this coward nigga oh my god
And I know rap rumors are in the windows
I bring em to ya live lift up your windows
Let the public peek in to your dirty laundry
Y'all don't wan't me to continue HOV!!!

[Chorus: sample from Dr. Dre f/ Knoc-turn'al "Bad
Intensions"]

Super ugly!!!.....(Cause I don't give a fuck)
All I really know is your hoe wants to be with me, and
she ain't playin
And what I'm sayin (She creeps with me)
And sleeps, between the sheets

[Verse 3]

Me and the boy AI got more in common
Than just ballin and rhymin get it, more in Carmen
I came in your bentley backseat, skeeted in your jeep
Left condoms on your baby seat
Yeah nigga the gloves is off, the love is done
It's whatever, whenever, however nigga one
And since you infatuated with sayin that gay shit
Yes you was kissin my dick when you was kissin that
bitch
Nasty shit, you though I was bonin Vanette
You callin Carm a hundred times I was bonin her neck
You got a baby by the broad you can't disown her yet
When does your lies end? When does the truth begins?
When does reality set in or does it not matter?
Gotta hurt I'm your baby mama's favorite rapper
And ask your current girl, she knows what's up
Holla at a real nigga cause nigga (I don't give a fuck)

[Chorus: sample from Dr. Dre f/ Knoc-turn'al "Bad
Intensions"]

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