

The Tongue

"Blunted Freestyle #3"

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I ain't got a milli, I got a deally
I wanna get down diddly do like Ned Flanders
I'm so fizzy like soda, soda pop that's right
People said Tongue was shit and they rode him off
And now they ride me on, they write my cheques
They realised, I kept em down to me and shit ain't
counterfeit
People should be down with it
You should start to invest in all my shit, do not frown on
it
You should smile, I put that shit up on your dial
Got the style that we reppin, and representing the
S.Y.D.
That's my city, I don't need to show ID
When I walk around, go down from Bondi to Blacktown
Wherever I go around, cunts always got my back now
they giving me weed in small packets
I can hack it, and freestyle like Grant Hackett
They backpackers to me, get the fuck out my state
before I kill you like Ivan Milat, now come get high with
my raps
When I start to bring it back yo my fingers just snap
and start clicking
That's how it be, my mind is clicking into place
Cogs and gears, I've been doing this shit wrong for
years
Now I've worked it out, there's been a 360 turnabout
I've realised I could start to burn it down and keep
killing it
Release this shit every year and just deliver it, like the
postman
Yo, you should call me the dopeman cos I got the
fucking funky flavours
And I wake up all your neighbours with all this
behaviour
Ah yeah, it's kinda scary, it's kinda dark
but that's how it be, I'm on your teeth like plaque
In your mouth like The Tongue, that is how I get it done
Ever since it was 2001 it's been fun to be rocking for...

