

Clint Black % Lisa Hartman Black

"Freestyle Pro"

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[Big Pokey]

I'm a freestyle pro, gon perform
Mouth piece off the heezy, I don't mean no harm
Mic in my palm, can't you see I'm one of the ones
Causing havoc in your speakers, blowing up like bombs
Lyrics is hard, niggaz screaming out I ain't playing
Boys surround and go, what the fuck is you saying
Verbally spraying, infiltrate the seventy stand
Tongue flipping steady peeping, up the clothes that
you wearing
I'm a beef breaker, loose leaf sheet shaker
Old school pancaker, right in front of you fakers
I've been labeled on track, or fighting the warlords
These niggaz they get the straw, but really I don't
barge
Cutting up bars, presidential with head rests
Seeping through niggaz vests, displaying they chests
Freestyle infested, your guess is as good as mine
Bring the sight to the blind, these bustas gon bow down

[Hook - 2x]

I'm a freestyle pro, Big Po-Yo
Fucking off everything, coming through the do'
Fa sho, niggaz know I'm 330 on the scale
All about my motherfucking mail

[Big Pokey]

I'm a game spitter, the way I spit it ain't a thang
Record sales and mail, I'm here addicted to the fame
Nigga plus the change'll, make me a stage breaker
With a head on my shoulders, I know I'm a stay paper
Keeping haters away from a playa, at all times
Cause a itch and I'll shake the ladder, and make you
fall down
Everything on the line, even if I die trying
My mouth piece is blind, I'm spitting it life size
Breath taking define, shining like a diamond ring
Chasing my paper stacks, until I pull a hamstring
From H-Town to Queens, I'm representing supreme
Mobstyle the team, a wolverine with dreams
Triple beam machine, now I'm posted in magazines

Stretched out limousines, or Lamborgini with wings
King of all kings, I'm a rap game veteran
Settling into your intestines, soon as you digest me

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Pokey]

Sneaking in from the back, it's a fact I'm a dat whipper
Hat tipper, plus a twenty fo' track ripper
Freestyle killa, speakers spitting the realer
Cock back a nine milla, hardest pit in the litter
Bust a rhyme I deliver, make you shiver and shake
I put that on the state, I stand tall as a gate
Moving till I checkmate, cause the game is a trip
You get tossed up and flipped, niggaz'll sink your ship
Now you script air tight, I'm a freestyle king
We could take it to the ring, while I slaughter the scene
'99's the year, and I want the whole rock
From the bottom to the top, we gon set up shop
And the shit don't stop, cause I'm thoed in the game
Platinum plus is a must, and ain't a damn thang
changed
Ain't no sitting in my game, so don't play me for a hoe
Bout to drop it in the sto's, steady letting boys know

[Hook - 2x]

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