

411**"Part Of My Life"**Visit "[Part Of My Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: samples

--Freddie Foxxx-- --Let me tell you--
--Who's the real divine?-- --You like that--
--Freddie Foxxx-- --Let me tell you--

[Verse One]

I be all in you like you disrespected space in my lyric
zone
I'm like a pit, with a leg in his mouth, I bring it home
Bumpy ripping everything known, block every blow
zone
I make you sit your ho ass down, turn off your
microphone
Cause after me it's un-rippable
I slap you in your mouth, your drinks'll be unsippable
I got miles of styles, you must be out your motherfuckin
brain
To think I'm not the nicest in the game
Disconnected from your mainframe, punched cocked
Twirl your nose up Murray the cop, to the beat down
you don't stop
When Fox and Bumpy keep it hot
End the whole beef with just one shot, niggaz I fear not
This piece of steel with the screen on top
Projects uncut chyna white dope
Leave a freeze in a nigga throat
I fight for this like the right to vote
The poison I spit, they'll never be an anecdote
You niggaz thought I put my mic down
Cause the industry's scared cause I put my fight down
Before I do that, I sell it out the trunk and make a mill
Now that's a real rap nigga deal
In 99 I'm droppin niggaz like flies
Fuck flowin, I'm turning niggaz into Jesse Owens
Cock the four pound, keep it going, I'm in your dresser
room layin
You bitch ass niggaz just start prayin baby

Chorus:

Rhymin is a part of my life
I'ma die with rhymin kids and a rhymin wife

I don't let nobody judge me that don't know how to do
what I do
So if you don't like it then fuck you!
repeat

[Verse One]

I watch niggaz get hyped up with one single and get
gassed
Then fall like a bad pass
Niggaz run outta New York, to live in other places
Hopin somebody remember old rap faces
Fuck that, I'ma five borough thorough MC
Where I go, New York goes, keepin New York flows
Niggaz be switchin cause they not sure
Your style is played out soft shit like Valure
In red and black living rooms when the system booms
He's a nice little diss to whomever whom
Come against me and I give you one of three picks:
Get shot, get stuck up, get your ass kicked
Bring your whole unit, and I be lyrically gunning em
Cause Freddie Foxxx be the illest thing since Run and
em
I be running through you like a Hummer, you don't want
none o'
So hot I turn December 25 into summer
I scrutinize niggaz and bring em down to size
My lyrical body slam will leave you paralyzed
Fuck what you memorize, I take you out of drive
And leave you neutralized and black in both your eyes
My rise is your demise, shut down your enterprise
Fox and Primo, we stay close like thighs
Bumpy got nine lives, like a cat
With a full gat, keep it underground fuck that!

Chorus

[Verse Three]

For every verse I ever spit, for every mic I ever rip
I still got a full clip of unstoppable shit
You mean to tell me motherfuckers never knew
That I be bustin niggaz in the head with beer bottles
like Guru
Check the mic one, two make sure it's on
When I bring it to your headquarters, word is bond
Heads up, eyes and ears open
I got you hopin
That you could catch rec like me
You got a better chance at kickin down a tree
With no legs, doing a handstand on two eggs
Motherfucker, I got lyrical instinct, fuck what you write
I'm The Source like magazine, on the cover with the

Ruger 16

I ain't scared to diss a MC, but ask him if he scared to
diss me

I bet he won't disagree, he'll probaly start sayin his
throat

Hurt, his mom's is sick with a bad knee

Or start screamin he's about dough

He's just a faggot with a whack flow

Don't walk up on me talkin freestyles and off the top of
the dome

I beat you down and send your ass home

I'm on my own time, I write my own rhymes

You wanna be the nominee? you brave now?

I carve my rhyme in your back and bury you face down

Just remember nigga:

I'm Freddie the Foxxx I break his back and buck em
buck em down

Chorus

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