

Freddie Fender

"Drop A Jewel"

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Nothing is more dangerous than an idea, especially
when it's the only one you have

You see vision is the art of seeing things invisible

Ahh My God (To the Beat Y'all

Verse 1

A lot of love lost your days is getting cloudy now I'm
gonna see how many can really stand the rain

Bumpy back again analytical still working out twice a
day like it's critical still mix a lot keep it spiritual

Mic still hot still lyrical and you niggaz hate to see me
rise

I ain't got no more patience you can see it in my eyes
I'm sick of niggaz keeping me in lies, I hear ya talking

I'm New York nigga I rep it every time I step it evn
though I'm well respected I got a weapon your past is
terrible your future's worse

Let me put this Walter PP all in ya mouth cock it and
shoot you first

Your shit ain't phat ain't no pun to that cause I make
this hardcore gansta shit so fun to rap

You in trouble like no gun to clap in the middle of
Pakistan

Either you fight or you clap your hand

Cause weak niggaz can't ever be sincere

I'm the hardest sober hardcore beats in ya ear
And I'm graceful like Muhhamad Ali opposing war

I ain't trying to be no soldier that don't konw what he's

fighting for

That's hypocritic if I'm shooting up my block over 150\$
size rocks
I'm a stop fucking with niggaz like Jenny from the block
Cause all you want to do is come in the club and bust
shots

You see a man who exposes himself when he's
intoxicated really don't know the art of getting drunk

Bumpy Knux bring funk like a musty black man from
Gahn I rip through Mc's like a peronous

Run up on me if ya want to I'll cock my resolution like I
was Hughey Newton plottin revolution what ya'll
rappers call 16 Barz I call polution so fuck you and your
distribution

I'm the self mad dollar blue colar rockwilder
Yes I weigh more 265 I weigh more I guess I got my
weight up
I send you 16 Barz I ate up

All you punch line niggaz I'll put you in a line and punch
every one of you
Now you know your purpose
I'm the bible of the ghetto and page by page

I wote ya'll a manual on the black man rage

I'll chae you till I catch that ass I guess I'm like age

And I kill gansta rappers too I guess I'm like AIDS
Take it Easy Eazy does it and ya'll wanna spit bitch in
the club being a sleezy buzzit

Two years was my interlude I fixed my imperfection I
got my mind in better shape to spit you the Konexion

Now that I got that off my Chest

Aiyo Big Chuck let's do this for Big Bro

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