

Freddie Fender

"Stop, Look And Listen"

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(Warning)

[VERSE 1]

Turn up your radio, stand by the speakers
Brace yourself, or you might get weaker
My rhymes hypnotize your total insides
Now we're about to take a serious ride
Meet me, here's the introduction
My name's Freddie Foxxx, and I'm the rap seductor
You wanna run up, run up right to come get this
So you can all witness lyrical fitness
The rapper that you're hearin is the microphone killer
The b-boy idol and the fly girl thriller
The microphone mangler, MC strangler
Milky as silk pads, rougher than Wrangler
Mad for the mic, waitin in a rage
I'm tight and all anxious to rush the stage
Rappers sit back, relax and get cosy
I'm about to play y'all like ring around the rosie
Pack up your rhymes and move south
Or else it's '1st round, Freddie by a knock-out'
You can't move, I got you surrounded
Huh, cause I wrote rhymes and bass pounded
To the body (*cutting*) to the head (*cutting*)
How you gonna last on stage with Fred?
Your mind's workin overtime thinkin bout the latest
Hit from the baritone voice of the greatest
Open your eyes, so you can all see it
If you wanna go out like a whimp, then so be it
I keep comin, it never stops
Kill your brain, give you no props
Blast the music, see what you're missin
Stop (stop) look (look) and listen

(Warning)

Watch the Foxxx

[VERSE 2]

Time is precious, so I'ma keep goin
Bustin off rhymes, watch me keep flowin
When I storm, you're in my way, you're smashed

Drug to the Dungeon, and then crashed
Line em up one at a time, and I take em
Bring em up, 5s and 10s, and I break em
Nobody walks, all comers get hurt
Killin up MC's, that's my work
See, rappers wanna strong-arm, but they ain't strong
enough
To bite a rhyme, cause their wind ain't long enough
Take the breath of death when you chew my rhymes
If you wish to die so early, fine
Music in the background sets the sound
For me to grab the mic and break it down
One line compliments the next, and you're fiendin on it
It's like you can't even walk, so you lean on it
Then I guide ya, saddle and ride ya
The voice of the Foxxx ringin all inside ya
Place your bets, his rhymes will wet
And even if I dried him off, he still sweats
Soak him in scratches, beats and rhymes
Nobody else's - mines
Walk on stage and try to be the man
And watch Foxxx kick the mic our your hand
Call you 'son', make you sit in your corner
And slap you up like little Jack Horner
If the message ain't clear by now, you won't know it
Be careful, steppin to Foxxx and you'll blow it
Blast the music, see what you're missin
Stop (stop) look (look) and listen

[VERSE 3]

Yo, Kut Terrorist, back up the music
Break out some hip-hop, watch me protrude this
The music is well composed
If you cover your ears, the beat'll bust your nose
My style is dark, indeed, goes a thousand leaps
Into the minds of those that sleep
For those wide awake, sit and observe
The musical master of a million words
Or would you rather see a basic MC?
If so, leave, cause that ain't me
The brag-andboastin, so-called hostin
Need a little lesson in burn-and-roastin
Catch the beat, and clap your hands
And see if we can get all the skins to dance
Open your eyes and ears, stop and look, this ain't
dissin
You just have to listen

