

Freddie Foxxx "The Master"

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I'm in the midst of the mike and i'mma get live and
crazy
Cause I ain't met rapper that's yet to phase me
Beats are played like a horse in the third
Then the voice of the rapper freddie foxxx is heard
(I don't get that horse line either but keep reading)
Give in dough, if you bet and you hit, you a winner
But rappers take a loss cause I treat'em like beginners
Now they wanna fight cause I wrecked the place
And they mad cause they bet a against the rapping ace
You got live, and pulled out mace
But you caught it, buck fifty cross the face
Never have I ever took a loss in rhyming
On the microphone checkin', cause it's all timing
(right here is where he starts to get ill)
Rappers are breded on disrespect
You can catch it like a shortstop, right in the chest
I got access to beat and rhymes in artillery
I don't need to load cause ain't nobody killin' me
Cut terrorist, boost the scratch track
While I tell'em there ain't no match
Cause I'm armor, and you a country jerri curl farmer
Still wearing 85' bombers
There's no way you get props you don't deserve
The only thing you get here is served
Not food or drink but this is pain
Raps the game, I take it to the brain
Took a rapper to the dungeon and wrecked his world
Laughed in his face while he cried like a girl
I broke it down so he understood
If you live by the laws of foxxx, you gotta be good
Bumped his girl his sister then his neice
Then stepped off like a natural born horse thief
(those last few lines are my shit)
Raps the game, so do what ya gotta do to win
As long as your in
I learned that from my main man rap (kool g rap)
Who said if I always kept my microphone strapped
I'll bring terror and danger to beats and basslines
Cause my rhymes are like a loaded tech nine
(hey, it was 91' he's allowed to be corny once in a
while)

On and on I go and I won't stop the flow
You ready for a break...no
(he's been rhyming for quite some time now!!)

I was a black child born with the mind to create words
and rhymes that sound
The same
Freddie the foxxx is a master, my mind builds faster,
then the average rappers
Brain
You might try and disconnect the power
Destroy the man that rhymes and rhymes for hours
But you see I know what time it really is
A lot of rappers pop up, then fizz
Cause when it's time to see who's the real boss
They all sing like diana ross
(the next few lines are on some ill rakimesque battle
shit. don't sleep)
I set standards ,follow my mind and calmly wait
What I create you greatly appreciate
I don't fold under pressure and I don't cry
Peep both my eyes and focus on the bullseye
I'm the master when danger comes
I wreck compitition, and label'em bums
If you was nice before you ain't nice no more
Freddie foxxx, top destroyer
When I hit prime time airwaves with rhymes
Freddie the foxxx had time and the right style
I stay cool, my head never swells
But rappers got gel-led
(that one is all about the delivery)
Juice was drippin' from your mouth ,you were slobbin'
So mad at freddie , boy your head start throbbin'
Try to get paid on the sneak tip
But once again..you slip
I got control of your mind body and soul
Now you feel like your 90 years old
Crippled and crawlin', totally disabled
Beating your head with the mike and a turntable
(fat)
Down to your last leg, beggin' for mercy
This is what happen to those who try to hurt me
Come strong and you might get props son
Hold on tight to your rhymes ,don't drop none
(that's a clever one. it's always in my head.)
You think fast, freddie foxxx thinks faster
Cause I'm the master

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