

Gin Blossoms

"Freestyle"

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Lyricaly I'm bananas
My toungue moves like Hindu belly dancers performing
tantra
I blur your vision like slow-setter speeds on a camera
And get up in that *ass* like colon-cancer
Brain cells hand-picked
organically enhanced with third millenium medical
standards
My DNA was tampered with
By genetic engineers with scholarship grants that
studied at Stanford
Canibus too adadvanced for this
I turn spit to gas vapor than back to spit
Your style is one-quarter bull, one-quarter horse *shit*
One-quarter garbage and one-quarter awkward
Make you nauseous till you vomit
Like the backwards Pharcyde video going forwards
As I drink the blood of a thousand mcs
I can tell by the taste of the pulp if they was hand-
squeezed
This is Transylvania vampire-mania
You should be afraid of my fangs in your neck drainin'
ya
I was made to buss, made to crush
any mic I touch just disintegrates into dust
I've been watchin rap city since it had the first mayor
Secen years back when D.C. was swarming with
secaters
Before Big Lez before Joe Clare
Before Steph Lover and before anybody in here
See I been there done that
But you see the problem was I had to double back
cause the first album was
wack
A little short coming less than what the fans wanted
Now I'm back bussin'
My new album is disgusting
Bumrushin the basement with rhymes blazin in the
booth
forget the pool table and the Playstation
Im too busy tryin' to concentrate

Grab you by the face and lay hands on you like Mase
'Cause when the saints come marchin' in
He'll be flossin in the clothes he bought with the money
from the offering
Then it's Jim Baker all over again
Till he's back in the studio recordin' again
The Source gave me three and half mics
I should take three and half lifes from the staff for
hiring that asswipe
Irv Gotti represented real well
The rest of y'all act like you scared of the double L
(Jamaican Accent) But it's alright, you can't stop
Rastafari
It's a part of my life ??? mics see *(End accent)*
Niggas don't mine
I rhyme all night
We run out of time tell the label to cancel my flight
'Cause Ima stay right here and flow
Tell hits from the street I'm about to jack a whole hour
from his show
Show you how I get down when I'm freestylin'
Smack Tavey Smiley and tell him to stop smilin'
Make the whole wake up show throw they hands up
When they listenin' to Can-I-Bus
It's 2000 B.C., July 18th
The illest emcee puttin it down on.....Cali!

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