

## Burden Brothers

### "Lost in a Freestyle"

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[ Ice-T ]

Yo, yo, Microphone King Donald-D in the house

[ Donald-D ]

Yo, what's up, Ice, my brother?

[ Ice-T ]

Yo, yo, coolin out, man

This is a track Chilly-D laid, man?

[ Donald-D }

Word, this is real dope

But you know, we gonna kick some real dope flavor

[ Ice-T ]

Yeah, when I hear a beat like this, man

It just makes me wanna bust some freestyle rhymes

[ Donald-D ]

Well yo, bust it

[ VERSE 1: Ice-T ]

Yo bust it, I take the mic and I cuss it

You say was it, necessary? Very

I'm as cold as a stiff in a mortuary

The Ice rock the rhymes extraordinary

Profanity is just a part of my nature

And for years and years I've made ya

Bop to the funky beat, kick my rhymes in the street

And when a biter bites my rhymes they're the tough  
meat

Catch me slippin, no, I never sleep

I got a posse full of killers that be runnin like a track  
meet

You move, you miss, my hits are quick

I write your name in blood on my Syndicate shitlist

I'm not a dog, but I can dog the mike

With me you don't get 3, you're gettin 1 strike

Then sucker-duck, you're out, punk, hit the bench

I toss you up, twist you like a ???

Stagger, daze ya, drop ya like a hot brick

Your posse rolls, but none rolls this thick

Dog-it Donald, call him Donald-D

Dee on the mike, I'm Ice muthafuckin Tee

Donald, kick it as this beat breaks wild

Cause I'm lost in a freestyle

[ VERSE 2: Donald-D ]

I'm playin the back of the club, I'm the audience  
Tellin Ice-T there's evidence  
Out on stage when they turn the jam up  
The candy rap rapper can't help but clam up  
Sit back, relax, kick off your shoes  
Let me, the Dee light up your fuse  
On the mellow tip, get a quart, get ripped  
Or with your girl champagne you sip  
Cause every fellow wants to get mellow  
With a girl whose butt shakes like jell-o  
In bikers gear, yo, be sincere  
Or your girlfriend would have to steer  
Her way into the path of the mike pro  
On the mellow tip, yo bro, take it slow  
Cause I'm like a vulture lurkin if you're jerkin  
In other words, if your rap ain't workin  
No more, I'll take her on tour  
And a world of passion that's mellow and raw  
Straight up, while you wait up, she put the plate up  
Your dinner, boy, Donald-D just ate up  
Syndicate Sniper will never smile  
Cause I'm lost in a freestyle

[ VERSE 3: Ice-T ]

Yo Dee, I like to rap every time I hear a dope track  
Pad and pen - and then my wrist reacts  
It starts movin as the ink lays a deadly trail  
Press the records, then read the fanmail  
I love loungin on a beat that's the hype type  
And then I hit it head-on, I never sideswipe  
Rocki and break, I'm the studio one-take  
Sucker wanna battle, I make him sweat a lake  
I'm not lazy, though, I lamp in a amplified mode  
Light the fuse, run, cause I'ma explode  
I kick it how I'm kickin cause I love to kick  
Rhymes, dope lyrics to the drop of the drum stick  
On and on,, then I pause for the 1-2  
(Hit it)...and then I'm back at you  
Feelin the groove, makin you move, go wild  
Cause I'm lost in a freestyle

[ VERSE 4: Donald-D ]

I do brew with my crew, pull a microphone  
Had shown on my own, my clientele's grown  
Rock the house with the clout, but there's no doubt  
My rhymes quality make rappers scout  
My style profile, girls do go wild  
When they name ain't rated at the top of the pile  
Take it hard at the start, but if you're smart

You would roll away like a shopping cart  
I'm the king, rap dean, got my own A-Team  
The females do gather when I'm on the scene  
At a club, on the street when I'm rockin to the beat  
The cuties and the beauties and the freaky freaks  
Are there everywhere, but I don't care  
If you stare or compare me with savoir-faire  
You will like on a mike how I rock it right  
In a night on down to the daylight  
I'm the Dee, can't you see, rockin with Ice-T  
You will never find two devastated MC's  
Illin on the mike as the girls go wild  
Cause we're lost in a freestyle

[ VERSE 5: Ice-T ]

Coolin with my posse on a hot summer Saturday night  
Girls skeezin, I call em parasites  
Schemin on my homies with the big gold ropes  
Money-hungry bitches, they get my beat-down votes  
No, not me, they don't talk, cause they know I know  
Ice can read their minds, I can smell a hoe  
No baby, don't come talk that pay-me bull  
Ease back while your dentist still got teeth to pull  
I ain't no beater, but I love to put a freak in check  
Go get a job, girl, get some self-respect  
Stop jockin niggas cause they got fly things  
Go to school, baby, buy your own rings  
Yo Dee, I'm really sorry if I broke wild  
But I'm lost in this freestyle

[ VERSE 6: Donald-D ]

I'm a pimp with a limp, Sniper who's hyper  
Bitch, I ain't buyin your baby no diapers  
I'm too cool, I'm too calm...

[ Ice-T ]

Yo, yo, yo, Don, Don, Don, Don!

[ Donald-D ]

Yo, what's up with that, man?

[ Ice-T ]

Yo man, we're goin overtime, man

[ Donald-D ]

Aw man!

[ Ice-T ]

We got to end the song right here, man

The song's already five minutes, man

[ Donald-D ]

I wanna rock, man, come on...

[ Ice-T ]

Yo, yo, you know what happened, man?

You know what happened, homes?

[ Donald-D ]

What's up, what's up?  
[ Ice-T ]  
We got lost in a freestyle...

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