

J.R. Writer

"Freestyle(reloaded)"

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i got what you need,
from the water to the smack(smack)
record her to a pack ship to florida then back
im sorta just a mac
see your daughter its a rap
ima bag her like i caught her in the act
record her in a act while she throwin the top,
put her on tape and call my niggas over to watch
im from a place where you'll get merked
over your watch
dont think so doggie come over and watch(uhh)
a couple soldiers with glocks
fifth and sum pumps
flip and just front
you'll get what you want
leave you stff in the trunk
round here, you'll get wasted and i dont mean twisted
or drunk
or in the hospital stiff for some months
youre all wired up now you cant sit and just munch
you'll be sippin your lunch
no more snicker bars, babe ruthes, twizlers and crunch
the dips get it crunk
up up some money
fuck it im hungry
rowe boats snuck in the country
lookin for ice and cream not ice cream
im talking bout cream dat stack ice dat gleam

climbed a couple montains, hikes and streams
type and jeans made up of rice and beans
avacato plantains is not a damn game
drop 350 same color as champaigne
im movin work
you not in the keys
posted losin weight, like i got a diseasee
every fein, head spotted and spreeze
sellin this powder but got it in leaves
i plot over seas
you down in a alley
im down in the alley
down in the alley

deminishin and finishin the public
if you aint know dawg dats the dominican republic
u feelin get ur mug lift
fucking with me
i leave u stuck in the V
like dusted the Eve
cuz dawg
im ahead of ya
lil competitors
an animal a hanibal
predator excetera

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