

## Jesse & Joy

### "Freestylin'"

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Now I get Jimmy getting' busy to the shake and the shimmy  
Your ladies one of those, Umm... ho's I knows  
My old throws make the pros limp, wimper & simper  
Ax your wood for good and then go yell "Timber!"  
You kick the bobos like you got two left feet  
Your style is to the back  
I'll send your ass straight to jump street  
Goodness gracious! Great Balls of Fire!  
You're burned again ? here's a bib ? you're served again  
Still beggin' for a chance, but tricks don't even glance  
A diaper for your ass cuz when they come you shit your pants  
The V's swing can make the church mute sing  
Battaboom, battabing. Why you're wife ain't got her ring?  
Cuz on her honeymoon, I told your honey soon she'd get some of that  
Zooma zoom zoom in a boom boom!  
So when I see some skin, you know that I'm in  
Turn a trick like the table when "Do it, Do it, Do it!"  
You're once a month's a wet dream  
Even Janine said you bring it like a sight unseen  
Til you pass out ? ass out ? Damn, I think it's funny  
When I grab my baggies all the ladies, "Get Money!"  
And tell they girlfriend, "That's the one they've been waiting for!"  
Pull out their bank and say, "Thanks! That's the one I've been savin'  
For!"  
So even though you know that I'm a young mack  
I'm never pullin' out like your man, so don't call it a comeback  
  
Comin' around the corner with a wickedder style - the latino  
Rakin' in mo' do than Gambino every coked snow  
Delirious, deceptive, demeaned ? yeah, all that  
Play you so way back your whole crew be askin' "Who dat?"

Blowin' up the scene like frags from a pipe bomb  
To the break of dawn while you're singin' that sad song  
Onetimes dead wrong when he gave me the gasface  
With his guise milk cartons say, "Missin' without a trace"  
I'm bound to clock paps like folklore  
Saw your man buyin' lines from a local five and dime store  
Whore. A penny for your thoughts or should I say your rhymes  
Cuz they were saggin' like your booty when you bought 'em  
Not really into rock, but like a mountain top  
I keep risin'. It's surprisin' when I dew I hit the spot  
Instead of hittin' home your rhymes totally swerve  
Stinkin' up shows like Siskel & Ebert  
Equipped with the gift ? smoke a sucka like a spliff  
Get wicked on the flex so double check ? check it!  
I'm steadily steppin', never trippin', no nonsense  
My vertical rides the Utopian experience so  
Meenie Minnie Mo ? catch a trick by the toe  
If she hollers, yo I won't let her go  
Unless she flickers like a strobelight  
But with a whole stash hold things are gonna be alright  
With the latin buried treasure  
Hon grab a hold but I ain't only for your steering pleasure  
The no fakin', title takin',...  
(Yawn) Oh, excuse me. Never keep the ladies waitin'  
Flexin' Mex threat, but my name ain't Jose  
Causin' shockwaves like a room full of Bose  
Speakers, beepers, yeah I got plenty  
Hons on standby? Mmm, about twenty  
So I satisfy Pee Wee,  
While you're sittin' on the can with your hand playin' "I Dream of Genie"  
You're blue cheese technique gets thrown in the trunk  
Think you're shit don't stink, well you ain't fakin' the funk  
Now my lyrics are unsheathed  
Razor-sharp switchblades cleanly slicin' underneath your sublime  
I must be buggin' out,  
But never crossin' over or either sellin' out  
I guess you want your vocals on my Memorex  
Sheet! It only takes the flex of the index  
To run off a couple through your follicles  
No I won't waste time. Yes, I'll punch your chronological for talkin' bull  
So take a chill pill. Should I drill?  
Nah, just smack the enamel from your grill

When it comes to droppin' lyrics, I'm the man you can't  
fuck wit  
Those steppin' raw get served like Bisquick  
And you know with the flow  
St. Ides provides the juice to get loose when I spar with  
the funky  
Repertoire

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