

LeAnn Rimes & Elton John

"Voodoo & Ed Lover Freestyle"

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(Voodoo)

I microwave a microphone in microseconds
Murderin metaphors and motherfuckers with my
maneuvers
My mysterious material causes malice and misery
Mash with no manners microscopic molecules
MC's get mangled mucus makes my machine
manufacture mega verbs and malaria, you can't
maintain
I fill morgues monthly Monday's to Sunday's
Mystic a nigga named Voodoo robe em all a tough
I rock like aftershocks makin musicians step off
Lethal Weapons, my jaws a bomb squad excellent
I spit literature with no mistakes
Birthday cake {*blows into microphone*}
I blow a nigga out like candles
Black jack, poker, dice you don't wanna gamble
Before get trampled and for style keepin niggas down
Check the (?) (?) broccoli not wit me
You don't want no static mathematics
Voodoo multiplied by your mic divided by my lyrics
equals dead niggas

(Ed Lover)

Man, check this out I was riding with my man John Stock
in his 300E
when I turned on 92.3, I said damn brothers is free
styling like crazy
I gotta get up there before I get too lazy
I'm drinking on the forty ounce of old gold
I had to put my payer down to put it on hold
I came up I parked my car in my spot
I gotta get on the mic before it gets too hot
I heard my man in the kangol hat saying rob
The party's poppin kicking this and that
I heard Coolio I said damn is that Coolio
Rockin freestyle rhymes over the radio
I heard the man Def Jef I said
I gotta rock some funky shit before I run outta breath
See brothers don't know about me
I've been freestylin for years before I ever touched MTV

But now a brother's gonna know my styling
Straight from Compton, straight to Riker's Island
It doesn't even matter if your up in the pen
You could still be my friend I keep money I got mad
ends
I like Sway and Tech they get wreck
So up to both of y'all, y'all get enough respect
Hustler from here I never worked the 9 to 5
So big up to my brothers and Thug Life and Tupac
I rock the spot I keep two glock hot's in my sock
I used to sell rocks standing on the corner
This and this and that like I was little Jack Horner c'mon
C'mon if ya wanna get wit me
My name is Ed Lover and I gotta get funky baby
So brother why don't ya jump on the mic
Even funky that you know...

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