## Luke "Freestyle Joint"

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featuring Clayvosie Debonaire Fresh Kid Ice JT Money)

Intro: Luke

Awwwwwwwwww shit! Ha ha yeah! Luke Records in the motherfuckin'

house we gon' freestyle this thing for the 1993 yo yo ....

Clayvosie in the motherfuckin' house!

Home Team in the mother motherfuckin' house!

J T a Money money Poi son Clan in the motherfuckin' house!

\*Aak!\* Fresh Kid Ice in the motherfuckin' house!

Fre sh Kid Ice in the motherfuckin', house,

\*ak!\*, Clay-vo-sie, just get on the mike and do what ya like!

Verse 1: Clayvosie

'Vosie gettin' busy in motherfuckin' '93

Freakin' all the hoes and gettin' plenty pussy

So when it comes to hoes you call me Mr. Peepin' Tom

When you're home alone you might wanna gimme some

Then here I go creepin' in your window

Bend that ass over and I'ma fuck you like a dirty hoe

You know I'm pimpin' all hoes in the '90s

The only place I want a bitch to stand is behind me

'Cause I'm cool like that, with my big-ass gat,

And my sawed-off pump in the back

For any nigga with beef in their fuckin' teeth,

Wanna be like a player but you can't compete

So I be fuckin' hoes, and fuckin' up niggas

And still gettin' paid, so watch me get bigger

Brand new, on the scene with my nigga Luke

>From the bottom, niggas, so what you wanna do?

Chorus(4x):

["Let's take it to the stage, sucka!"]

Verse 2: Fresh Kid Ice

Out of Chinatown, bitches on the dick

And I'm just rappin' to a Kid Ice flick

From a plate of rice to a pot of gumbo

I'll eat ya ass up 'cause it's time to rumble

'Cause your bitch is on the dick 'cause of who I am

The Fresh Kid Ice, the Chinaman

Comin' from the bottom, straight to the top

Comin' clean and housin' your spot

Hoes, they love me 'cause they say I'm crazy

Since I'm runnin' 'round town, pluckin' them daisies

Whip ya whole ass when I fuck her

'Cause I'd rather a bitch who'll kneel down and pucker

Luke put me down, and I come off

Since I fucked your hoe, I'ma piss you off

Fuck with Chinaman, and you die

When my black bag open', gunshots run wild!

Chorus

Verse 3: Debonaire

Well hey yo, I'm catchin' wreck

Chillin' by the projects, money got the high-techs

Goin' till the break o'dawn, never see bed

Get red when I said, got gats plus the (???)

Flip-time, better parlay in front o' me

I'm goin' out and showin' out shots from the uzi

Once again I'm here to buck the fate talk game

Magazines get picked like shirt to bloodstains

I'ma serve heat to the chumps who forget theyself

I'm steppin' back from the crowd and then it's on

I got the hand-skills for the county kid big man

So, money-grip, better chill with the ill

It's the Beatstreet, not the same Jay (?)

Home Team boogie down in the house and it's on

And ya don't stop, punk crews can't top this

Bad land's in the house (?) I'm out to rock it, Beatstreet!

Chorus

Interval: Luke

Yo, it ain't nothin' but a lil' freestyle thing to do! Home Team boogie in

the house, Clayvosie, Clayvosie, Fresh Kid Ice, twice as nice, yo, check

this out - Mike Fresh on the beats, Eddie mix' on the mix, yours truly,

just swervin' and curvin' this thing. Yo, JT Money - tell these niggas

'bout some of that Rufftown Behavior!

Verse 4: JT Money

Time to rip, money-grip, a nigga tired of waitin'

Pass the mic like Marino, I'll catch it like Mark Clayton

Yeah, it's that nigga,

JT in effect, and my dick's gotten a lil' bigger

So I'm talkin' more shit in the Nine-Tre

Fuck the police, 'cause motherfuckin' crime pays

Peace to them hoes that suck dick

If you don't, go get hit by a truck, bitch!

I kicks the raw shit, not the flaw shit

Pull out my 4-5th, niggas hit the floor quick

Peace to Ram and my main man U-Y

If I could sing I would shooby-dooby-doo

While I might be rippin', nobody else is rippin'

Peace to the homies, fuck them niggas that be trippin'

Poison Clan niggas in the house, don't fuck around

Peace! I'm out, comin' from Rufftown, nigga!

Chorus

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