

## Mary Macgregor

### "Free Style"

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[Hook - 4x]

I done linked up, with Presidential

[Lyrical 187]

In H-Town where I come from, there's syrup in the cup  
Grill in the mouth, big wheels on the bus  
Where niggaz put it down, and these hoes will fuck  
You cross that thin line, and you will get touched  
1-8-7 I'm telling you, one time is enough  
Leave your kids at home, cause it might get rough  
I wreck the mic, like I'm driving drunk on the bus  
And hit the highway, gotta refill my cuts  
Out of town, we got the best numbers going round  
Boys come from Canada, and sco' it by the pound  
Sounds like another one, Presidential big guns  
Cocked and loaded, ready cause the battle has begun  
You niggaz ain't heard yet, them boys on shine  
Got the do-do in the limo, sitting behind eight mile  
We put it down down here, on the grind round here  
If you don't know, you will by this time next year

[Hook - 4x]

(Big Pokey \*Scratching\*)

Still off the chain

St-st-st-still off the chain - 2x

[Kevo]

Young Fever, M-S-P my team (get it right)  
Game dirty, but my name stay clean (all night)  
I keep a nine cocked, locked on the beam  
Look don't get your head, knocked on the scene  
You cats couldn't knock, Kevo out the groove  
Now I'm fever, block bleeder bitch move  
You can find me on Southcoast, stoke (uh-huh)  
Your baby mama, bout to shine my spokes (get it nigga)  
Gun smoke, got my lungs on choke (I'm real)  
Got my pint by the neck, the head poke (I'm still)  
Presidential is the home, of my sound (that's word)  
It's only right, that I hold shit down (it's my turn)

I'm tired of niggaz, steady yelling out Spre's  
They got revolver kits, that bitch sexy please  
You motherfuckers can't see me with me a flashlight  
(chamill nigga)  
You wanna step to Fever, nigga get your cash right (I'm  
here nigga)

[Hook - 4x]

I done linked up, with Presidential  
(Mussilini)

[Mussilini]

Man look I be flipping, Expedition  
Six wood tipping, that boy must of been fishing  
Cause he pull out so, many keys  
Man hold up, I got so many G's  
I'm from the Clark-a, pull up in the blade in New York-a  
Wetter than a snorkeler, that boy's just like a shark-a  
I be sniping on boys, straight strifling boys  
Letting em know I come through, windshield wiping  
them boys  
Getting the mouth on it, hollin' at my partna Tony  
It's that Lil' Mu', got head in the Sony  
Deck, that boy be wrecking I chin check  
Young niggaz that, don't show respect  
I pull up real fast, with a black ski mask  
That boy go so long, they call him Everlast  
Enerjog Energizer, man I get wiser  
Break them boys off, I'm the mic chestiser

[Hook - 4x]

I done linked up, with Presidential

(Big Pokey \*Scratching\*)

Still off the chain  
St-st-st-still off the chain - 2x

[Big Pokey & (H.A.W.K.)]

Still off the chain  
Sensei, keep it real in the game  
Nigga trying to get a mill, in the game (already)  
Me and Ro, we some real with this thang  
Getting locked, now I kill on your dame (already)  
You know, she like the wheels on the Range  
You tripping, cause I'm still on my brain  
You don't like it nigga, deal with it mayn (already)

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