

Poison Clan

"Poison Freestyle"

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Featuring Brother Marquis Tony Rock

Verse 1: JT Money

Roll out the red carpet let the bugles blow
The pimp deserves a grand intro y'don't know?
I know you're sick of bubble gum w/rappers puttin' you
to bed
But not JT Money I'm somethin' like a SudaFed
I give relief that's far from lousy
And get the job done without gettin' you drowsy
Since I'm from the bottom the other rappers tried
dissin'
But in the end, my ass they'll be kissin'
I must state how stupid remarks
Can cause enough friction to give off sparks
Makin' people think that a giant king
Couldn't come from the bottom 'cause of second string
But I'ma make history as I get hype
Drop a science that'll damage that stereotype
Ask for drama, 'cause I'ma, bout to set off
A Poisonous freestyle, instead of
The average, ordinary everyday thing
I'm outstandin', leavin' rappers out standin' in the rain
Poison like venom, gettin' in 'em, then I conquer
When I'm finished rockin' you're jockin' for an encore
My masterpieces will smash to pieces
Or should I say demo, the mass that reaches
You better take a bufferin' with sufferin' from
The wrath of the style that can't be outdone
It's like that y'all, 'cause I'm the ultimate
Yo, Tony Rock, take the stand 'cause I'm about to sit!

Verse 2: Tony Rock

MC's up north, and niggas like Spike take shorts
Thinkin' that the only rappers live in New York
Dick-heads like you, they don't know the deal
Sayin' if it's not from up there, it can't be real
But since you're ignorant and stupid at best,
I'll have to break this down from the simplest
See Tony Rock make a microphone check
Now see him on stage breakin' a sucka nigga's neck
Y'all takin' rap back? Get off of that cake!

The only thing you might be able to take is this dick
Sayin' weak-ass rhymes on records and video
Grabbin' on the dick and start cursin', and even though
You front to be hard while the cameras start shootin'
Knowin' goody-damn well that you as soft as a fig
newton
If we was cars, I'd be a Porsche and you, a Nova
On card games, you're Pitty-pat and I'm Poker
I grab the microphone 'cause I can't wait to smoke a,
Sucka like you, you no-rhymin' joker
Steppin' on stage, and goin' into fits
Workin' up a sweat, but you ain't rockin' shit
Sayin' weak-ass rhymes, tryin' your best to work the
fans up
Why don't you drop the microphone and come out with
your hands up?
Just because you're from up there, you ain't got it like
that
Boy, you could be killed, and you don't want that
I'm sayin' rhymes on a funky-ass cut
Marquis, go for yours, because I got MY nut!

Verse 3: Brother Marquis

I treat rappers like hoes, roll 'em like vogues
Count 'em and fold 'em and stuff and stack 'em like
bank-rolls
I'm never on the runnin', MC's confronted
Always in my face, wantin' to start somethin'
I can't keep silent 'cause I'm lyrically violent
Step to me, boy, step off, don't even try it
I giddy up and go, so smooth when I flow
I make suckas get goin' like a 5.0
Ya see, I'll massacre, sit back and laught at ya,
And when you're finished, then I'll embarrass ya
I'm the aggressor, the professor
(I injure/I'll end ya) like a ninja with a lyrical lecture
Marquis gets silky as I recite 'em
Rappers are germs, I'm peroxide to fight 'em
I blitz, throwin' hits that'll put you in a coffin
Treat you like an orphan, causing you to soften
People say I'm immaculent, but I'm past that
Others get laughed at, 'cause they ain't half that
They try to achieve, but can't succeed
They only get stomped on when I stamped
It's like that, punks, and you all know
Debonaire, the Devil's Dad, continue to flow!

Verse 4: Debonaire

Debonaire, the Devil's Dad, is last on the agenda
Talkin' 'bout how brothers constantly pretend to
Be from up North, New York, yeah, Medina

The grass ain't greener! I guess they never seen a
Rapper from another region gettin' the loot
I'm from the bottom, and got girls feedin' me fruit
And droppin' flowers every time I walk
Is my music identical to that of New York?
It's original, comin' from the bottom, analyze it
You could come off on your own, but no one tries it
They'd rather have some sloppy jalopy
And get called a wanna-be because they try to copy
But see, the boys, we just laugh
Ain't a counterfeit rapper on the Skyywalker staff!
And so the wanna-be's bite the dust
They ain't certified to rap beside none of us!
And 'cause I'm strictly B-U-S-I-N-E-double S
They panickin', stiff like manequins from all the stress
No one there to mend; they look soft
Anyway, I'm outta here, signin' the fuck off

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