

Udo**"All Star Freestyle"**

Visit "[All Star Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Styles)

Ruff Ryder Three..Time for the younger generation to
blow

You know I brought my nigga with me

D-Block

(Jae Hood)

Hey yo, it's jay hood bitch respect my bars

The doctors had to piece together your face like a
collage

Niggas always talk breezy till the steel come out

And slugs rip through their gums and their grill come
out

Motherfuck you and fuck your mans

If I don't clap you in the dome

I'm a leave clips in your diaphragm

I'm the hood prophet

Puff purple instead of chocolate

Stay from around chumps and cowards cause they
gossip

And I'm a stay on the corner like stop signs

With a pack of them creamy colored rocks and the
glock nine

When you speaking of the hardest nigga

Bring hood's name up

D Block bitch, we about to have the game chained up

My words too strong, bars too powerful

And your towel can't dry you when the dumdums
shower you

Your mad because your garbage and your lyrics is
boring

And your whip was made that same year you was born
in

(Larceny)

Listen man, Don't worry how many gats this crook has

Just know I stay strapped like book bags

Bitch is shook ass

You just getting off the porch

And me? I'm just getting off in court

I could make sure your coffin bought

Why would you mention a burner?
There is a difference between rap and attempting to
murder
Talking the shit you living and the shit you heard of
You said fuck Larceny?
What is you crazy, bitch?
Before you walk the streets, here's a few safety tips
Watch who you speaking bout and watch who you
speaking to
The cats you speaking bout could show you what the
heat could do
A respirator is what you'll be breathing through
And you got beef with who that you need toast
The closest you came to beef was meat loaf
When we pose with bats and pea coats
Y'all niggas better be close

(Cam)

To fuck with Cam, y'all bitches better hope and dream
Every gun that I own got a scope and beam
When I approach the things shake the dice, rook the
team
Best bitch on the east coast since Queen
Latifah, buyreefer, fly diva
Ride deeper, four pound bump louder than five
speaker
Spit fire, hot lava flow
Don't get twisted, I'm not one of them prada hoe's
Catch me in Escada clothes, with a lot of dough
That's not mine, it's his
I need a lot more to live
You got to get the king before the kid
How you think a bitch like me afford to live
motherfucker?

(Styles)

That's a bad bitch..shit you a bad ass nigga..It's
theyounger generation..Killing y'all..live.. Get busy on
these niggas

(Lock)

Hey look, I'm trying to sell mad gravy
So I get birds from my crew and make Erykah Badu my
"Bag Lady"
You that crazy? Squeeze, I know you ain't spitting shells
Your hand shake so much it shows up on the Richter
scale
I made the huskiest niggas look like they had sickle cell
I don't just sell bricks, dog I got a bitch for sale
So let me find the nigga that hate us a lot
No coffin, he get buried in the refrigerator box

God damn, I'm a hot man
I'm telling you straight up, I got my weight up
I'm calling my wrists Roxanne
Cause if I wore it in a dark room
You and your man would hate how I look animated like
a cartoon
Bottom line, I'm telling you that you ain't fucking with
me
Hard, nobody guards, you want a shot, come and get
me
I'm not a sucker, nor is any nigga running with me
And why are y'all balling with wheels if they under fifty
nigga

(Rockstar)

Lock and blocks the motto
Got more slow than Dr. Zhivago
Same mind state that makes a poem rock in Chicago
But I don't get my gangster from movies
I'm a rockstar, 5 star teles, running with gangsters
and groupies
Come through and leave a voice sick
Cause my S-type steers with a joystick
I'm the heart in my era
Listen, I lead an autistic life
Paint pictures with my actions, ain't no margin for error
My innate features, leave niggas dismayed,
speechless
And please don't mistake weakness for kindness
I fuck with old timers
So don't make me forget that you real and catch
alzheimers
Motherfucking hoes I spoil them
Remember, I'm known to break a bitch for reckless
eyeballing
The top dog, nigga, I'm the bear truth
You want to get math?
Nigga I'm the square root
The rockstar

(Cassidy)

I got mean stash
You seen case get his thug on
I strip my bitch and we get our hug on
She what I put drugs on and get my grub on
And dog, when you park your car, put your club on
The next cat I put the snub on
I'm a clap the gat till it get too hot, and that's
with gloves on
You love drawing, you should go to an art school
I get my club on with the glow in the dark jewels

Trees in my shoes, polo in the dark blues
And I spark tools that the po and the narcs use
Fuckers, y'all stupid or something
What's the point in pulling your joint if you ain't shootin
at nothing
Dude, fronting will get you banged in the face
If you have braces then you know how the banger will
taste
I'm near anything pertaining to cake
Just copped the blue lighting with the rectangular face
Easy

(Styles)

Easy niggas.. matter of fact fuck that go hard..
Cass' show these niggas how you built..
grab your guns and bust off.. my nigga

(Cassidy)

Yeah my nigga, it's Cassidy bitch, get the name clear
I'm what you lame steer got the game near
Buy 'caine by the square, sell it by the o
I run through snow like a reindeer
The cool kid, got the coke heads nose red like Rudolf
I grind on the strip so hard I got blue balls
I'd rather knock a q off then get blue off
That's how I stay on my toes like my shoes off
You dudes are soft, really bitch like Ra Paul
When's it's war I move out like U-hauls
I'm a true boss
I send eight balls to the corner
My strip like a pool hall
And I ball like I been in the sport
My trigger finger itching like it got genital warts
Don't play around with him boy (why's that)
Cause Cass is a pain in the ass like hemorrhoids
Faggot

Visit [Udo](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.