

Lars Kage

"F.T. Freestyle"

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Yeah, Street Smartz, Stretch Armstrong
97, Fuc That representin BK, QU
One time, check it
Yo, yo

Niggas your rhymes be soundin short
I take your whole town to court
Plus my 4-pound support when I hold down the fort
F.T. is a spiritual feeler
Lyrical thriller
My material's iller than the brain of a serial killer
You get your block slaughtered by the glock sporter
Quick to fuck a cop's daughter
Then drown her in hot water
Illuminatti ain't have nuttin to do with Gotti
Through trees I blew a shotty through the body of
Juliany
I wanna bann 'em
Governments I can't stand 'em
I used to catch tambertentials
When I heard a national anthem
F gets hysterically
Thinkin of killin
But don't got the stability, ability or artillery
Fuc That is a fly name
I can feel a high strain
In my brain I catch live pains to give me migraines
It takes a lot of examination and understandination
Consume much animation is contamination

Yeah, NYC, BK, QU
Uptown, Boogie-Down, Staten-Isle, Strong-Isle
Yo, Yo, Yo

Why always gotta worry about shots fillin me
Cops killin me, hostility and hammer
The hospital be wooby
These streets is too evil
Tools from more than a few people who shoot needles
Drug abusin in slumbs
Look at Pop Dukes' beautiful sons

Son packin an, usual gun for mutual funds
All I want is monopoly
Cops ain't possibly stoppin me
Properly and niggas is probably thinkin of robbin me
In this jungle it's hard to see these elderly people...

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