

## Coco Jones

### "Around The Block"

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Check it out y'all  
Uh! Phantom come alive in the night time  
I spit freestyle, I don't have to write rhymes  
Flow unrehearsed, I spit a killer verse  
When it comes to your rhymes and they're the worst  
Your flow's sloppy, punchlines, brush 'em off me  
Yeah I'm so cocky, no way you can stop me  
Swag through the roof, believe that's the truth  
How'd I know that? Yo, I'm living proof  
I just do what I do when I'm in the booth  
I've got a finer chick, hotter whip, sicker crew  
Oh! You just got lyricly smacked  
Better think twice before you try to clap back  
(Ohhh...) What?

Yo! Why you gotta get up in my face like an airbag  
Dude your breath's bad, you need to step back  
In fact forget that you need some gum jack  
Plus a stylist 'cuz you got no swag, DJ say you're wa-wa-  
wack  
You wouldn't have rhymes if you stole my notepad  
And you can quote that and put it on a blog  
So everyone can read it, I've never been defeated  
Freestylin' is a competition sport  
And Rev is king, why's this fool on my court?  
It's not a battle, it's more like a roast  
Grab a white sheet, I'll turn Phantom to a ghost  
And it's like that, one time for your mom  
Revelation with the rhymes

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