

98 Degrees

"NY's Freestyle"

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[Big L]

Check it out now

Big L Corleone (no doubt), Flamboyant Entertainment
(uh-huh)

One love to my big brother Big Lee

Holdin it down from the inside right now (come one)

When you come home it's on (watch this)

Herb McGruff (yo), Universal, Harlem World shit

Yeah (no doubt), 1-3-9 and Lennox shit (you know how
we do)

Uh, danger zone shit, check it out

I be twistin bitches alot, have em sit on this cock

I wasn't prepared for this, I wrote my shit on the spot

I be droppin like early August, late July

Wit tracks that'll make you cry, hate you die

Stop frontin, you got no dough, might a had, but not no
mo'

You mad cuz I knocked yo' hoe

While cops watch me, I got cats that watch po-po

My block loco, don't need a crew I rock solo (what)

Or wit my nigga Gruff

These faggot niggas ain't as rich as us

I need chicks to lust, smoke my weed mixed wit dust

Go ahead and let your crew soup you up

In the ambulance, gon' have to come and scoop you up

Fuck wit my last soul, my new shit is goin past gold

And if you don't agree, you's a asshole

Mark my word, you gon' make me pump the bird

And spark this herb, to homicide chomp the curb, ya
heard?

I never hesitate to bump my gun

Harlem World, y'all know where the fuck I'm from

[McGruff]

The game of life, got ups and downs, downs and ups

Kingpin cats lose they crowns in cuffs

Some get murdered, some get shot (boaw boaw boaw)

So lay on, nigga her-oin, cocaine, pot it don't stop

Rise to the top, nigga stop despisin my pops

Yeah I rap, but still got them pies on the block

Bitches lookin at the size of my rocks, size of my knotts
Keep a stash box, ride wit them glocks
Smoke 'dro, fuck po-po, fly from the cops
(What) I'm Gruff and I'ma die for my props
Die by the gun, thou shall come but for now have fun
Fuck bitches, party, Cristal on my tongue
Violence is young, wild as they come
Catch me in Harlem World smokin silence wit sons,
what
Aiiyo cats wanna talk trash, yo I talk cash
And take it, make they ass get naked
It's a stickup (get on the floor),y'all niggas crash the
pavement
Pass yo' chains, pass yo' Rollies, pass yo' bracelets
Or feel them hollow laced tips nigga
I spray clips at the punks that be runnin they lips
Not ?cunnin? they bitch, gunnin them
Squeeze off, don't miss none of them
Shoot po-po right in front on them
Double-M, goddamn niggas shouldn't have fucked wit
him
Y'all niggas sufferin, I'm thug hustlin
Rushin in, in coke spots, cold bustin in
Yeah it's us again, stuck you before
Tied your monkey-ass up, took the bucks and the raw
Nigga what, yeah Harlem World, Big L, Herb McGruff
Nigga holdin it down, 9-8 shit, fuck that, word up

[I Born]

Aiiyo holy war, chrome four-four
Twelve shots call, I came deep
One-hundred-one wolves at your front door
Mouths foamin, rubber grips laid on my hip
Cock it and spit, slit his whole shit, empty the whole clip
Pretty kid, broke a few ribs, did a murder bid
Four-five, got hit wit two more, then the god slid
Why try, watched men die, let the slugs fly
Stay high, I'm from the streets Murderville, NY
I told y'all I was comin, niggas thought I was frontin
I want it all, in nine-bill I'm sayin something
MC's petro, me lose hell no, you're wet no
My verbal techno, spit it for dire out the Expo
Me and D-O, on the lee-low, lay low
Call Grago, Boriquas call em Flaco
The latest Timb's, I got those
Burn that ass like tobassco, you know my name
Hot hell, Fidel Castro, ask no
Questions, fuck you and your weapon
You're pussy, your gun ain't went off since '87
My Mac-11 shot thirty-three in your direction
Where I come from, bums bust guns, what you

expected

Well connected, from the slums where life's hectic
Niggas starvin, need paper, jackal's is desparate
Aiyyo movin like Israeli, sippin Henny in Bentley's
Got a deal now, I'm signed what the fuck can you tell
me
What, Murderville, all square beware
Hot-hell nigga tortured

[C.L. Smooth]

Ha, listen closely, to how C.L.'s focus be
Who wrote me, a diamond-gold ball rosary
Had supposedly, tarnished his name and status
Draw the fastest, force him go to the mattress
Imagine this, in my technique's
This swervin authentic version M.D. Mount. to Vernon
Touchin anybody like that lime in Bacardi
To whippin all the watercrafts down in Yardie
Half-steppin, hardly make it son, perfectly clear
My yacht master pay your rent for the year
The buck stops here, ain't a damn thing funny
Barbershop niggas always bad-mouthin money
Or maybe, I'm the whole key to you shtick
Hearin cats talk about me like a chick
They gotta be sick, ad-libbing we singin
Went from day one over there we bring it
Or scrap like hockey, cock-ing, blow it ?a-key?
The poss-e, car shows under the marquee
Dressed up, caked out, and vest up
Better rest up, pop bottles till I'm messed up
Paper chase, play clubs like a vacation
On occasion, politicin my situation
Every broad care, what he drive, what he wear
Wit a bonier whisperin the shit in my ear
Yeah, the bombshell, trapped in the Caramel
Get the parcel, iced down the cartel
Knowin C.L.,do know you mack slow
Bitches act though, bigger niggas call me Fatso
Heavy-weight, regulate the tri-state
My team can't wait, for the date to navigate
Let me demonstrate, through time my man handsome
To keep all the pretty girls dancin, HA
Yeah yeah yeah yeah, I go around the world wit this
yaknowim sayin?

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