

Mack Maine

"Freestyle 102"

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Prod. by Flight School

(Intro)

Freestyle 102, nigga!
Ha ha, you know what it is,
I ain't gotta write shit, nigga!
Real niggas just record, we don't record
Making shit up

(Verse)

Y'all niggas writing
That shit ain't exciting
Don't make me come to your window like lightning
I'll scare you like thunder
Shit, what you niggas claimin that you the shit
My nigga, well I'll just plunge ya
Fake niggas among you,
I'm about to cup a Bentley by next summer!
Excuse me, I cup the Bentley in my '08 summer
Nigga, ridin round in the Hummer ngga
Feeling like a soldier, nigga
Shouts that to all my niggas
Still up in that, know you nigga
Free BG, free my nigga Turk
Turk already out
We did a song, he put in that work
Shout out to Mystical, we leave them niggas in critical
When had yo mammy at the funeral, looking pitiful!
I'm so on some grimmy shit
I'm on some gangsta shit
I'm on some pull up the knife and come to deliver
straight up sink your ship
It's like I got edema
Ever since I was a senior
On any given Sunday, feeling like I'm really demon!
Bitch, I'm about to do my thing
My niggas in the bank
I send them nothing but kites and when they come
home
I send them niggas private flights
I take your girl out to public and give her the proverb,

right
Shit it's a private night
You can't hide it, right?
See when you break out!
Shout out to the bloggers, all media take out
Get up off my dick, trying to say I'm engaged
And I got my ass whipped, nigga
You're about to get me enraged
I come straight to your alphas, run up on your bosses
Fuck the coroner, bring the gravediggers in coffins
Very often
I hear you catching slugs
Like your name was Steve Lodging!
See, you see hawks like you was from Atlanta
But no Seattle, we could battle!
You claim that you are hurt, and nigga where you cattle
Fuck your Shepard, I ran after your ass like a leopard
You nigga's amateurs, call Kiki Shepard
Ah you'll see us when we squeeze weapons
Call my nigga stunner, that's my uncle
Nigga, yes we will poke ya nigga
Slam dunk ya nigga like we Visco
Shouts shot to my lil brother, nigga Dr. Carter
Make your bitch come harder, nigga
When she give me brains, I feel smarter, nigga
When it's beef time, y'all niggas be praying that the
coppers will come
Me and my niggas swing by with them coppers, with
drums
See, we pop at your son if you think it's a game
Me and my niggas don't give a fuck,
We spend a bit in that range
Y'all niggas talking about y'all some shakers
I can make you peace out, a salam alekum
What a fuck you're trying to do?
You came and you're a Muslim
Me I got do it mommy boy, yeah, I'm hustling
All I do is spit these lyrics, nigga,
Leave you in the spirit, nigga
What are you talking about me and my niggas never
fear it, nigga
It's no hard, nigga!
Fuck it if a nigga blow the whistle
I blast a gun, it's no start, nigga!
False start, nigga!
We don't play by the rules
You're fucking wrong,
We come like handymans we play with the tools
I'm candy man! Say my name like three times and I'll
appear
With an old gangsta bitch like Pam Greer

Stunner man, I heard these niggas think it's a game
They whip game, couldn't even fuck with my kick
gamers
It's YMCMB, rich game, nigga
It's YMCMB, rich game, nigga
Ya hear me? Like yea yea
Honey Cocaine, wuddup baby?
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