

Marley Marl

"Freedom Give Me My Freedom"

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featuring M.C. Shan

[Verse 1]

It's Shan's what I'm called I stand tall and brave

And me and Marley Marl is as close as a shave

My rhymes lock jaw like a pitbull bite

Suckers always try to sleep on me cause I look light

See a lotta wack rappers try to rack their brains

To feel a style of MC come on break these chains

Speak now or hold your peace when I decide to pass it

But every rhyme you ever had could never surpass this

If rhymes were food, the main source for livin

You would swear that every line of my rhyme was
thanksgiving

I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em

Stop jockin me, boy, give me my freedom

[Verse 2]

I wanna break away clean, I mean virtually spotless

And all year long I been schemin and plottin this

If beats were cakes, then my rhymes'd get frosted

This is '88 and I still ain't lost it

For all of those who still got a doubt in their mind

There ain't a rapper livin bad enough to take mine

There ain't no studio-illusion and no scratch-syncin

Stop - if that's what you're thinkin

Write rhymes simultaneously, say em in pairs

And I would hate to have a rapper proclaim it theirs

Instead in comin in a limo, bring a casket and hearse

Before we speak we'll hear the preacher from the
deacon first

We won't be gathered that day to unite no couple up

Marley, are we gettin this on tape? (Yup)

All you dirty low-down better slow down faster

Your technique isn't good enough to hang with the
master

I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I dont need em

Stop jockin me, boy, jockin me, son, jockin me, punk

Jockin me, kid, give me my, give me my, give me my
freedom

[Verse 3]

I'm the opposite of what you say a slob is

Dumpin suckers off is exactly what my job is

I'm feared like Napoleon and blessed like Buddah

You couldn't face me solo, you'd have to bring your
crew to

Dump me off, I don't recollect the mumble

I ain't soft, homeboy, and picture me crumble

And forget all of those that don't like my rap

I don't be kickin that old shooby-dooby-doo-wop crap

Rappers often brag about their bitin deejay

But they can't do Marley nothin, no how, so hey
It's clear to the ear what I'm sayin, son
That's why we feel like slaves on the freedom run
And each and every time a wack rapper walks by me
His head starts singin: Come on and fly me...
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em
Stop jockin me, boy, jockin me, son, jockin me, punk
Jockin me, kid, give me my freedom

[Verse 4]

We can do this like Brutus, I'm not mad, I'm pissed
This parade of mine I doubt that you can rain on this
You couldn't place my rhymes amongst mortal men
When I be rhymin on beats that set the hip-hop trend
I will always exist because I'm bein preserved
Don't agree to set me free, then you gotta be served
I earned a name amongst society as lyrically ill
But yet I'm loyal, see, cause marley hooks the beat up
still
There's no way that you could say there's a day I'd fess
Hamana-hamana-nothin, you can kill that mess
My rhymes are ruthless, no heart, and totally wretched
And if they was to fall down then the beats would catch
it
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em
Stop jockin me, boy, jockin me, son, jockin me, punk
Jockin me, kid, give me my, give me my, give me my
freedom

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