

## **Bbs & Dj Andy B**

### **"Freestyle Drill"**

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[Yung-Ro]

When I come down, you might see me Chuck Taylors  
on feet

A new unit from the mile, with my nobody piece  
On buck-highs when I ride, and slide so gently  
Lookin' fly like the guy that I was meant to be  
I put up in a Bentley, just like you think I wouldn't  
Leather seats with extra cushion, I'm at ease when I'm  
pushin'

I'm older, I'ma roller, flippin' chieffin' that dolja  
Hit the gas, fuck the brakes, it ain't a scratch on my  
rover

I buy a sack and then roll up, just to get back in  
composure

I take this rappin' way more then, just makin' cash and  
exposion

Peep the stats on my quarter, I'm up to bat and I'm  
holdin'

My balls, and my word and I don't crack em' for no one  
Matter fact I'm the chosen, what, flippin' my tongue  
Asalakem-Asalum, Chamillionaire.com

I'm logged in in a fog benz, playin' with my lap-top  
Screens drop, trunk pop, destination IHOP

So jump down with ya boy, if you feelin' that fluid  
I stay high and act a fool, because I gots to do it,  
G'Yeah!

-UH.HUH, Yung-Ro, G'Yea-

[50/50 Lil' Twin]

-Man, 50/50

I'm still draped up and dripped down, screw tape  
jammin'

Trunk rumblin' and tremblin', Color Changin' and  
blendin'

Forest side mirrors blinkin', while I'm turnin' and tippin'  
Hit my brakes at 9:00 at 10, them rims stop spinnin'  
Channels set, rim grinnin', tatted up on my skin and.  
9 fiancee's, I ain't trippin', fuck a 3 some I'm ten-in  
Program pimpin', lean sippin', hoes suckin' 5 lickin'  
Invincible set, diamonds hittin', while the minute hand  
tickin'

I hold chickens, steerin' whippin', '72 is my mission  
I can't front unless you spendin', pitch like Roger  
Clemens  
I throw work, fiends hit it out the park like Dillon  
Now they geekin' and flitchin', feelin' bad cuz they  
sinnin'  
My twin got shot in his head and his leg now he limp  
So don't make him swing that aggie, and may place he  
fix it  
600 Horses in my engine, sittin' still fish finnin'  
My grand-prix on non-stoppers, H2 3 on pippen's  
If you wonderin' it's 50, turn me up just listen  
I make grown-man decisions, so at life you can't miss  
me, what?  
-Boy's gonna feel this Color Changin' Click mayne  
-We tippin' down, popped up wide open

[Chamillionaire] (Yung-Ro)

-Fa'real, Yeah  
Windows down cuz they tinted, so niggaz can see me  
up in it  
Wait for my spinners to stop spinnin', after 5 minutes  
re-spin it  
Emblem on the hood, lookin' about the size of a  
grammy  
Chrome Lady doin' the Statue Of Liberty pose on my  
candy  
Used to be candy over silver, now it's wine berry over  
gold  
Now it's Color Changin' on the doors, while I'm  
swangin' thinkin' 24's  
No police out on Dalem, hollows we got em' no problem  
Spot em' and push a wig back farther then Hatter did  
my album  
I ain't got to promote it, nope no radio play  
Pull out that K, right-away and ya drop-date 'll be today  
I hope ya doin' killer crunches, ain't gotta vest when it  
lunges  
Patch ya stomach, so (NOBODY!) ain't got to see what  
ya lunch is (Haha)  
I don't like niggaz grumpin', gossipin' in my  
circumference  
And Sucka-Free is flippin' humped's we gettin' bills by  
the bunches  
Hold up, plot on them thangs, belt-buckles and bang  
He pull out that thang from behind the belt-buckle than  
bang  
Hit ya face with that handle, make ya braces dismantle  
Then they'll erase the Soprano's and put my face on  
that channel  
Jumped down, fun lift the trunk let it dangle

Geometric rims spinnin' at a obtuse angle  
Braud act like she don't see me, bet she get broke in  
Throwin' gin down her chin, til' her dome spin like my  
chrome rims  
Rap-game it was throw'd in, but I'm still gon' win  
Hell yeah nigga, Koopa freestyle with no pen

[Lil' Flip]

I'm from the streets, I know yall niggaz peep game  
My nigga Note, just dropped his shit Street Fame  
Will Lean comin' next, I'm bout to drop again  
Yall niggaz #1, but I'ma take ya spot again  
I'm off the lot again, rollin' in a drop again  
I'm sippin' sizzerp, you drinkin' on a Heineken  
I got the cheddar now I'm on another level now  
You wearin' white-rocks, it's yellow in my bezel now  
I gotta bigger car, cuz I'ma bigger star  
I'm fuckin' Dolly Pardon, she wear a bigger bra  
You know where I'm from and you know what the fuck  
we be packin'  
These niggaz be hatin' I'm vested up in-case they  
jackin'  
Bitches come and they go, Flip is runnin' the show  
And if you don't know, now you muthafuckas know  
I'm the hottest around, niggaz know how I get down  
When I come to your town, hook me up with a pound  
And we gon' smoke a blunt, and I'm gon' rock the show  
I know this yo baby-momma but I'ma fuck ya hoe  
Get the brain, get the change, peep the rangs, peep  
the rocks  
You know where the fuck I'm from, I represent my block  
Yall niggaz braggin' and boastin', I'll leave you gaggin'  
and chokin'  
Jump out the Jag and approachin'..Bitch Nigga!

(O.G. Ron - Talking until song ends)

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