

Beres Hammond & Shaggy**"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 limpin'
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 'I'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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