

Cecilia Gayle

"Brooklyn Academy Freestyle"

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Intro:

Psss...Oh my god, Yo! These niggaz wil' out, son!
Yo, Eddie III, man, do you know what you just did
puttin these guys on your tape? Yo these niggaz is
straight off the...yo they be wil'in, yo Brooklyn Ac
DJ Eddie III, DL Three, comin' atchyou live in 3-d
Is you ready for this, man? Brooklyn Ac

[Mr. Metaphor]

Ay-yo we indestructible son it's real like that
You can shoot me with a bullet, it'll heal right back
I'll eat forty MC's, as a real light snack
Yo where the mic at? I lay my game down quite flat
I got a tight rap I'ma stick in your head
With a big fat blunt to leave you glistening red
All the ladies know I'm bad, bad! and wicked in bed
Cause some cats bite the bush, but I lick it instead
But girl I'm only going down if you giving me head
And I'ma "Put it on! Put it on!" like Kid Capri said
Son I'm tougher than leather, I'll rip a verse like cheap
thread
Then put my hand on dick and make you love (?Deep
Jay?)
I got, no regrets, no weight on my back
Put on your seat-belt strap it ain't safe on my track
Fuck puttin out a name, I want my face on the map
I want them gimme head shorties with they face in my
lap
Snake in the grass, I got your girl shakin her ass
I roll with grimy BK cats who rake in your cash
Son we 'robbin old folks and makin the dash'
Jumpin through store fronts wild and breakin the glass
I'm only looking toward the future, stay away from my
past
Cause I looked death in the face when I was eight and a
half
MC's is D- work, son I'm acin the class
Circus clown acts, y'all keep makin me laugh

[Icon]

Ay-yo a nigga like me wanna get paid and these streets

these streets, you they Canada Dry
I lay you back with the plans in my mind, party dunn
We in the back with our hats in the front, passin the
blunt
If there's beef then we blastin them up
If I don't know you, I don't fuck with you counterfeit
thugs
Nigga, cause y'all just rent them cars, nigga, you semi-
hard
I'ma hit you with the semi-, you semi-gone
And if you wanna battle, dude, I'll pull a gat on you
I'ma put a whole in you, and your man in back of you
and your man that's in back of him
Nigga, that's only one bullet, imagine ten
I'll kill a whole club, hold up
I got it sewn up, my niggaz role up
And y'all niggaz, ain't no thugs, never sold drugs
I spit till I ain't got no spit
I spit during a lunar eclipse
I spit till I ain't got no lips
I'ma spit until my skin fall off
Everything I spit is sick, I ain't well no more
Hell's my cure, freed Jesus who was nailed to the cross
Swallowed the devil, spit fire out the ?shit-pieced fork?

[Block McLoud]

Yo, yo, I beat you down like "Headare Nutsbound"
On a bus bound for uptown cause you wouldn't gimme
a bus down
You ain't truly hard, I pull your card on the boulevard
Rob you for your jewelry guard and jewelry card
Cause I'ma, full retard, in fact I'll slap you silly
I'll tap the jelly out your capillary
Son your harmless, at your very worst you wouldn't
accomplish
a sidekick, you ride dicks, you like a armrest - you get
elbowed!
You're just a pussy cat with a pussy rap
I'll bend your cap and push it back
You a has been, you ain't lastin
I can't get ? fastin, get tossed fast into the trash bin,
you poo-put
You get chewed up, like new gut
You're a bitch screwed up, knocked up, then tubes cut
You don't come off blue nuts, you're bashful
Babblin blocks, a handful you can't handle

[Pumpkinhead]

I spit faster than the average rapper
Brooklyn Ac a bunch of bastards that'll jack ya
Quicker than a flash'a, Black talons comin at ya

Pistol packer, we want your money, your wife, and the
keys to your Acura
And the number to your manager
So we can whip his ass for even thinking you got
stamina
Nigga, we proffessionals with guns and the cameras
So smell and say cheese, I put one in your bandanna
I spit that sick shit, that give your mans cancer
Black Panther, disguised as a panhandler
Elbow you in the face like Tito Santana
You can tell we hungry, you can tell we grungy
I smoke blunts in front of the church, every Sunday
Abuse crews cause they got loose screws like Kelly
Bundy
I can tell you dumbies, I can tell you funny
And I can tell you gay like the Purple Telle-Tubby

[Icon]

Ay-yo Brooklyn Ac niggaz, we slap niggaz
Battle wack niggaz, strapped with mac-millaz
Cock-back and slap, average rap niggaz
Snatch tracks with the impacts of crack dealers
Battle for dough, battle for shines
Battle for whips, battle for chips, NIGGA ITS ON!
Ay-yo, battle for hoes, battle for dimes
Battle for streets, battle for beats, NIGGA ITS ON!

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