

Scrilla Vic

"Freestylin'"

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Now I get Jimmy getting' busy to the shake and the shimmy
Your ladies one of those, Umm... ho's I knows
My old throws make the pros limp, wimper & simper
Ax your wood for good and then go yell "Timber!"
You kick the bobos like you got two left feet
Your style is to the back
I'll send your ass straight to jump street
Goodness gracious! Great Balls of Fire!
You're burned again Â– here's a bib Â– you're served again
Still beggin' for a chance, but tricks don't even glance
A diaper for your ass cuz when they come you shit your pants
The V's swing can make the church mute sing
Battaboom, battabing. Why you're wife ain't got her ring?
Cuz on her honeymoon, I told your honey soon she'd get some of that
Zooma zoom zoom in a boom boom!
So when I see some skin, you know that I'm in
Turn a trick like the table when "Do it, Do it, Do it!"
You're once a month's a wet dream
Even Janine said you bring it like a sight unseen
Til you pass out Â– ass out Â– Damn, I think it's funny
When I grab my baggies all the ladies, "Get Money!"
And tell they girlfriend, "That's the one they've been waiting for!"
Pull out their bank and say, "Thanks! That's the one I've been savin'
For!"
So even though you know that I'm a young mack
I'm never pullin' out like your man, so don't call it a comeback

Comin' around the corner with a wickedder style - the latino
Rakin' in mo' do than Gambino every coked snow
Delirious, deceptive, demeaned Â– yeah, all that
Play you so way back your whole crew be askin' "Who dat?"

Blowin' up the scene like frags from a pipe bomb
To the break of dawn while you're singin' that sad song
Onetimes dead wrong when he gave me the gasface
With his guise milk cartons say, "Missin' without a
trace"
I'm bound to clock paps like folklore
Saw your man buyin' lines from a local five and dime
store
Whore. A penny for your thoughts or should I say your
rhymes
Cuz they were saggin' like your booty when you bought
'em
Not really into rock, but like a mountain top
I keep risin'. It's surprisin' when I dew I hit the spot
Instead of hittin' home your rhymes totally swerve
Stinkin' up shows like Siskel & Ebert
Equipped with the gift Â– smoke a sucka like a spliff
Get wicked on the flex so double check Â– check it!
I'm steadily steppin', never trippin', no nonsense
My vertical rides the Utopian experience so
Meenie Minnie Mo Â– catch a trick by the toe
If she hollers, yo I won't let her go
Unless she flickers like a strobelight
But with a whole stash hold things are gonna be alright
With the latin buried treasure
Hon grab a hold but I ain't only for your steering
pleasure
The no fakin', title takin',...
(Yawn) Oh, excuse me. Never keep the ladies waitin'
Flexin' Mex threat, but my name ain't Jose
Causin' shockwaves like a room full of Bose
Speakers, beepers, yeah I got plenty
Hons on standby? Mmm, about twenty
So I satisfy Pee Wee,
While you're sittin' on the can with your hand playin' "I
Dream of Genie"
You're blue cheese technique gets thrown in the trunk
Think you're shit don't stink, well you ain't fakin' the
funk
Now my lyrics are unsheathed
Razor-sharp switchblades cleanly slicin' underneath
your sublime
I must be buggin' out,
But never crossin' over or either sellin' out
I guess you want your vocals on my Memorex
Sheet! It only takes the flex of the index
To run off a couple through your follicles
No I won't waste time. Yes, I'll punch your chronological
for talkin' bull
So take a chill pill. Should I drill?
Nah, just smack the enamel from your grill

When it comes to droppin' lyrics, I'm the man you can't
fuck wit
Those steppin' raw get served like Bisquick
And you know with the flow
St. Ides provides the juice to get loose when I spar with
the funky
Repertoire

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