

## **Freeway & Jake One f/ Young Chris**

### **"Microphone Killa"**

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[Intro - Freeway - talking] - w/ ad libs Woo! Free! Yeah, we in here Uh huh, let's get 'em [Chorus - Freeway] - w/ ad libs Who am I? Microphone killa, microphone killa, microphone killa Swifter than a breeze, I will Swiss cheese emcees [Verse 1 - Freeway] Even though I got a short temper, had a long day I will kill a tall nigga with a long K Matter of fact I'm exactly what the song say Mic killa, best flow-er, "that's what they all say" Let me prove it to you, deliver the music to you Raw and uncut bake, I'm not puttin any on it Back, I put the city on it East coast, head on my shoulders, put my fifty on it All day, take it off just to rest I'm not a sleeper, if a nigga try to creep me put the heater to his chest Yes, bullets penetrate fresh Tag him with the chrome, get blown like reefer He tried to take flight, hit him right with the beam Since I was a pre-teen been a microphone fiend Had dreams to rock, then I signed with The Roc It's still Roc for life, Rhymesayers is the team, yeah [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 2 - Freeway] Find 'em all, line 'em up, pick 'em up You say they got the sickest mouth, no doubt, grind 'em up, kick 'em out That's one thing that they hate about me I body emcees, send 'em back to they paper route They say they can do without, stay without Never in doubt, if I'm without, I gotta bring the lasers out That's one thing that I hate about y'all Whenever I floss, I always bring the haters out Used to sling hard, bring the neighbors out Now I throw yard parties, bring the neighbors out Turntables out, one mic, one DJ, a couple guns That's how we get it done, Jake One, Freeway Do this with no delay, no doubt They bang my records in the house and on the E-way How you think I got the name Freeway? I move out Listen, 20-20 vision couldn't see me, yeah [Chorus] - w/ ad libs [Verse 3 - Young Chris] Microphone +Killa+, no Cam'ron Bomb like landmine, I don't ask shit, I demand mine I take a little bit and expand mine Grandson killin 'em grandma Chest out, head high, until I'm a dead guy I'm a shed light on all the lives I'm lead by Examples of successful legends and historical presence As I started reppin on Roc-A-Fella Records A blessing in disguise, y'all fools ain't messin with these

guys Don't insult me, you messin with my pride It'll cost  
you, dirty money niggaz'll off you Pullin heat, throwin  
bullets deep, Randy Moss you It ain't hard to, six feet  
deep is where they toss you Detectives tell mommy that  
they lost you Tell 'em Free, no women and kids But we  
killin niggaz just like we kill these motherfuckin bars  
too [Chorus] - w/ ad libs

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