

## **Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel**

### **"Feel Me Flow"**

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You 'bout to feel the chronicles of a bionical lyric  
lyrically splittin dismissin  
I'm on a mission of just hitting  
now it's written and kitten hittin wit mittens  
I'm missing wishing man listen  
I glisten like sun and water while fishing.  
Bust the move and then swerve  
Serve words with nerve embedded I said it word  
Damn, you nerd man, you heard  
Coming from the town of Illy and alleys are  
full of Phillies and Rallys suckers get  
Silly as Sally then found in alleys, I'm rowdy really

1-So here we go now,  
Holla if ya hear me though, come and feel me flow

Never mixing with tricking brothers bitching  
Over fixins that ain't fittin to be hittin.  
On nothin splittin things that's bitten  
And gettin written off  
Like a fatter bad bladder boy ya pissing me off  
Before you even started so what  
So long see you fly by my try how else  
Could I say it when you play it try boom bye bye.  
(rpt 1, 1)

The flow pro poetical with skills only  
A vet'll know better know where's  
The wetter flow that's on point like  
Decimals manhandlin new crews  
Partying with the Zoo Crew  
Looking for the pink in poo poo.  
I thought you knew too stone style is of stamina  
Jammin ta while we plannin ta jam  
We bust plus we're the party  
Amateur damager managin damagin mics  
Men and even mannequins.  
You're a fan again now I wanna know whose the man  
again?  
Naughty's back like vertibrates word to hey-a-ho  
The way I show you pray I flow

Steady breakin to the boogie so bang time  
To slang bang and watch all the poo tang tangs hang  
(rpt 1, 1)

Play and Kay'll break the body of a beat  
The beat the break into boogie  
Firm and fully chase bass lines like bullies  
All we wanna know is if your body wanna party  
It's nuff poo tang tang for everybody  
So hip up and split up get up  
Get up your wit up souped up put your dukes up  
No guts set up for sit ups flip up watch us rip up.  
Shakes shows until they fizz up  
Rizz up like your with us if not zip up  
You lip up whip up.  
Hits with ransom's foul styles get and ones  
We come back cause we heard  
Hip hop needed another anthem  
Black like Noah in fact and for ya  
If we was back in the days with the Drifters  
We would've been known as the Flowers  
Bevin these since the seventies  
Find me so we went crazy in the eighties  
So we won't kiss heinies in the nineties  
Oops the Naughty's troop in sections of forties  
So clap your hands and hold your shorty I'm Naughty.  
(rpt 1, 1)

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