

Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel

"Pin The Tail on the Donkey"

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Verse 1: Treach, (Vin Rock)

Oh finally, finally (here we are)
And for good, are the three, follow me (It ain't far
Even though if it was, you could make it to the start
The enemies, do you know who they are? (There they
are)
A devil with the dorags be walkin, now I had it up to
there
Oh yeah, that's the last straw (The Nature's back
for.....)
(*Better than disco*) (R-r-r-r-r-r-r-ound*) (Ugh, ugh,
ugh)
Pin the tail on the junkie, find a false flavor
It's a new day to play with a neighbour
Freeze the MC's that wanna see thee
By now Naugh-ty By Nature by me
They want me to come and come up faster, that could
be arranged
Dump the last of the matinee, cos they couldn't stand
the damn rain
The pain's the same, the game remains mine
I got more hooks than a fish line
Bite the head off a snake
Chew up from the first to last break and shoot em in the
face
Make way, (move), who are you to test me? (Huh, huh,
huh.....)
I seen your last porno flick, it ain't impress me
Wassup? Cuddle sport, here's a thought
(The only records that they got, are the records their
crew bought)
Damn real B rock, get fienin, spunky
Pin the tail on the donkey

(*Bring that beat back*)
Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

Verse 2: Treach, (Vin Rock)

I do more poppin than a blockhead, wreck the

waxheads

I'm fed, (Go ahead, you retired tackhead)

Back to the fact of the track witta new thought

You couldn't smoke butts witta match and a Newport

Here we go, we go, we go again, witta flow we know,
we know it's in

(Def play like Poppa Simpson)

KayGee's on the slice, can he co-clean?

Doin more scratchin than a funk and a dope fiend

Go knock the blocks off, get your props off

But don't cop off, cop out, and I'll cuts off

Another renegade of rap will stop that

I'm more feared than a Sugar Hill contract

I'm known for Lettin The Hos Go, my demo's all flow
when cursin was a no-no, you dodo

Give it up cos I'm hot witta warm hate

I won't stop, pop, til that head is screwed on straight

I take shorts, and no sorts, so take that clone

The only thing I take is the 8 to the path home

And I take you all the way to the north stop

Your style's more foul than a pork chop

I rock the hip-hop, non-stop tick-tock

around the big clock, witta spot, tick-tock

Pin the tail on the jackass, it don't mean jack (chill.....)
to a brother from down the hill

Back track with a rap that remains funky

(Hmmm, and it's ugh)

Back in the day, y'all, I played with playdough

The dough is real now, and dildo's feel how
a starvin hungry MC gets when

MC *?falamin?* your own is the big sin

I'm starvin up, it's time ta, call them up, yup

Get em and cut em up, stuff em and cook the duck

Tough luck, tell em to shut up and jet

And feel the threat of a real life roughneck

Pin the tail on the donkey

(*Can I get a witness?*)

Verse 3: Treach, (Vin Rock)

(Check check, where you, where you at, at??)

That another best will need a hard vest for this head
check)

(What? There's another, Treach?) That's what I heard,
yep

Three steps from a pit, boom, in his chest

I never knew a nigga really wanted to die

Instead he bit, instead of lookin me eye-to-eye, then I
knew he was truly thru, dumb plus the one

To meet the mighty one, call a bad one

I rhyme about what I want to, microphone 1-2
You're doin like *?Lasuran?* then a bomb do
T-H-E MC O-F R-H-P T-O L-double O-K
A-T, I-N T-H-E N-I-N-E-T-I-E, or watch me S-C
And I might top to step to a sexy
fancy, prancy and dancy
No cosmo stomp, her's the true form
Style's so fat, it gets fitted with a shoe horn
Here's a clearer mirror, dear ya
lookin in nearer, cos I don't fear ya
Some get too souped to the point
where it's still too thick but still lick thru and thru
Always wanted a guy to come and try
to get sly and try ta, get by my
Hideous, treacherous style that's wreckin it.....
Pin the tail on the donkey.....

What the?
Yo, yo, yo, yo, wassup yo?
What happened? It's like that?
We gon' rush you again

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go

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