

## **Freeway F/ Beanie Sigel**

### **"Yoke The Joker"**

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Yoke the Joker!!!!

\*laughter\*

Intro: Treach

There are too many overnight MC's but one  
And too many wacked who haven't paid dues  
You have now entered the path of the Flavor Unit  
and we are Naughty By Nature, and we will just do, by  
terminating you

Verse 1: Treach

I can snap, rap, pack, click-clack, patter-pat-pat  
Take that ass to the point you have to ask for your ass  
back  
A fuckin joker smoker, taunted by no one  
If I was born in Chung Li's temple I would've turned out  
a shogun  
Smack the any-and-all talk, jokers I can't hawk  
And all that shit I hear about me losin is small talk  
I ain't a punk, I'll slot'cha, furthermore I don't scare  
chief  
The reason I called you 'pussy' cos you are what you  
eat, each  
look is a little closer to the centre of a blowpipe  
Don't speak when I am talkin, this is my fuckin sho-op  
How dare you even try me? Don't you know you be  
funky, while  
you're smilin backstage doin mother, ugh, doggystyle  
Hot, wild, raw, whores' still suave  
\*laughter\* Check out this style that I've  
soul-simulated, sounds from a stocky  
semi-social, never seem sloppy  
See silly slappin suckers, sorry saps and slouchers  
Straps slammin stouch, mackin this mass is savvy  
We see so-so-songs and some shots, so  
snaps steppin separate, start slowly, go solo  
Set the cassette stereo, sounds diffin  
Stood the Sagittarian, some marriage is a system  
Smoke the joker, three times over

and owe her, go with the flow  
or I'm about to yoke a joker

#### Verse 2: Treach

All that straight faced shit like your heart had been thru  
Smile and give your face somethin the fuck to do  
You're ugly, smugly, squiggly, dilly-wrinkled faced  
bastard  
Someone needs to hit and run ya to run ya ass over  
backwards  
Let's giddy up, yep yep, another fuck up  
Grab your microphone, battle time shown up  
Any freestyle I see while I prowl  
I dial a new style, tell me about ooh-chow  
Another victory, it's mystery  
I smoke your skull, your brain'll come blistery  
All fuzzy, dirty, dizzy, does he  
get the things he needs? Remember how blistery?  
You ain't ready for the Freddy of rap  
You can't kill me, I step into your dreams, you feel me  
slicin your life away, just like I might today  
I eat you the psycho way, I'm rippin shit right away.....  
I treat ya like a bitch in a ditch off of angel dust  
Take you to a ????, sure you can fly, just jump slut  
You think you might say a rhyme, then someone might  
order like  
You couldn't wet shit up in a motherfuckin water fight  
All luck y'all, look at the props y'all  
So proud I'm sure, suck my encore's  
Swingin a bolo, your flow goes solo  
I'll smoke ya  
It's time to yoke the joker

#### Verse 3: Treach

The only way you would be gettin dis jump like a girlie  
is if your father would've bothered to pull it out early  
You ain't got a single drip drop, you're stripped of hip-  
hop  
If I see ya disagreein, you'll be gettin your shit dropped  
It's extended version, the side you can't fuck with  
You'll get the jimmy MC, you're swift to kick the bucket  
I'm tired of Mr. Nice Guy, place your price high  
Bet on a battle rhymer, tell my chances are sky high  
Never would you ever get the thriller, say y'all sweat  
"Y'know that kid Treach, I took him out, he was no  
threat"  
Because you know I'm better than that on my worst day  
Takin competition's what I do in the worst way  
Quick to do a hit, for you most likely I spoiled ya

I bored and ignored ya, then boringly floored ya  
The proof is in the footin, my collar ain't wooden  
It takes more than an axe to tax, bless the children  
Physically, facially, racially made to be  
crazily paid or G, what a fuckin way to be  
Hot damn, I'm a man with a hand plan  
This smack that then attract the new game plan  
Eat your big beef, digest the rest, test  
Shit, I was slept yet, then go to the next step  
That's what I do, that's what I say, that's what I live  
That's what I prove, that's what I move, that's what I  
give  
Makin other brothers wanna go home and write shit  
Bite what I might get, then up and say "I quit"  
Me here, got, oh what a beautiful dawg  
>From you ain't in amazing, want some paper plus a  
pen and tongue will do  
Yoke the joker!

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