

Ghostown

"Focused Freestyle"

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J Formz: Formz! Yup! One hand in my pocket dog, it
don't matter, I'm focused
man, I'm fuckin' focused. Nobody's stoppin' me now
son. It's a brutal take
over right here, that's what this shit is son. Yo check
this freestyle real
quick though son...Yo, Ghostown, Ghostown,
Ghostown, listen...

[J Formz]
Here again, heat again, bring your men, bring a friend
You think you gon' beat me!? Think again
Takin' years to make a track, take your raps back,
whack as fuck
I'm comin' forward at you, and you still backin' up
You call that whack ass shit you doin' rappin' son?
Treat your career like a condom commercial, wrap it up
It's hard to listen to commercial rap now a days
Most these rappers spit bullshit cause they cash is
(Cassius) like Clay
But I got somethin' to say, I'm bringin' the game back
The only thing you bringin' to the game is just plain
whack
Better smoke some better shit before you get on a
track
Cause if you ever try and come at me like that, it's a
wrap
I'll give you an organic experience with my Herbals
Cause my Essence is all about superb verbals
I'm killin' 'em with rhymes
So I know damn well if I keep spittin', these cats is gon'
feel 'em in time
So I'm spillin' the rhymes, 'til they feelin' the rhymes
But I know haters is gon' feel 'em and lie
Keep they feelings inside cause they think they real
when they lie
But these cats is so fake they don't drop a tear when
they cry
These cats is now bitches cause I'm stelin' they pride
Actin' hard but I could see the fear in they eyes
Me battelin' kids is like a broken watch, I'm wastin' my

time

Cause if your name was Coolio you couldn't have a

Dangerous Mind

I'm gettin' sick and tired of these fake ass fucks

I guess I have to knock you out to wake your fake ass

up

I spit crazy rhymes you never felt before

I'm so hot, if I stood in hell, I'd probably melt the floor

Don't front kid, your crew's major fake

When I come through you break out like a teenagers

face

What's good with mother fuckers poppin' all this shit?

His boys could step up, I'm poppin' all his clique

You never heard a kid that was quite all this sick

You couldn't walk in my shoes despite all my kicks

So don't talk it if you walkin' around without 'em

Cause everything I spit's Real Talk, like Fab's album

J Formz: Yeah! So what you got to say after that!? You

mother fuckers is

silent now, you fuckin' speechless son. J Formz,

Ghostown, FD, Cig, Ceza, Yoshi

you know how we doin' this son, takin' over the whole

fuckin' Island son

G-Town, out!

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