

Ghostown

"Rugged Freestyle"

Visit "[Rugged Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

J Formz: Yo D, I herd mother fucka's is tryin' to come at us, you scared son?

FD: Scared? What's the fuckin' point of bein' scared?

J Formz: Son that's fuckin' rugged

[J Formz]

Runnin' your mouth? I'm bound to come in your house
Get it quickly done, in and out, with the gun in your mouth

Weather he real or fake

When I pistol whip the mutha fucka in his face,
guaranteed it breaks

Squeeze off 10 through the back of his throat

Put the gun to his chest and let bullets come out the
back of his coat

Shit is for real, I bet kids'll squeal

That's why I'm bound to unload if I pull out the steel

I aint tryin' to get sent to jail

I aint big like that yet, I aint got no money for bail

If I'm in a war, you either dyin' or

Lookin' up at me yellin' "What you cryin' for?"

We don't play, we just smoke blunts all day

Actin' tough, but when I step up you got nuthin' to say

Stickin' shit up, till I'm livin' it up

And I dont need to give 100 percent

Just know I'm givin' enough to be rippin' it up when I'm
spittin' some stuff

I'm doin' my thing, kids is soft, stop rappin' and sing

Point out your leader and watch what I do to your king

Aint no fuckin' around, I'm duckin you down

I'm buckin' the pound, I'm buckin' a clown

I just got 1 question, "Who you fuckin' with now?"

Stuck in shit now? Well that sucks, doesn't it now?

I got dozens of pounds, each holdin' dozens of rounds

And every time I confronted your clique

You talked shit, but it wasn't as thick, and you wasn't
around

What's all the fussin' about?

Got a gun stuck in your mouth for fuckin' around

With these brothers, you clowns

What you gonna do now since I confronted you now?

You fucks don't impress me, and you sure don't scare me
And we could shoot the 1 on if you wanna fight fairly
I'm in the streets, aint no gettin' me out
And if I get locked up they aint lettin' me out
Cause they know once I'm out, I'll kill again
Cause even if I killed you, there's still your men
I don't mind beef with you, you're sloppy and careless
I'll win cause I care less, kill you cause I couldn't care less
Fearless, you could feel this real shit
Deal with the fact that I'm real kid
I'm real sick, spit that real shit
The kind I'm workin' on masterin' to get a deal with

J Formz: Yeah, so what's really good? All you mother fucka's talkin' 'bout
"Yeah, he can't rap, he can't do this..." Yo, who's seein' me son? I'll
freestyle battle anyone son, nobody's fuckin' with me
right now son. Ghostown for
the long run mother fucka's, we takin' over every other
fuckin' month
And that's what's really good

Visit [Ghostown](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.