

Freekey Zeekey "Beat Without Bass"

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Lil' Wayne:

I got my capital S-wagger up, ya dig
Young Money, Cash Money, Dipset Byrdgang
Where the team at
(Welcome To Dipset baby)

Verse 1

Lil' Wayne:

Okay my leather so soft but don't think I ain't hard
they say "Weezy make it rain" I said "Bitch I ain't god"
But I am God's son but you know I ain't Nas
See he got a positive aim and I aim nines
Man Lil' Weezy got a style that even I can't find
Man some shit just be so hard I be like that line ain't
mine
And if that is under a gram than that line ain't mine
And if you niggaz talkin' war, well bitch it's combat time
Hey, I take three L's to the head
Love, live, life, and I'm dead
Young Money, Dipset, that's what this is
And if I ain't good lookin' you can bet my bitch is
I done made it off Apple Street
Like it was 2300 Jackson Street
Young Money, can't join 'em nor beat 'em
Where the fuck is Robin Leach when you need him
A rich nigga can't even buy freedom
That's why I give my white bitches everything but
freedom
I do my white bitches anything but beat 'em
And if they like rat poison, then I'ma feed 'em
I'm... so phisticated
Fresh from Antarctica, my wrist just made it
I'm rich bitch, I ain't broke no more
But I will still chop you up and feed your ass to the poor
Weezy, I'm 'bout my cream like a smore
You old ass rappers better stay on tour
You're like 44, I got a .44
I'm 24, I can murk you and come home when I'm 44

Hook

Freekey Zeekey:

What's a beat without bass
Chain hangin' to the dick nigga all them diamonds in
the face
A homie get in Dips space then I'ma show 'em .38s
When we ride this 25, scrapin' dat raw base yeah
(Repeat)

Verse 2

Jha 'Jha:
Dade County get it girl
5 riders wit' it girl
You don't want no problems, don't you know we ridin'
wit' it girl
Dudes love me, say I got a hell of a swag
See me hoppin' out them Coupes, Benz's, Bentley's,
and Jags
With Balindsyaga bags and some lil' skimpy shit
Got a lil' bittty ass so they focus on my tits
It's the jewels that I wear, and the gleam on my wrist
And she rock her real hair, run ya fingers through this
shit
I am something like a shit
Any nigga I will pimp
Ya ain't got my money honey hit him wit' a hollow tip
See Freekey is crazy, insane, and hazy
And that's my big brotha so do not try to play me
It's gon' be some'n shawty, the Set is in the buildin'
Throw yo' B's up shawty, Patron is in my system
And that sweet stuff shawty, the zone is what I get 'em
When I'm geeked up homie, yeah

Hook

Verse 3

Freekey Zeekey:
This is how we ride, so high, drunk drive
Got the pistol-grip get 'em gangstas ballas
We them chedda-makin' villians, shorty give me ride
Got a big Mossberg and it fire from the shells make
you stop, drop, and pop it
Cock the hammers, send the rocket, blow a socket
I won't stop it, Go-Go Rocket, hit your body or in bocket
Toys pocket, sort of profit off his top and call them
Gnostic
Take the profits, stack our toppers, don't get popped
And get to shoppin', nuthin' less than 20 dog, we call
'em birdies
We call 'em big Shucky-Duckies, we grizzlies, you tellie
tubbies
Get busy with heavy money, you shitty, proolly all funky
You proolly some type of junkie

I'll probably sold you the monkey
Listen fall back dick, you don't wanna get stripped
You don't wanna see the Dips straight fuck yo' bitch
You don't wanna see your jaw cracked, barrel from the
Smith
That pain'll make your body twitch, the world'll hear you
saying "AY"
Freekey

Hook

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