

Tenacious D

"Freestyle"

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(*talking*)

Run it, the heavy weight champ of the flows is back
Killa nigga, act like you know me sucker, hey

[Kyleon]

I'm the reason, niggaz caps is leaking
Why a lot of hard MC's, raps are weaking
I'm Killa that's right, nigga live in the flesh
And the raps that I rap, mo' live than the rest
Consistent flow spitter, a consistent hoe hitter
Plus I stay in mash mode, cause I'm a consistent go-
getter
Do' like a grocery store, what you want paper or plastic
I don't have to recycle raps, like paper or plastic
I got so many flows, I just might lose a few
Saying a rhyme two times, what I choose to do
But doing that is somp'n, you have to pay dues to do
Got so many hard raps, niggaz might confuse a few
Since Havin' Thangs dropped, niggaz been mad as
fuck
He keeps spitting hits, that got them niggaz sad as
fuck
If I stop rapping, you might be glad as fuck
But I'm not, so right now your ass is stuck what
Like crazy glue, stuck to your pants
Boys spinning my flow, like it's stuck to a fan
I'm what them white boys jamming, in that outpart
stuck your man
And you can't take it from him, cause it's stuck to his
hand
I demand, some fucking respect round here
If it's wrong, you better get it correct round here
Cause we known for keeping bitches, in check round
here
With a flow or the 8, and a tech down here

[Sir Daily]

It's the raw Hogg, under boss back in the do'
Hitting you where it hurt, while I'm attacking a flow
You see me in them streets, you know I'm packing a fo'
With a sack of that dro, trying to mack at your hoe

A young rich nigga, with his mind on paper
Drop dolla signs on you, if you're trying to hate us
Nigga, cause I go liver than you
No line is true, what you got I multiply it to two
Cause I'ma hustle mo' harder, with stacks at steak
I break the microphone, with raps that's great
I blow that sticky green, like masking tape
And illegal money makers, with cash to make
I flip that candy blue, with glass that skate
Now knock your bitch down, just ask your date
Nigga I left her mouth, with a nasty taste
Them Outlawz on top, you niggaz last in place, Daily

(*talking*)

Nigga, it's like that I feel you Daily
Boyz-N-Blue, it's C. Ward motherfucker
You already know who, nigga peep this here

[Chris Ward]

For the 0-4, I'm the new year's resolution
Hazardous also, my force filthy as pollution
Niggaz swearing that they real, but it's all amusing
Cause they act and look real, but it's all an illusion
When they talk about my music, they say you possess
A type of style that shows, you are truly blessed
I got a nationwide delivery, like UPS
And when in the booth, is like a first grader school
recess
I just have a lot of fun, with the beat
It's cold out here in this world, so I gotta run with the
heat
And I don't trust no niggaz, cause most of 'em is
shesity
The only one I ever believe in, is the Lord Jesus Christ
Plus his game ain't nothing nice, it's a mess in my eyes
But I'm still living, so really it's a blessing in disguise
And if this rapping don't pay off, I'ma really fuck up
Whatever or whoever, and more foes gon get stuck up
And I'm going for the rappers, that always talk trill in
they music
Act real in they music, so people can feel they music
Old rappers new rappers, it don't matter
Golf clubs and baseball bats, will make they bones
shatter
I'm the new threat to this industry, and society
Artists around here envy me, and they try to be
Me, just listen they recycling rhymes
And half of the time, these niggaz recycling mine's
They take a little from everybody, and recycle they
lines
Now that's what you call, a recyclable shine

They just wanna be like a nigga, cause I'm C. Ward
baby
And when they hoes see me shit, they go C. Ward crazy
They rub and hug a nigga, say they love a nigga
And they stand there frowning, and mean mugging a
nigga
But it's all cool, cause when I walk up to 'em
And look 'em in they eyes, they be like what's up my
nigga

[Slim Thug]

Last but not least, it's the Boss kapish
And niggaz better shut they mouth, and ass when I
speak
I'm a good six years strong, and still at my peak
A lot of niggaz came and gone, cause they trash and
weak
I worked up from a rookie, to the Boss of my click
That's why these big mouth pussies, can't floss what I
get
Niggaz talk big trash, niggaz swear they got cash
Niggaz swear to God they hard, when they get a note
pad
The rap game today, is so sad
Cause rap lanes today, is so sad
They quick to tell a nigga, how they so bad
But they never own a gun, and they lie with they hoe
ass
'Face ain't never wore a mask, never been on the block
Don't know the difference from a brick, or a fifty pack
rock
Please stop with your tales, you niggaz ain't been to jail
You only did a couple hours, for some tickets in a cell
Now you claim you so gangsta, you really so wanksta
When the shit hit the fan, you gon back down ain't you
No thank you, your service is not needed
Now bitch get the fuck from round here, before you get
heated

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