

LI Cool Jay

"La the Darkman Freestyle"

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[La the Darkman]

Yeah, Tone Touch, Power Cypha MC's

In Jamaican tone Yeah, ya mon know alot of dat cum
from killen

I run da place, take it from me (real gun talk)

The fortified nine millime

Yo Darkman King, doin my thing the bee sting

Assassinate your whole team wit the vocal red beam

Sold yourself a dream, I sharpen my script as an arrow

Professional and live, my style double-barrel

I Self Lord, Master natural disaster

Holy sling to splash ya, dark force to thrash ya

Blind eyes, poligimous got four wives

Inside my square, rappers get buried alive

We never even, put you in the dirt still breathin

Perfection, the gold mic touch dun, I'm blessin

Flames lit the flesh, shot at some of the best

When Dell played me at my rest, stabbed a kid in his
chest

Now I got respect, runnin through boroughs, hoods and
towns

Niggas pull they pants down when I show the four
pound

Verbally, fantastic, cocked my rhyme, blast it

Trapicante classic, gun talk gymnastic

The Bronx back to Brooklyn got my slang cold cookin

Pull up in my four-hundred, mad bitches be lookin

And I'm a rude boy, wit lyrics to seek and destroy

My gold tec gonna blast niggas from here to Quebec

Yo I'm Bronx-born, Brooklyn-raised

You niggas get more than grazed, when I blaze my
gauge

It's not a arcade, dun my gun is real as AIDS

I'm Holyfield, rappers is Tyson these days, Darkman

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