

## **Lofat Rhythm Syndicate**

### **"Give Me My Freedom"**

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#### [ VERSE 1 ]

M.C. Shan's what I'm called, I stand tall and brave  
And me and Marley Marl is as close as a shave  
My rhymes lock jaw like a pitbull bite  
Suckers always try to sleep on me cause I look light  
See, a lotta wack rappers try to rack their brains  
To feel a style of MC, come on, break these chains  
Speak now or hold your peace when I decide to pass  
this  
But every rhyme you ever had could never surpass this  
If rhymes were food, the main source for livin  
You would swear that every line of my rhyme was  
Thanksgiving  
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em  
Stop jockin me, boy - give me my freedom

#### [ VERSE 2 ]

I wanna break away clean, I mean virtually spotless  
And all year long I been schemin and plottin this  
If beats were cakes, then my rhymes'd get frosted  
This is '88 and I still ain't lost it  
For all of those who still got a doubt in their mind  
There ain't a rapper livin bad enough to take mine  
There ain't no studio-illusion and no scratch-syncin  
Stop - if that's what you're thinkin  
Write rhymes simultaneously, say em in pairs  
And I would hate to have a rapper proclaim they're  
theirs  
Instead in comin in a limo, bring a casket and hearse  
Before we speak we'll hear the preacher from the  
deacon first  
We won't be gathered that day to unite no couple up  
Marley, are we gettin this on tape? (Yup)  
All you dirty low-down better slow down faster  
Your technique isn't good enough to hang with the  
master  
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I dont need em  
Stop jockin me, boy  
Jockin me, son  
Jockin me, punk  
Jockin me, kid

Give me my  
Give me my  
Give me my freedom

[ VERSE 3 ]

I'm the opposite of what you say a slob is  
Dumpin suckers off is exactly what my job is  
I'm feared like Napoleon and blessed like Buddah  
You couldn't face me solo, you'd have to bring your  
crew to  
Dump me off, I don't recollect the mumble  
I ain't soft, homeboy, and picture me crumble  
And forget all of those that don't like my rap  
I don't be kickin that old shooby-dooby-doo-wop crap  
Rappers often brag about their bitin deejay  
But they can't do Marley nothin, no how, so hey  
It's clear to the ear what I'm sayin, son  
That's why we feel like slaves on the freedom run  
And each and every time a wack rapper walks by me  
His head starts singin: Come on and fly me...  
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em  
Stop jockin me, boy  
Jockin me, son  
Jockin me, punk  
Jockin me, kid  
Give me my freedom

[ VERSE 4 ]

We can do this like Brutus, I'm not mad, I'm pissed  
This parade of mine I doubt that you can rain on this  
You couldn't place my rhymes amongst mortal men  
When I be rhymin on beats that set the hip-hop trend  
I will always exist because I'm bein preserved  
Don't agree to set me free, then you gotta be served  
I earned a name amongst society as lyrically ill  
But yet I'm loyal, see, cause Marley hooks the beat up  
still  
There's no way that you could say there's a day I'd fess  
Hamana-hamana-nothin, you can kill that mess  
My rhymes are ruthless, no heart, and totally wretched  
And if they was to fall down, then the beats would catch  
it  
I don't bite styles, weak rhymes, I don't need em  
Stop jockin me, boy  
Jockin me, son  
Jockin me, punk  
Jockin me, kid  
Give me my  
Give me my  
Give me my freedom

Give me my freedom or not  
I DON'T GIVE A F-  
You don't wanna play this?  
Suck my -  
Fuck off, muthafuckas  
You don't like this?  
I don't give a fuck  
Just gimme my muthafuckin freedom  
Goddamn!

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