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Vanilla Ice "Freestyle"

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Freestylin' on the mic get in the go Freestylin' on the mic so let if flow Freestylin' on the mic get in the go First on the microphone psycho

Taking rappers like hot dice, like hot nights in Vegas Got says they hate us 'cause they are fucking with the greatest

Niggers that pull gats and steal gats just like potatoes Knowing they couldn't break us or take us now fake us take us out, no doubt

Make us serve your ass with a teck

Making rappers bow down like the west side connect I want the ice like cube, so I blast with the mac ten But trust me, I'm throwing up the dub just like dub C Plus we fucks it up on both coasts

Don't show clouts when I rip shot, putt niggers in zip lock

Fucking with this hip hop fanatics still automatic Yes I smoke Kryptonite, get it right, my site is tight Got wicked ways like MR Mike

Get the gauge in the night these niggers running loose, get the bodies

These niggers in Khakis and not Versace

Somebody should have told you, son it's on like that With the ice man bitch and I am gone like that

Freestylin' on the mic get in the go Freestylin' on the mic so let it flow Freestylin' on the mic get in the go And next on the microphone cnote

I got some bidnez that I gotta handle See this is kinda risky but I'm gonna have to take the gamble Niggers they trying to plot a scheme on me Double and triple teams on me I'll make them bleed for me And that's how it is going down I won't be satisfied until I see that ass six feet underground 'Cause you fucked around and pissed the wrong

brother off You lied to yourself when you said I was soft Now that's a no no, with manhole I'll formulate a plan yo That will make your children bastards and your wife a widow Trying to battle me that's a sin And be like Toni Braxton and you'll never breath again 'Cause I hit hard like thunder, straight from the under Ground with the sound that will make Stevie wonder Hard, but let me continue Serving MC's like lettuce on the menu Pound for pound up in this game to be the best Back the fuck up off me motherfucker 'cause I'm stressed You'll wind up in a casket fucking with me You get your ass kicked hit you harder than an accident Lets get down to pleasure And beat the kid out the treasure Let me measure this here joint 'cause it'll be nothing lesser I'll betcha that I'll get it wide open like hosteler Vanilla kobe surround all of you like kobe And leave you in suspense like who done that You checked with grandma I'll be the last man standing off lyrical stamina I round up one hundred MC's in one city Knock off ninety nine and a half And that leaves a half that wanna face me I'll leave him face down in the dirt Call the paramedics check the body for surgery with anesthetic Total mass in a mass stocker, hit the creator Set it off like Michael Meyers in a double mattny feature Feature funky rhymes that are hard to swallow Send your ass until tomorrow, you'll be hoping to escape the horror Now pay attention to today's lesson And in for your possession Recognize these freestyle confession I'll step aside a case like Kojak giving up the evidence but I leave no **Fingerprints** Yo put the scrip off in a case like mattock Come bumpin' on your block And clean your ass up like Dr. Spock

Freestylin on the mic get in the go Freestylin on the mic so let it flow Freestylin on the mic get in the go And next on the mic it's the ice, so let it flow

It's the incredible party rocker, the heart stopper, hit dropper Hypnotize you all like big poppa Getting everybody blazed with the funky don't stop As I detonate the spot like Oklahoma on your block Like it will be the day that I don't blow up any buildings When you hear me boy gonna beat the microphone I'm killina Registering ten on the richer when I shake it With the earthquake based my taste blowing out your woofers Put you in a state of shock like Mick and Mike so get it right Making is the night Just to let you know my click is tight, right We got women up front shaking ass Just about stripping want to put on the glass Pass the phat philly as I heat it up like chili Put down the gun son, there is no need for the nine milli Got the meat for the barbecue so spark a few hops Watch as I raid your spot like spartan infatruate your whole block

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