

Free Studio

Anybody Killa

You guys ready?
Alright, I'm first with the freestyle up in the free studio
Lotus Pod, Uhh
I split your whole fucking forehead open Rude Boy style
I keep it raunchy and funky
Like a dirty laundry pile
I can rhyme, I can rap, I can sing, I can clap
I can dance, you should see me right now, but you can't
I turn heads like an explosion when I hit the door.
I put Zach Gowen in a figure four in front of the liquor store
I can get pimply like pillow talk with love songs
Anyway that I can get up in that ass like a thong
I brings it on

Bitch, I'm back when you thought I was gone
I'm sipping shots of syrup straight to the dome
I'm all up in your home, you all alone
Twilight zone, ET phone home
Don't pick up the chrome, no don't pick up the chrome
When she picked up the phone the back of her brains blown
No screams, no moans
Not a mortician, make sure your head gets sewn on
Now that you're dead on gone

Listen up, pay attention while this shits still in my head
Psychopathic mothafucker
Representing black and red
Pointing fingers at my enemies
Native nuts get these
Mark ass bustas acting hard, bitch please
Have you ever heard the sound
Of a meat cleaver swinging?
Head in a handbag, hoe church singing
Stare up at the moon hoe
Look at all the light
That's where you run
When you see some killers in sight

They call me M-O-N-O-X-I-D to the E
And it really don't matter what you think of me
I'm up in this bitch for free
Hanging with family
And all I keep thinking is
I hope somebody brought a bag of weed
I like them flavored blunt wraps
Or a peach white out
But here, I'm in a hurry
So just pack a bowl for now
It's still a hatchet bitch
Ain't nothing change
But my bracket bitch n
If you just can't deal with that
(Come and see the red and black)

As the drown
We be creeping without a sound
With rydas who are bound

As the steering wheel turns around
Our ghost car drifting in and out the street lights
Wizards in the back who know the craft of street fights
Heads be bobbing
As smoke is floating from window cracks
A nightmare Cadillac with light reflected off our gats
Demons without reason
Or the mercy we once knew
Revenge is like the sweetest joy
Bringing visions of de ja vu

I ain't no joke and no this ain't Rakim or Eric B
It's the B-L-A-Z-E
Microphone and weed fiend
Down with Nicotine
And my homie M-O-N-O
Rapping with Cellophane
And I cut the head off the Devil
Unstoppable, got shine like Violent J
Nobody standing in the way
You better watch what you say
Keep it fat and hard to kidnap like Madrox
And strangle bitches quick as Shaggy 2 Dope
Up on the block

My name is Joey Utsler
It ain't no Joseph fucking Utsler
Fuck off
Before they find your head in a dumpster
I'm cruising down 7 Mile dirty as fuck
I got some fucking explosives
And pipe bombs in the truck
I shot the senator
And I don't even know who that is
I'm tighter than a 2 door Escort
Packed with 7 fat kids
So tell your momma to fuck off
And I'm coming to dinner
You've got a hot bitch in the D
I probably had my dick up in her

Wooo, free is like my favorite word
Right next to food
Freaks and flowing on the microphone
Bitch, I bring the absurd
Corrupt and cryptic, linguistics of Twiztid
2 to the double 0 4
And I'm still rapping with for the hatchet
In the free studio
With panty hose on the mic screen
40 bottles e'rywhere
Killer rolling the light green
Light the blunt up
So we can lace the cut up
And dub my shit to cassette
Even if I fuck up
It's just the free studio

(You've got some pussy)
I got some dick for that
(Ride with us bitch)
And you ain't coming back
Why don't you just take a look at my hatchet

(Here come the train, try and catch it)
What, I know this planet can't match it
(I take your booty and I smack it)
(Because my name is Syn)
And that's all I do
So fuck you

That's right it's a fucking free studio
It's the Lotus Pod
The motherfucking studio we own
Psychopathic, yeah
That's right, this the Rude Boy right here
Coming to you from Southwest
All the way to the East side
This city is ours
Boss up!