

## 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!