

Freestyle

Ballyhoo!

I take a second, poke around
But it does not make a sound
I guess there's no one in this town

One day, we will see it all
Before you walk, you gotta crawl
And when we do we'll have a ball

You might think you're trippin'
When these jams start rippin'
But the CD ain't skippin'
So turn it up and start pimpin'!

Yeah, Freestylin'
Yeah, Buck whilin'

In '95 it stripped down raw
And it kicked my in the jaw
The phattest thing I ever saw

And everytime I get up here
I strike the chord and get the cheer
And everything just gets so clear

Ready to take the stage and I feel fine
Jumpin' and pumpin' and humpin'
And I get mine
Feel the energy from the people below
Rockin' to these rhymes like a stereo
Sound system, a million watts of love
Go back to the days when that's all that there was
The people gettin' down and theit jumpin' around
Like a mad man sensitive to sound