

Freeway got a voice like an electric guitar
I'm the bass to it
Walk to the speaker hold your face to it
Freezer

I'm 'bout to rip it straight from the rip
Body every beat the scriptures to me that we close to
the end
Listen, Kill 'em with the spit and put my boys in
position
So none of my niggas got to pitch on the street
It's Young Freezer the bar spitter the big beard
From the city of brotherly hate where we bear eagles
The desert kind and we pay them coppers no never mind
Niggas still palm heaters
My hood is bad they turn teen they grab ninas
A couple aunts one mother no dad
Streets was their father figure and they never had
that's why they run up in your spot with a couple
glocks
Had hunger pains I couldn't make it to eat
Got introduced to Islam started making Salat
We in two different cities
Minnesota and Philly
But I'm on the same page as Brother Ali

Yeah Joell Ortiz, get it

I Ain't make believe like some of these costume fuckers
So YAOWAH, I literally got you Brother
Ain't a hood too rough ain't a block too gutter
These rappers starting to look like them pork chops you
smother
Slide me a fork damn right I eat pork
I'm sick I dine on the swine flu with every thought
Every track I rhyme to develops a heavy cough
Till it's fully blown and it turns into a smelly corpse
I'm eatin' I ain't fat this just how my belly floss
I'm on the road so much I'm build me a telly porch
Bitches be hawkin' I be turnin' my celly off
They crazy like the ass on Miss Tracee Ellis Ross
Come home early I might be in that bed of yours
Girls like me I'm sort of like a walking metaphor
And this mic seems like it kinda just might be a gift
and a curse
They give me ass and curse me out when I don't make 'em
wifey
I'm on the set mic check like your favorite Nikes
A Rhyme Sayer so it's only right that they invite me
On the track with 'em I'm oozing that rap rhythm
Could rhyme forever whatever
I'll let Ali scrap with 'em

Some of the greatest got respect for the way that I
rock the set
But you ain't seen no Jacob shit dangling off my neck
So of course, dudes around the way are all suspect
Why them Rhymesayers boys ain't break you off with a
check
Wait a minute it's not that I ain't get it
It's just that I'm considerate
And shit about they way I spend it
You ain't never heard me say I'm pimpin'
I referee the game I'm in and so I play it
Different I Need the deed to my home and the title to
my car
Make sure that my health and my life are all insured
If I ain't got all four I consider myself poor
Diamonds to the floor is something I can not afford
You see these cats and most of them are lying
Selling CDs and packs, both of them are dying
My man Free earned that shit it ain't a costume
And I ain't 'bout to cop a fake joint to give props to
'em
You ain't seen nothing crazy on my arm
My kids got a stay at home mom
Until my grand kids are straight I ain't buying jewelry
And truly can't thank my fans enough for what they do
for me
Industry suits wasn't digging my jams
I tour like a madman build my brand
Soundscan never meant nothing to the fans
They ain't in it for the trends they want to listen to
the man
I give 'em what I can and when I'm in the jam
I get to spittin' so ridiculous they pissing in their
pants
They listen every chance that they can get it their
hands
Until they wear the CD out and go and get that shit
again

God damn it got me back on my rap shit
Got that home run king batting average
Achievements, no 'roids taken, no astrict, don't need
it
No styles bitten, no ass kissed
Believe it
Record is flawless my respect is enormous
My current peer group is a short list
Only way I lose if I forfeit
The only way you climb in these shoes is if I tire of
the throne and climb off it
Dont' hold your breath on it
Only begun
If you ain't the Rhymesayers I don't owe you a crumb
Can't no MC call me his son
The lowest ever been uttered is kid brother but that's
only been one
I paved my own road to the sun
My aura glow has become
A beacon of hope the closer I come
I'm sorry there can only be one
Champ around here I am not a peer
I'm up here, you down there
Look down and the ground's near

Au contraire I hear you heart pound fear loud and clear
Feet of sasquatch
MC's are mad soft
Make their weak ass glass jaw meet the asphalt
Better hope Ali don't blast off
He'll twist your hand off
Take you in the back and saw the cast off
Can't slow him up the more he get the more he want
They steady telling me hip hop is in some sort of rut
That's cause they watching the TV and they ignoring us
It ain't my fault they fail to see that we done tore it
up
I'm from a broken mold y'all are from that carbon cut
That shit has all been done before
I'm here to call your bluff
I don't compare myself to dead rappers
I'm here to write the next chapter in braille and left
handed
Consider yourself reprimanded
Fresh rap shit and y'all know we the best at it