

Around The Block

Coco Jones

Check it out y'all
Uh! Phantom come alive in the night time
I spit freestyle, I don't have to write rhymes
Flow unrehearsed, I spit a killer verse
When it comes to your rhymes and they're the worst
Your flow's sloppy, punchlines, brush 'em off me
Yeah I'm so cocky, no way you can stop me
Swag through the roof, believe that's the truth
How'd I know that? Yo, I'm living proof
I just do what I do when I'm in the booth
I've got a finer chick, hotter whip, sicker crew
Oh! You just got lyricly smacked
Better think twice before you try to clap back
(Ohhh...) What?

Yo! Why you gotta get up in my face like an airbag
Dude your breath's bad, you need to step back
In fact forget that you need some gum jack
Plus a stylist 'cuz you got no swag, DJ say you're wa-wa-wack
You wouldn't have rhymes if you stole my notepad
And you can quote that and put it on a blog
So everyone can read it, I've never been defeated
Freestylin' is a competition sport
And Rev is king, why's this fool on my court?
It's not a battle, it's more like a roast
Grab a white sheet, I'll turn Phantom to a ghost
And it's like that, one time for your mom
Revelation with the rhymes