

Microphone Killa

Freeway

Woo! Free! Yeah, we in here
Uh huh, let's get 'em

Who am I?
Microphone killa, microphone killa, microphone killa
Swifter than a breeze, I will Swiss cheese emcees

Even though I got a short temper, had a long day
I will kill a tall nigga with a long K
Matter of fact I'm exactly what the song say
Mic killa, best flow-er, "that's what they all say"
Let me prove it to you, deliver the music to you
Raw and uncut bake, I'm not puttin any on it
Back, I put the city on it
East coast, head on my shoulders, put my fifty on it
All day, take it off just to rest
I'm not a sleeper, if a nigga try to creep me put the heater to his chest
Yes, bullets penetrate fresh
Tag him with the chrome, get blown like reefer
He tried to take flight, hit him right with the beam
Since I was a pre-teen been a microphone fiend
Had dreams to rock, then I signed with The Roc
It's still Roc for life, Rhymesayers is the team, yeah

Find 'em all, line 'em up, pick 'em up
You say they got the sickest mouth, no doubt, grind 'em up, kick 'em out
That's one thing that they hate about me
I body emcees, send 'em back to they paper route
They say they can do without, stay without
Never in doubt, if I'm without, I gotta bring the lasers out
That's one thing that I hate about y'all
Whenever I floss, I always bring the haters out
Used to sling hard, bring the neighbors out
Now I throw yard parties, bring the neighbors out
Turntables out, one mic, one DJ, a couple guns
That's how we get it done, Jake One, Freeway
Do this with no delay, no doubt
They bang my records in the house and on the E-way
How you think I got the name Freeway? I move out
Listen, 20-20 vision couldn't see me, yeah

Microphone (Killa), no Cam'ron
Bomb like landmine, I don't ask shit, I demand mine
I take a little bit and expand mine
Grandson killin 'em grandma
Chest out, head high, until I'm a dead guy
I'm a shed light on all the lives I'm lead by
Examples of successful legends and historical presence
As I started reppin on Roc-A-Fella Records
A blessing in disguise, y'all fools ain't messin with these guys
Don't insult me, you messin with my pride
It'll cost you, dirty money niggaz'll off you
Pullin heat, throwin bullets deep, Randy Moss you
It ain't hard to, six feet deep is where they toss you
Detectives tell mommy that they lost you
Tell 'em Free, no women and kids
But we killin niggaz just like we kill these motherfuckin bars too