

Jockin' My Fresh

Royce da 5'9"

Easily I approach
The microphone because I ain't no joke
Tell ya momma to get off of my nuts
She need to quit
"Jockin' my fresh" - Jay-Z
Easily I could smoke
Your hypertone, nigga you ain't no loc
Tell your girlfriend to get off of my dick
And she need to quit
"Jockin' my fresh" - Jay-Z

I'm on fire survival, admire you liar
Who hire, new tires, flew by you
New buyer, Brunier, the new sire
Each line, I think it's lightening
What you think is writin'
Is my ink ignitin'
I stole that from L
But I don't think it's bitin'
Beef is hidin' on side of the stage
Speakin' of fightin'
I write like I pull my pen out the side of a grenade
Imperial, serial killers in front of a mural of Dilla, Proof, Blade
A burial crusade
Venereal, flu, A.I.D.S.
I'm sick
I'm too paid
I'm rich
I will flower a chicken like a bouchet
I'm sentimental
End up with your dental
Loose cave
Bitch we ain't Friends
I ain't Phoebe Buffay
I'm a motherfuckin' "Superstar" like Lupe
Get a lot of vagina
Stylin' like I'm a designer
Whoever hotter than me
I probably find them inside of me
Connected, I probably supply them it's eeeeeasy

The product is like Prada
A lotta shottas is stretchy
Until you tired of findin' time to ride a bitch out of liars
Y'all retired your guns just cause you signed a deal
I'm the Youth Fountain on Truth Mountain on Honest Hill
Who's countin'?
I'm tryin' to build beyond a mill
Don't call me seven nine's cause I'm tryin' to find a bill(ion)
True is, who is down to kill
Old school like a Buick Bonneville
Suicide, do a lot of pills
You ain't got to kill
Beef is easy to me bitch
Guns, grams, get 'em, got 'em all, strict G shit
Honestly, round 'em up, found 'em slumped
Down to buck, llama tuck

Grind till you tired of us
I'm on your head like a Yamaka

I'm gonna tell y'all niggas right now. Number one
Quit jockin' my motherfuckin' fresh. Number two
If you ain't feelin' me... you a fuckin' corn dog