

Freddie Foxxx, Make 'Em Feel It

This is another jam from F-o-x-x-x
Extra-special from the master, so let's jet
Speakers are pumpin, so it's hard to survive
But you need more than the cops just to save lives
Fasten your seatbelt, put on your crashing gear
Prepare yourself for the single, Foxxx is here
Lyrically fit like a mack man, comes equipped
With a guard and a style that won't flip
I step smooth, I never break stride
Keepin my man Kut Terror on the right side
You got up to get down and got slapped
Tryin to get paid with some old bullshit Saran (W)rap
I put the pressure on, touched a nerve
And now you're outside, just a bum on the curb
Used to be the mack daddy of the microphone
But you can't get nothin now cause (Freddie's home)
I don't care if you're worldwide and your pride
Won't allow you to play the side
Cause you're just a mere mortal, nothin extraordinary
Beats are under-average and your rhymes are ordinary
I'm hearin pros on their third LP's
Soundin like a bunch of schoolyard MC's
Man, I wish I'd catch a rapper tryin to play my style
Tellin people that we're cool with a grin and a smile
I mush his face, give him a smack
Then I slam him on his head and cut 'Foxxx' in his back
When I tell him all the real bad things that I heard
I'ma squash him like a dead bird
And make em feel it

(*DJ Kut Terrorist cuts up*)
(Can you feel it)

I make a rapper feel the pain, rap's my trade
To kick a rhyme ain't nothin, the key's to get paid
Before I made records you played me to the left
But now you bought my jam and you run it to death
Mellow rapper was smooth, remember the name
I used to wax chump rappers like it was a game
The rhymes that I've accumulated and lyrically created
I counted and amounted everyone I ever stated
Play second fiddle to rappers, I hate it
But I made it and made it to the top
Now I'm a lot of people's idol, it don't go to my head
Suckers can't be me, they rather be dead
Lotta people do what I do, say what I said
But then you always hear that people wanna be like Fred
I'm super nice with mines and I'm much sweeter
Than any Tom, Dick, Bob, Harry or Peter
Cause I'm a general generatin rhymes at a 1000 watts
Simultaneously handin out knots
I'm a Foxxx rappin with class, I whip up pantsless ass
Take his cash and sit back and laugh
And make him feel it

(*DJ Kut Terrorist cuts up*)
(Can you feel it)

Now I'm a one-man choir, takin rap higher
Ex-friends lost their minds, saw me on the flyer
And was buggin their eyes like neighborhood baseheads
Tryin to convince themselves, "That ain't Fred"
But my sound made you get down, you recognize my style
Started to smile and gave me a pound

When I broke it down ain't nobody wanna give me mines
I came through like a champ kickin' behinds
Male and female, rappers as well
Know they just can't front cause their rhyme'll tell
Lotta rappers fall off but keep on tryin'
But they'll never survive cause they're slowly dyin'
Everybody has a posse and gases 'em up
Gets their braincells hype but that ain't enough
Cause when it's rough and the pressure's too much to bear
That's when you notice - the posse ain't there
Then you're all alone with your microphone
Freddie Foxxx is in the vicinity scopin' your home
Take your moms and your pops and your kids as prisoners
And they become my brand new listeners
Freeze, sucker, thought I'd warned ya
The triple x got to drop on ya
Now you're layin' on the sidewalk, I dare you to talk
If you can kick the right rhyme you can get up and walk
But if you don't, you'll be a pitiful sight
I'll take your heart and take your mic
And make you feel it

(*DJ Kut Terrorist cuts up*)
(Can you feel it)

I make you feel it

Kut Terrorist
(Can you feel it)
Listen
(Can you feel it)
Make 'em feel it
(Can you feel it)