

Luke, Freestyle Joint

(feat. Clayvosie, Debonaire, Fresh Kid Ice, JT Money)

[Intro: Luke]

Awwwwwwwwww, shit! Ha ha, yeah! Luke Records in the motherfuckin' house, we gon' freestyle this thing, for the 1993, yo, yo
Clayvosie in the motherfuckin' house!
Home Team in the mother-motherfuckin' house!
J-T, a-Money-money, Poi-son Clan, in the motherfuckin', house!
Aak! Fresh Kid Ice in the motherfuckin' house!
Fre-sh, Kid, Ice in the motherfuckin', house,
ak!, Clay-vo-sie, just get on the mike and do what ya like!

[Verse 1: Clayvosie]

'Vosie gettin' busy in motherfuckin' '93
Freakin' all the hoes and gettin' plenty pussy
So when it comes to hoes you call me Mr. Peepin' Tom
When you're home alone you might wanna gimme some
Then here I go creepin' in your window
Bend that ass over and I'ma fuck you like a dirty hoe
You know I'm pimpin' all hoes in the '90s
The only place I want a bitch to stand is behind me
'Cause I'm cool like that, with my big-ass gat,
And my sawed-off pump in the back
For any nigga with beef in their fuckin' teeth,
Wanna be like a player but you can't compete
So I be fuckin' hoes, and fuckin' up niggas
And still gettin' paid, so watch me get bigger
Brand new, on the scene with my nigga Luke
From the bottom, niggas, so what you wanna do?

[Chorus x4:]

["Let's take it to the stage, sucka!"]

[Verse 2: Fresh Kid Ice]

Out of Chinatown, bitches on the dick
And I'm just rappin' to a Kid Ice flick
From a plate of rice to a pot of gumbo
I'll eat ya ass up 'cause it's time to rumble
'Cause your bitch is on the dick 'cause of who I am
The Fresh Kid Ice, the Chinaman
Comin' from the bottom, straight to the top
Comin' clean and housin' your spot
Hoes, they love me 'cause they say I'm crazy
Since I'm runnin' 'round town, pluckin' them daisies
Whip ya whole ass when I fuck her
'Cause I'd rather a bitch who'll kneel down and pucker
Luke put me down, and I come off
Since I fucked your hoe, I'ma piss you off
Fuck with Chinaman, and you die
When my black bag open', gunshots run wild!

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Debonaire]

Well hey yo, I'm catchin' wreck
Chillin' by the projects, money got the high-techs
Goin' till the break o'dawn, never see bed
Get red when I said, got gats plus the (???)
Flip-time, better parlay in front o' me
I'm goin' out and showin' out shots from the uzi

Once again I'm here to buck the fate talk game
Magazines get picked like shirt to bloodstains
I'ma serve heat to the chumps who forget theyself
I'm steppin' back from the crowd and then it's on
I got the hand-skills for the county kid big man
So, money-grip, better chill with the ill
It's the Beatstreet, not the same Jay (?)
Home Team boogie down in the house and it's on
And ya don't stop, punk crews can't top this
Bad land's in the house (?) I'm out to rock it, Beatstreet!

[Chorus]

[Interval: Luke]

Yo, it ain't nothin' but a lil' freestyle thing to do! Home Team boogie in

the house, Clayvosie, Clayvosie, Fresh Kid Ice, twice as nice, yo, check
this out - Mike Fresh on the beats, Eddie mix' on the mix, yours truly,
just swervin' and curvin' this thing. Yo, JT Money - tell these niggas
'bout some of that Rufftown Behavior!

[Verse 4: JT Money]

Time to rip, money-grip, a nigga tired of waitin'
Pass the mic like Marino, I'll catch it like Mark Clayton
Yeah, it's that nigga,
JT in effect, and my dick's gotten a lil' bigger
So I'm talkin' more shit in the Nine-Tre
Fuck the police, 'cause motherfuckin' crime pays
Peace to them hoes that suck dick
If you don't, go get hit by a truck, bitch!
I kicks the raw shit, not the flaw shit
Pull out my 4-5th, niggas hit the floor quick
Peace to Ram and my main man U-Y
If I could sing I would shooby-dooby-doo
While I might be rippin', nobody else is rippin'
Peace to the homies, fuck them niggas that be trippin'
Poison Clan niggas in the house, don't fuck around
Peace! I'm out, comin' from Rufftown, nigga!

[Chorus]