

Remy Ma, Kryptonite Freestyle

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

Yea

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh,

Yea

Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh,

Yea

Yea, yea yea yea yea yea, Check....

Remy Ma's a chef, see I be baking soda, I mixed it with the white, now they call me coke-a-cola.

I be on that kryptonite, you see my legs, my ass, my waist, my face, my lips and my tits is right.

I be having niggas like, damn, damn, shorty look good, plus she really hood, and she really be spittin

She aint never gave a fuck, stay smoking that sticky bud, in the cut like nigga what, twistin that van

Plus Im over in LA, blazin on that Cali weed, then I gotta twist in a peach flavored swisha sweet. (C

And when Im in the Durty, you know they bringin me goodies.

Im bout to caddy up, if Im blowin backyard boogies.

Step in the place with my hoodie down, pussy like to call cops.

Never let them see my face, in case I have to send shots.

then we back up in the Benz, again, me and my friends and them.

No we ain't hoes but we chiefin like we indians.

We be on that kryptonite, you know we be gettin right, and all he wanna know, is can he take me to

And Im like, Im the comma, Queen of NY comma, Remy Ma's a problem, I only fuck with drama.

See I be on it on it.

All night, yo I be on it on it.

I be the reason that your dick is sore, when you wake up in the morning.