

Freddie Foxxx, Busted

(Anywhere in the galaxy...)

[VERSE 1]

Now it's time to throw down, I come in a rage
To be Freddie Foxxx and raise the stage
I feel hype, Kut Terrorist, hit me
Cause I get the Mac, strap both nines with me
And I'ma catch a murder rap, death through hip-hop
The rhyming murderer can't be stopped
I want all rappers, feel my lyrics
Open your ears real wide and hear it
Now I kicked ??? and rap, mine stolen
Over and over again, bought and sold and
But now I'm back with new intentions
Doctor Rhyminstein with new inventions
Rappers get waxed, buffed like floors
Slammed on concrete, thrown through doors
Here's priority, rappers are petrol
Wishin me luck before I start my show
I see it on your face, boy, you look noxious
You better be careful, you should be cautious
You're messin with the man whose zone is danger
Freddie the Foxxx, the swift rap ranger
If you're caught foul, rap is disgusted
Boom - you're busted

[VERSE 2]

??? and slidin, lookin and ridin
For song-rewriters, thieves and biters
If you're caught red-handed, you can't deny it
If I catch your head bitin, I'm gonna fly it
Rappers make hits and their ego's lifted
Personality flips, minds are shifted
Once your busted you can't be trusted
You violate rap, then you might get rusted
I been down with crews, I wrecked MC's
My appearance alone made em weak in the knees
Cause I stand strong, keep the mic in position
Won't allow you to move till I give you permission
Soak in the rhymes, from the mind I project em
If a rapper's to face me, I disrespect him
Treat him like heat, now he belongs to Foxxx
And send him to work to wash drawers and socks
Look in my face, eyes shine like diamonds
Ladies scream while Foxxx keeps rhymin
The Ebony Lord, fly new sex symbol
Opposin those who try to nimble
For those who slide and can't be trusted
Huh, you're busted

[VERSE 3]

When I move, I move by myself and I'm cool
Easier for Freddie Foxxx to teach schools
You sucker MC, you're lost in lyrics
Oh, now I'm your man, but only cause you hear it
And you know it's my style and my rhymes that you bit from
Rappers that feel they can hang, come and get some
Cause I got enough to get around from town to town
I'ma break this down, here's the sound
I battle at a party when I touch the mic
Saw a kid make a face like Foxxx wasn't hype
Kut Terror threw a sractch, then I ripped some rhymes
And the battle and the skins he brought was all mines
He took a chance, he coulda been psycho

The brother shoulda known I was Mr. Micro-
phone and go on to the early mornin
How you're gonna move when Foxxx is stormin
Those that steal: you'll never be trusted
Foxxx says you're busted

You're busted