

Freddie Foxxx, Devious Minds

Uh huh
Bring it back baby
Feel me on this...

[Verse One]

I can chop a beat like Funkmaster Flex
Challenge any MC's style, so who's next (uh, yeah)
I bring it ruff when I be rockin'
Even in the south my flow be boone dockin' (that's right)
Bumpy Knuckles makes the girls go crazy
Roll em like cee-lo, dice with me and Lazy
I got a appetite for the mic
Like a 450 pound nigga for chicken delight
Rappers are suspect, I got styles to dissect
Rappers wanna be actors, I direct (feel me)
I hate a biter laying in the cut
Listen to the lyrical styles and eat em up (check this)
I did a style and Tony Touched 50 MCs
Niggas wanted to here me rock it way overseas
I said I'm so ill
Deaf niggas be dancin to my jams still
I spit shit dead niggas could feel
Stay in my zone to keep shit sellin
Rappers, fake gangsters, lying to the fans - I'm tellin
You wanna know if a nigga is real
Try to kick it with him, look him in his eyes
If he tell you that he got a peal
So you can read em like that
That niggas not a dawg he's a mutherfuckin cat

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

It's the Devious Minds that'll make em do these things
All you gotta do is rock and make the mics ring
Don't try to be somthin that your not my nigga
Or you might get your fakin ass shot my nigga

[Verse 2]

Check it out...
To the Beat ya'll i make it rock on and on
Like night time being around before morn' (check it out)
I rock on my own label just like The Artist
Without the high heel boots and no I'm not a loud guitarist
Bitches enjoy my flow like good sex, then I hit
And Freddie Foxxx ain't gotta buy em shit
Niggas be promisin' (?) and givin out toasts
You can't get a bitch if your broke
Blow you niggas out like smoke
Everybody wanna rhyme
Is it for the love or the dimes (shit)
I know a nigga gotta eat, but at least you could keep the streets
And stop loopin up niggas beats
I'm sarcastic, shit I might spit
But don't mind me I'm just another MC
The only difference is i scrap for mines
And don't ride another nigga's lap for mines
It's about beats and rhymes
You niggas better get it together
Before I bring it to you nigga, whatever

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Can I get digible for a minute and rock the spot
I be to rap what clip be to glock

Cause imma fool like that, I flip like Dominique Dawes
I wouldn't mind gettin inside dem draws
Niggas are fake like radio drops in Hip-Hop
It's kinda like wrestlin and jumpin off the top -
Rope, You Jesse Jackson ass niggas with hope
Got niggas in the audience sick offa bad dope
You niggas need Beatminerz
So you can stop serving up layin ass beats like the Greek diner
Check this, it gets exotic, chaotic
Idiotic, niggas bout it bout it
I got history, B
I done rocked with everybody from G Rap to M.O.P.
The Blast Master, did 'Hot Potato' with Treach
Even rocked with Pac... but you ain't herd that yet
Niggas be screamin that they real
Yeah, real bitch, real soft, like you smooth off
I like big butt bitches and hot cars
And never have ta give a bitch a diamond
Cause I'm nice with my rhymin'
Thug niggas in the house
Snatch up every coward that you see and throw his fuckin ass out

[Chorus]

[During Final Chorus]
Real niggaz
This goes out to
My niggas Gang Starr
My niggas Beatminerz
For my niggas M.O.P.
Check it out
Whaddup Kurupt Mob
For underground Niggas

Philly