

# 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