

# Freddie Foxxx, Keep Doin' it Like This

(As we go a little something like this  
Hit it --&gt; Slick Rick )

(Like this)

[Verse 1]

Now I'ma pump a new record up loud like thunder  
Get your minds goin, so you all wonder  
How does he do it, grab his mic and run through it  
Over to the public, so suckers can chew it  
Kut Terror, terrorize wanna-be stars  
While I rip through my rhymes like a rocket to Mars  
The man keeps goin, strong forever  
Over bumps and bruises, but loses never  
I gotta move, I can't sit too long  
Cause if I'm idle, I start thinkin somethin is wrong  
Cause I'm a warrior, can't be beat and won't lose  
Rap is the life and profession I choose  
Can't take a rest, I'm still in a rush  
I'm out to conquer and just cold crush  
Condition my mind and keep both eyes open  
Even at night when I'm restin I'm scopin  
See, once I start, I gotta finish up  
Nobody leave until the record is cut  
When I aim, I aim for the stars, and I won't miss  
Cause I'ma kick it like this

(Like this)

[Verse 2]

People all over had a serious doubt  
That I could grab the microphone and burn it out  
But microphone-burnin is a serious sport  
So I burned every rapper that played on the court  
Terror's a Kut Terrorist, seem to scare  
A lotta deejays gettin paid out there  
They hear about speed and a accurate scratch  
So bring the whole batch cause no one can match  
Quality shows and the style of the rhyme  
But when a scratch track hits the charts are all mine  
Cause I work hard, and never was a quitter  
Like Les Foxxx is a homerun hitter  
If you follow the intro, you know what I'm sayin  
See that I'm business, and I ain't playin  
Light shines on the man that you see, and you're present  
Those that are jealous are mere peasants  
When a child is born, he's already a striver  
You make him like the Foxxx, a soul survivor  
I shoot for the stars at the top, and won't miss  
Yeah, and I'ma kick it like this

(Like this)

[Verse 3]

Now gettin on the top ain't hard to do  
And if I gotta ruin reps, I'ma do that too  
Cause I'ma take out the maddest, outtrap the baddest  
With just my mind, slim up the fattest  
I'm on a mission to house competition  
Freddie the Foxxx got you hopin and wishin  
You could grab your mic and knock me out the box  
Come on - not the Foxxx  
Now here's an example of poetry in motion  
Grab your trunks cause I'ma flow like the ocean

You rappers ain't ready yet, Freddie is right  
I pump about a million watts through a mic  
Keep you dancin all night till your feet start achin  
Bass pumps loud till your bones start breakin  
Security runs because the walls start splittin  
I'm tryina explain to you how hard I'm hittin  
Girls out front can't wait to touch me  
Fellas look mad, but they won't rush me  
Keep it all cool, and the jam won't miss  
And I keep kickin it like this

(Like this)

[Verse 4]

The next century waits for a man with a new style  
And I get greeted with a hug and a big smile  
Solo, I walk forever in a world of my own  
Without guns and knives, just a microphone  
Travel the land to see rappers that step to me  
In my quest for fame, are bound to get done, you see  
I won't shoot the next man down until  
He gets disrespectful or acts real ill  
Then I gotta smash like a roller steamin  
Doin it like this while you keep dreamin  
Rappers that press me know Foxxx is a top man  
Cause I rule the mic and enthrall with a strong hand  
My rap juices flow like a river  
Around your heart and down past your liver  
You can't take the pain cause it's rough  
Screamin to your partners, you had enough  
You wanna step to Foxxx, then you like to get dissed  
Cause I'ma kick it like this