

# K-OS, Freeze

Yo, yo what the fuck, yo, yo

[Chorus: K-OS]

It goes stop, don't make a move, just freeze  
Instead of tellin' a lie, get down on your knees  
Please, give up the mic to MC's  
Masters of the ceremony, is what we be  
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Please, give up the mic to MC's  
Masters of the ceremony, is what we be.

[K-OS]

I was walkin' down the street about three o'clock  
When I saw another MC at the end of the block  
Talkin' to kids tellin' em, how they had to get the dough  
So I rolled right up in the Cypher and said "Yo!"  
Here is an example of a whack MC  
Caught in the world and he just can't see  
He said, "What? Ayyo, you disrespectin' me?"  
Now I got to battle you and show them who the best be."  
He started spittin', he said, "Somethin' somethin' hot."  
Then he tried to talk about the money that he got  
I said, "Shhh c'mon yo, that's all pass.  
I got to break it down another way like this now.  
Follow me here in this moment and time  
Follow the rhyme created instigated to see the crime  
You commit, when you sit in the past. Don't you know?  
You construct a future based on everything that you know.  
But to get to the unknown, we surely must erase  
All the preconceived notions they keep throwin' up in our face  
On the daily. I run over tracks like Donovan Bailey  
And break every record, in less than ten seconds."  
They said, "Oooooh! That's a real metaphysical.  
We pull down the light cause the force is centrifugal"  
He tried to act up I had to give in  
Because the truth is an offense and not a sin, word life.

[Chorus: K-OS]

[K-OS]

MC's ain't comin' equipped, with the rhyme  
Don't do the crime if you can't do the time  
The time is essential when you play with the lives of the youth  
They want the truth, but you want loot  
So ya change a little bit switch up your steeds  
Now you got a bigger bag and countin' extra ki's  
Please, everything you do we do with these  
Real MC's are universal entities, that  
Scope the universe lookin' for the fraudulence  
Then we take a disguise like Clark Kent  
My manner would have quick to check a scanner  
For a weak MC sinkin' a city like Atlantis  
You can't stand this, missile placed and you vanish  
I meditate delevitate the twelve planets  
You cannot withstand the heavy verbal attack  
I'm the lyrical master blaster yeah I can do that  
I can also be your style, because I analyzed it  
You used to rock, but now you paralyzed it  
Doesn't really matter like platinum blondes  
Think what is an MC if he can't drop bombs  
Don't really matter if it's over your head  
Cause the job of resurrectin' is to wake up the dead  
So pay attention it's the hard to behold

That everything that good it ain't gold, for real.

[Chorus 1/2 x2: K-OS]