

King Tee, Freestyle Ghetto

Verse one: xzibit

(see look look)
I grab the mic and start breakin down niggas
Wit out no problem
Broadcastin live from the bottom/aint no mic checkin worse/
Kick some rhymes if you got/but if it's wack
I draw back the cap for the peelin
Should of stuck to rock dealin
'cause it's the blood stealin/super vill..
Chill..stayin high like the ceilin
See there ain't enough room for the both of us
See it's a showdown/throw down
Your best style I'll bust
(yo)i write rhymes that make niggas throw they sets up
Couldn't hold my style if you had a pair of handcuffs
In all disrespect
I'll snatch you by your neck
And do a suplex and step
So nigga you can check my credentials
Just hard rhymes and instrumentals
Xzhibit smash you wit a dental
And a loaded pistol
No longer lookin in the window
I'll bust a field wit indo
Killin quarts of beer
Sadie's outta here...

Verse two: mc breeze

Like a fuze/start spreadin the news
Its 94 and breeze is givin niggas the blues
I paid my dues/and now it's time to go on to the next mode
Make room for the kaboom/'cause I'm about to explode
And drop bombs like a b1/cops I seize none
And niggas step up/i soak emcseason
3 seconds to detinate/you betta evacuate
No time to hesitate/you f**kin featherweight
I ain't the type to pic up the mic
And catch the stage fright
I'll pull a gauge if I ain't paid right
To the promoters on tour
Short me a buck and a buckshot and the barrel is yours!
I'm psycho pathic like manson
Aint wit the dancin
But still I get more cheers than ted danson
More dough than marino or roles than pacino
You beatin me? that's only in your dreams ho
I'm not sayin I'm unbeatable/i'm sayin I'm untouchable
Livin comfortable just like a huxtable

Plus I'm rollin wit the cross roads
Movin fast foward/while you other suckas
Stuck in a pause mode
I goes deep like a great white
But I'm a stay black
No matter how high the pay stacks
Or if my rep gets bigger
You might get take this nigga out the ghetto
But not the ghetto out this nigga.....

Verse three: j-ro, tash

For the balls basketballs
Microphones gassin grass(hey)
Some of the few things j-ro likes to pass
93 mandingo/94 I'm the pharoah
'cause I'm b-bbad to the bone marrow
I get wild
Wit more styles than the martial arts
I need weed
I roll more grass than golf carts
April 92 you no the ro was a looter
Now I'm writin raps on my lab-top computer
J-ro the tittie fiend/rap dean/wearin green
Been on the scene/since the age of 13
I learned I had to earn the mic
Now's my turn
I got furious styles like larry fishburne...

Wit da bitches tunin me in
Like it's the young and the restless
Next up to bust my shit
From the l-i-k-s's
Yes it's the freshest
Wit lyrics rough around the edges
I'll smoke you on the mic
Like a pack of benson hedges
But..hold up wait
I'll bust rhymes that'll circulate
That'll wake yo punk ass up like mc eiht
'cause I be rockin rhymes
Since the roof was on fire
So point me to the bitch who's the dopest butterflyer
I'll make her break it down like she patra when I catch ya
Broadway is on the tables
While I throw these lyrica atcha
So....slow down before ya f**k wit my sound
You betta do the hokey pokey
And turn ya self around...