

# Oman Freestyle, Me Verse You

## Me Verse You

Front on my crew and up your ass you'll find my shoe  
Then I'll burn up your fucking ass like a goddamn barbecue  
My shit is hardcore, it hits you like that De-ja-vu  
Your wig got knocked back after my brief preview  
So drop that wack shit before I take this outdoors  
Try to rap like me, faggot, and I'll show you the doors  
When I'm through, your ugly ass face will be hard to ignore  
Cuz you'll look like your mom and your bitch, who's both nasty whores  
But yo, chill, just forget what I said  
Cuz in anyway I finish you'll be ending up dead

Here comes my second verse  
I hope it's way better than the first  
Cuz I'm about to drop this shit like your granny on pot  
Fake lil rapper, you think your shit is hot  
I hate to burst your bubble, but yo, for real, it's not  
You're a faggot, ass bitch, you know my rhymes are straight sick  
Cuz after you check out my wicked shit  
You'll be swallowing your daddy's 3' dick  
I bet you'll be choking back on that small shit  
But when the ladies get down and dirty on me, it'll be like this and like that, like that and like this

If you wasn't a man, bitch, you would suck my dick  
I'm tired of you bringing out that old fake shit  
So fake, that your whole fucking style's a counterfeit  
K.T.G'll always bring you the real deal  
None of that puff-daddy shit, playing a fucking glockenspiel  
After my shockwave hits you, your skin'll start to peel  
My shit is fast and powerful, it's like a souped up automobile  
So better get off the mic and start picking up your dimes  
Cuz K.T.G can't be fucked with your nursery rhymes

Better sit your rhyming ass down  
Cuz you ain't nothing but a wanna-be-rapping clown  
But look at me now, I'm the one wearing the crown  
Don't worry, this ain't nothing but a little lesson  
Next time I'll be spitting out lyrics that'll keep you guessing  
Then I'll trip you out on a battle, and take all your priceless possession  
Fuck that! When I rap I turn people on fire!  
My rap's hott and unbelievable, that it was on Philadelphia Enquirer  
So this is one thing you can never desire  
Then you come out with that shit, I can't be moved cuz you're weak  
And you already know you reached your top peak  
Yo, I'm about to bid farewell  
And skate to my presidential hotel  
And get my fuck on and make this bitch yell  
Peace!!