

Kokamoe Freestyle

GoldLink

Lackin' with the clip
We dump it off like we run Montavit
Sorry homie you know we not friends
It's all for politics
Politics, never get to see who really runnin' shit
Now you know who runnin' shit
You rappers on punishment

Popping dog niggas they be lyin' on their brother dick
Everybody scared of "Lil' Linky", man it's evident
Feeling like 50 way back in '03, aw geez
Talkin' 'bout goddamn, they on some other shit
3-0 why I'm screamin' 4-4 on my Louis shit
Poppin' tags, I buy the Mo', niggas on their dummy shit
Uh-uh, see I say no, so I don't know
Black and yellow goose with the boots and the jumpsuit
3 shot, a nigga had the go-go last week
We don't really care who got shot last week
Runnin' up the meter, plug a villain bumpin' me
Coastin' past shit, you don't want no problems with a G
Big Sig, big jig, I'm the gang of the streets
I never had to struggle when gangs in a beef
Always ten toes so it's hard to defeat
And trust me nigga, I been looking hard for a beat, huh

He ain't rap this hard in a long time
U-Street, poppin' off, Vita do's and nines
Muslim homies always saying wallahi to the guy
I'm alive, been addicted to the power, ain't gon' lie, yo
Ain't no fear, I'm never well and put a shell up in yo
Ain't no tellin' when we do it, we just shoot and get ya
Got a bad thing, her name LaLa
Ask why, with them tatas keep my mouth wide, uh
Northside bumpin' "Norf Norf" what a day
When I was a baby I was wildin; for respect
You gon' get your head bust fuckin' with the set
Fuck around here and talk crazy, you get wet
We ran so many niggas outta here
Wonder why young Linky never had a fear
Say it once, say it twice
You gon' get a piece
Anybody ever ask what happened with the bitch

Runnin' from police, they almost had me when I steal
Ran, went back I almost started selling then
'Round the same time bumpin' T.I. versatile
I ain't know who went harder, made me wanna sell a brick
Now we in the game enough so busy from the bank
Niggas look to you like damn dog, look where you came

I don't give a fuck about shit, man yeah I changed
And let your niggas style and I need my fuckin' change
DMV nigga, hunnid niggas under ya
Lackin', lackin', lackin'
Lackin' with my peers
Rappin' ass nigga, but I'm quiet when I'm here
I'm always plottin' on a bitch

Pretend I'm plottin' on my fears
We don't need no attacks from the boys
We just need, run scared from "the boys"
We don't wanna fall in love by the boys
So I just get the lil' reap drilling with the boys

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