

OG Bobby Johnson Freestyle

King Los

Ugh
King
Zero
Ay yo word on the street is I'll black on 'em all
And go (Gun Shot) if they ever get my back on the wall
Like my niggas from the corner I should dash from the law
Because I'm just like them
I got crack by the ball
Get it, I said crack by the ball
Got the game in the yolk, got rap by the balls
Got your dame in the yolk
Got a wrap by my balls
Tell her rap all my bars
It's a wrap I'm a boss
Pull an arm out
This is the mission to take the bread, shoot his leg off
Now he like Mr. Potato Head
And you ain't seen a brother with his paint peanut butter
And the mother fucking guts in the whip is potato bread
Hold up
Jelly ass niggas don't approach me homie
You know I keep that mother fucking toaster on me
If you lunchin I ain't even gotta get the casket
I'll bury yo ass in a picnic basket
Chilllll
Fuck is you mean
We ducking them suckers come fuck a true king
My bucket too clean
It's Gucci
I'm Gucci
In Gucci just picked up a couple new things
Still got my chopper from the old block dog
Fuck up out my business get yo nose chopped off
26's on the bitches with the doors chopped off
In the Chevy same color as a pork chop
Lawddddd
I'm just chatting with my peers
If my rap was an app I'd snap and disappear
King!
I'm a sick sick cat
You say my four don't shoot well let me breech this gat
It be a photo shoot how this (cocking of gun) snap
And give you all head shots when I grip this mack
I give one of these niggas they issue smacked
I'll bench you, then tell you "bitch you whack"
And put so many mother fucking shots in your frame
That the doctor will have to PicStich you back
King!
You lames still breathing
Y'all still doing shit with no shame no reason
Here's a real nigga rule
No fame, no reaching
You don't own your house, you can't claim no region
Watch what you bring over here
You checkers I'm chess
That's kings over squares
Yea I see the same shit a giant see

Bunch a little mother fuckers acting like I ain't me
Oh the irony
Fuck niggas trying me
Better luck trying to fuck siamese
Porcupines
Told these niggas 40 times
Lights out 49ers, 40 9's burst
Nigga where you come from
Baltimore
Fuck all of y'all, wall to wall
Danger everywhere you go
This is what you call a war
Walk in to the store, get a nigga chalked
Trigga sparks, shit get dark so a loser make a cartoon
Yea this an art form
Just a form of art with my heart pourin out
I embark on
Rare to come by
Hard to walk on
Fuck is y'all doing while the laws on, my balls
Get my floss on
Floor seats on the same shit my fucking Porsche on
Wood grain get some good brain
Fuck a portion need the whole thing
Nigga cause the half won't do
Frontrunner do shit niggas in the back won't do
And the bag won't do for my bitch
It ain't a burglary fucking bitches
Throw it on a nigga card
You ain't working, It ain't working out between us
You just lurking, You ain't working out the penis
Like you should, you deserve it, you ain't even out the hood
You just worthless
You just surface when the nigga poppin bottles huh?
Lot of whips lot of figures lot of models huh
Lot of niggas model they shit after mine
Lot of niggas try to date a model chick after mine
King
Minding my business make a mother fucker hurt you
Pull the weed and blow a mother fucking circle
That's a zero!