

Wow Freestyle (feat. Kendrick Lamar)

Jay Rock

Ayy K. Dot
Yeah, yeah
Can we get it how we used to get it
Like when Top had the red Charger?
Can we get it how we used to get it
Like when Top had the red Charger?
Can we get it how we used to get it? Cap on, and I got racks on,
Spent four nights in the country I like
Then I take my rich ass back home
Blow so bright, I could make make moonlight
See this ain't like your pheromones,
Blew one, big gun, bare tone
Who won? We won, you're home, we old school like capitol
My old school made doctor note,
My old school made hard knock
Black on black, my coupe ain't strap,
I ain't balling on these hard tops
I told y'all to call Top, now my number call blocked
I don't miss, I call shot
Hol' up, yeah
Cap on and I got racks on (and I got racks on)
And I produced that diesel,
I could put Shaq on (I could put Shaq, ayy)
Nigga, your bitch gon' leave,
You ain't got a backbone (you ain't got, hol' up)
I don't rely on people, I just go and bread chase
Wow, this so fucking dope, I might catch a fed case
Wow, you ain't getting money, nigga, then you dead weight
Wow, got the drop on 'em, there he go, checkmate
Wow, we go drop on 'em, y'all better play it safe
Wow
Cap on, and I got racks on
Don't be bitter, you're dope,
They reconsider that shit, be stepped on
Eastside Johnny way out that project
But then I get my rep on
Fuck your feeling, no question bitch,
I kill it, I bring that check home
We old school like domino
My old school made lawyers know
My old school a match box
Black on black, bad bitch in the back,

We ballin' on a hard top
Dot told y'all to call Top
Now my number call blocked
We don't miss, we call shots, swerving
I pay 'em no mind mind because I curve 'em
She said I look way better in person
I told her I do better when I'm workin'
You scared motherfucker, go to churches
Right back in this bitch, take a flick
Hoe, what's happening (yeah), we don't politic
Money clip, like it's fashion (yeah)
Me and Rock go back like, flipping mattresses
Me and Dot go back like knocking adresses
Cap on, cap on, drum hold thirty, no add-on
Lil' man mad, don't wanna go bad on
Big heat stamp fold out, when you lack on
You ain't no man, you a mouse in a rat hole
I hold band, whole stack, that's factual
Call big ten on a island bashful
Fuck your plane, I'ma burn that castle
Fuck that clan, I'ma burn that task force
It's sick murder when I say go
Hoppin' out that van with a black ski mask
And a great big murder when I say go
Man, I took my chance, and I paint like that
let' see how further it might go
And it just might hurt you when I go
And my name might curse you when I go
BitchIn god we trust
Fear no man, but in god we trust
Both palm in hand, prayin' I stay up
I know you try your best but it's not like us
Wow, oh you say you got a bad one
Wow, I can tell you never had one
Wow, we back to back acting manie
Wow, east-side Jhonny going stupid, stupid, stupid
Wow

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>