

Freddie Foxxx, I'm Ready

(You) (you) (you) (you rappers can't be like Fred)
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A-) (a-) (a-) (a-) (a-) (and you hate it)

[VERSE 1]

This is a rap session
And I'm the man at the podium speakin
Keepin you dancin and freakin
I came alive from the world of streets, baddest beats
And bashed up a lotta MC's to find my seat
So cover your chest, protect your head
If a rhyme catches your mind sleep, you fall dead
I kick it wicked like a wizard, rhymin every letter
To beat me, you got to have a army or better
Bum-rushin other rappers like Rhyme-O-Cop
This is a contact sport, it's called hip-hop
You suckers can't hang when I'm rhymin fast
Cause your mic doesn't have enough power to last
But when I slow it down to a moderate speed
You catch a migraine headache and a nose bleed
Whenever I break wild, you call Jake
You try to slow me down, but your first mistake
Was to ever approach me with your primitive skills
Not a backyard party rapper tryin to get ill
I'm a pro, professional rhymes leave my lips
My rhymes coinicde with your dancin hips
Kut Terror place his scratch wild, and hold the beat steady
Cause I'm ready

[VERSE 2]

When I hit the stage, pandemonium rises
Cause I delight the crowd with different surprises
Beatbreaks play, and the king has arisen
Chump rappers in the back start ploppin and fizzin
I always keep my eyes on a worthy opponent
Cause it'll really be a trick to see em lose, won't it?
I keep myself ready and prepared for all
I handle whatever call, too strong to fall
When you see Freddie Foxxx, you know you'll be entertained
When the show's all over and the sound remains
In your brain and you walk away sayin my rhyme
Feelin good like a man that don't eat swine
Fall asleep at night, and you start to dream
If you was a paid rapper on the hip-hop scene
You'd be heavy on the neck, and your pockets are fat
But bein a rap star's a bit more than that
You have to have a listenin ear for new ideas
And speak your words fluent, so everything's clear
The mumblin jumbo's a comical gimmick
That the devils make money off and suckers can mimick
When you run out of rhymes, gonna stand there sweaty
Cause you wasn't ready

Like Freddie the Foxxx
I'm ready

[VERSE 3]

Street rappers hear a style that they like a lot
When they make that first record, their rhymes are hot
Not hot like you hear it on the radio all the time
But hot like stolen rhymes
Whatever's whispered in darkness, has to come to light
So imagine what would happen if I gave you the mic

One night, and you recite somethin you didn't write
If it belonged to Freddie Foxxx, you might have to fight
I throw jabs and rights, left hooks and hay-makers
Only luck can duck the bone-breaker
You're caught in a vice grip, tight and squeezin
Whinin and cryin, beggin and pleadin
I'm lyrical and mystical, I want you to know
Cause when you gear up to come to a show
Don't wonder why thunder hit my stage
It's Freddie Foxxx on a rappin rage
I make rappers real nervous, give em the jitters
Give em 'e' for effin and I beat up the quitter
Hold my hand around his neck and I grab him by the hair
Then Karate-kick him like Mataka Bear
Rappers boast and brag about their lyrical skills
But they all shut the fuck up when I break ill
Cause I take all races and house both sexes
They got a reason to sweat the three X's
I'm ready