

# Freddie Foxxx, Serious

Huh  
Do it

(Serious)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Now sit back in your seat and kick up your Nikes  
And listen to Freddie Foxxx cold rip the mic  
The microphone's burnin like a flaming torch  
And my lyrics are hot, so they can burn and scorch  
So here's a little something for you hip-hop whimps  
Try to come down hard on the hip-hop prince  
Get your rhymes all together, your microphones ready  
Cause you're about to meet the hip-hop terror - Freddie  
For all you other rappers with self-proclaimed titles  
Shut up and face the true supreme idol  
Rappers, I'm here, so come get it  
But those that tried are real sorry they did it  
Cause I hit it - hard, nail on the head, now they're dead  
But that's what you get when you're messin with Fred  
Ain't no jokin or playin around, just listen to the sound  
While I get down, this is serious

[ VERSE 2 ]

So serious when I take the stage  
Kinda like lettin a pitbull out of a cage  
For blood or raw meet - huh, sound sweet  
But I take the mic and a milky beat  
And drop one rhyme that's self-defined  
And then you lay back and relax while I climb  
Into your mind, every opening hole  
Walk through your body and take over your soul  
This jam is deep, when I speak you turn chicken  
Scared to death because my bassline's kickin  
Jump off and grab the mic - I dare you  
Then I'ma open you up and then wear ya  
Drag you all over like Raggedy Ann  
Rough up the wanna-be's, make you a man  
Then when you jump up to talk crap  
You'll get slapped with a rap that makes your neck snap back  
Down for the count, my hand is raised  
My rhyme is praised, and you feel dazed  
I'm gonna take you deeper, down to the bottom  
When my voice hits the mic, it'll sound like I shot him  
I'm like Rikers, buckwild in dozens  
And you'll be lookin around like, who was it?  
Hit from all sides, all you feel is pain  
And you don't even know your own name  
Try to get up for the next round and pout it  
You think you survive? I doubt it  
Bring the stretcher, jumpstart the brain and heart  
Of a rapper that's been torn apart  
This is serious

This is serious

[ VERSE 3 ]

Now I'ma tell you somethin you should never forget  
Fred could stand in hell and won't sweat  
Don't believe it? This is hell  
Bring the rapper, then ring the bell  
Then once we start rappin it's a hell of a round  
It takes you, your crew and the cops to bring me down  
The rapper of rap, rhymes my occupation

Here we go, pump up your radio station  
The Kut Terrorist scratchin like a maniac  
Fred's kickin rhymes like a natural born brainiac  
It's like your standin in water and touched a livewire  
Boom - you're on fire  
And I keep rollin, rhymes keep projectin  
Hittin like a punch to the jawbone connectin  
You see me with the mic in my hand and you're jealed up  
Schemin with your posse, but y'all got held up  
Serious business, the only way to go  
I'm all about makin beats, rhymes and dough  
And once in a while I'm a stick man  
But girls ain't a problem to Foxxx, cause I'm in, man  
I got rappers on the mic delirious  
You know why? Cause this is serious

[ SHOUT OUTS ]

This one is a special dedication for all the posse out there  
This one goes out to Eric B. & Rakim  
This one goes out to my man Ant Live  
This one goes out to Premo  
Sha, Let's Jet and the Louisville Slugger  
This one goes out to my DJ the Kut Terrorist  
This one goes out to Laser Mike  
This one goes out to Pat  
I take this one deep for my physical Taheim Shabazz  
This one goes out to the Almighty Supreme Easy E  
This one also goes out to the Master Kevvon  
I'ma take this mile-deep for Brooklyn  
And I'ma slam one out left field for Queens  
And knock a homerun for Strong Island  
This one also goes out to the Southside Posse  
This one goes to the Paid In Full Posse  
And I'ma take this one down for my man Barney Barn  
And I'm also gonna say peace to all the Gods  
And I'm also gonna say.. out

(Serious)