

Cosmic Kev Freestyle

Kreayshawn

I don't need no TLC
Ay, I just need some THC
Hey, I'm higher than miss Courtney Love
Like murder, in the 1st degree? Certainly
You got me confused with them stupid broads
Shooting dice in the streets taught me how to play the odds
I find it odd that your Twitter page is private
You got 2 phones, one of them stays silent
Now who the f*ck is callin' in the middle of the night?
They hanging up when I pick up, I'm bout to grab my knife
You tryna play me like a boss, but you faker than Rick Ross, b*tch
I'll cut your d*ck off, like Lorena Bobbitt
Yeah, I'm Kreayshawn and you can't stop it
I'm Britney Spears, and I just shaved my head
I'm on hell-a-drugs: that's what I said
I run up in your house with choppers like I'm Patty Hearst
I'm stylish but violent like a tinted hearse
And in my purse I got that .22
I got the job done, you are a fool
And V-Nasty, she driving the ghetto way
I don't give a f*ck man, I'm Kreayshawn, I'm from the Bay
And I'm from Oakland, oh we stay smoking
A big blunt leaking out my mouth and I'm toking

And you can catch me loaded on the block man
No dirty socks, I'm a clean girl
I rock the world, like a Spice Girl
I'm fallin' off my chair cause I'm so high, man
I get high all the time, all this shit on my mind
But I got no trees with me I'm in Philly
Someone please give me an O!
I need weed, about a gram and a Dutch Master, please!
Please deliver it quick
I need to get high so I can freestyle right, man
This ain't a joke, young Kreayshawn come through
Facebook poke you