

Clement C. Moore

"Nuttin' But Flavor"

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[Funkmaster Flex]

Word up, you know the flavor, bounce to the beat
It's the Funkmaster Flex to make you lean in your jeep
On, one time for your mind
C. Boogie break 'em off a little something!

[Charlie Brown]

Hey, yo, check it out, it's real late in the morning
All these other DJ's, they really got me yawning
But when Funkmaster Flex gets the radio hyped
The people of type, it's time to wipe
All the MC's that think they can rap real fresh
Now the Boogie to the Brown comes off and I pass any
test
Like and SAT that inspires
All I ever wanted was my name on fliers
Blowing up the spot, rock hard, with the rhythm that
goes around the clock
Tick tick tock is the hands of time
So listen to a brother as I start to climb
It's like that, that that or this
Get up and get dissed because my crew makes five
fingers and a fist
That's right, reminice over cuts and give me a kiss
baby doll

"Nuttin' but flavor like Funkmaster Flex" (cut and
scratched 4x)

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Shoot me down, hear the sound
WOOO, tight rugged-ass hip-hip sound
Here I go again, something brand new
Like my mom-AHH, rough any son out of the blue
Straight to the point baby, I was born to be dope
I was doing me, doooing meeeee, DOOOOING MEEEEEE,
nope
You slept on the record now it's time to break out
Like a 40 being cracked, tasting good down the neck
The lyric that I'm kicking to you from the crib
All in together now, funky like a shoe

Baby, I love rap and rap loves me
Like a sister to a microphone to an MC
What is an MC if he has no flow?
Go aheeeeeeeaaaad, it's that in, Inspector Closeau
Uh, Black Panther, would you do me? No sir
Doing me is like a fisherman without water
Then what could you catch? Nothing, stop fronting
That's like a man with no legs kicking something
What could you kick if you're not that slick
Another flip to God, it's like Hot without him sir!
What is your mission, please allow me to rock the spot!
Kill a cop, don't cop walk do jop!

"Nuttin' but flavor like Funkmaster Flex" (cut and
scratched 4x)

[BizMarkie]

The Biz came here to rock you and really blow your
mind
I can't really do it to you girl, I can do it to you anytime
I don't mean no harm girl, all I want to do is sing
With Funkmaster Flex on the turntables, and I am the
microphone king
I am down with the F-L-I-P Squad and you know I'm the
Uh, original B-I-Z Markie, hey now
You know me as the o-rig-in-al B-I-Z dub-iz uh A-R-K I
with the E
Best in Zing, man-appointed rap king
Now I am bug-ging on the mic, no it's me, do what I like
Now I'm sending this out to New Jersey and the Boogie
Down
Can't forget um, um, um, the Queens and
Brooklyn is on the scene and
Uptown, Manhattan, and Connecticut, it don't matter to
me
Yes yes y'all, to the beat y'all
Party having people guaranteed to be like having a ball
I'm the original one
It don't matter to me because you know I sound so full
and
Ahhhhh, number like addition
Super-educated, I'm on top of the list and
This is something for the radio, hoe
You know me, cause I am on the go
Another mic and DAH DAH DAH DAH DAH DAH DAH DAH
DAH DAH
I make that out of my mind
Now I can sing a record, I get respected
I'm never neglected, while connected, Kyle connected
You know me, I'm the original B, Funkmaster,
I'm just buggin', I'll just leave

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