

## Activate "The Funkiest"

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[Hook]

Make it the funkiest (Make it the funkiest)  
Make it the funkiest (Make it the funkiest)  
Make it the funkiest (Make it the funkiest)  
Ooh, whoa, ooh

[Verse 1]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I'll bring more, much more to the board  
I'll draw guns, be the first slingin' mud  
Whole lotta women and even old men  
See me on the streets say when you gonna hit up  
Wild rappers out there still tryin' to get up  
But I'll take ya boys way back, straight back  
Pull over near Lex, smoke roast of the fifth  
When I was nice now that I'm older I'm nicer  
Niggas line up, ya might as well sign up  
Cause this here blast is good for that ass  
My predicitions WHAT visit Japan WHAT  
Been to Africa WHAT sit down and feel that gut  
Went to Puerto Rico with my man Fat Joe  
And the infamous Louie Crack  
I know he got my back  
New York got sweet guns, got the smoke spots  
Give it I'm stashin' fuck it I'm smashin'  
All newcomers are goin' down this Summer  
Cause the X right here run this shit  
I'm as peace as peace can get  
Out standin' in the Atlantic just to get my feet wet  
Went to Roller Bear club, give the girl the real rub  
But girls yell sexual harassment  
But you go out, cage is ripped up in blades

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Women see the men hit the the grind on the dance  
floor  
If ya can handle that then unleash funky way  
And if ya can handle that then get the hell outta here

This ain't the place to be joined with ya wife's affair  
Now girls stay in line everyone is how I thought of  
Parents watch the pack cause one could be ya  
daughter  
I'll take a penny for those who sound silly  
Skinny man carries the fire hose  
Looks can be deceiving can't ya tell with ya clothes  
It's all there, lucky I swear  
Will appear from the rear, grab ya ear then I'm outta  
here  
Hit the horn before the male goes group  
Ellie gas is my style of past  
Now I'ma run on this beat, whippin' out rude cations  
Manhattan location and there ain't no vacation  
So stay on ya guard, ya ought to be safe  
But if approached and large  
Ya walk around and think ya whole life is stars  
I'm reachin' I'm strugglin'  
I'm tired of jugglin'  
I'm reachin' I'm reachin' I'm climbin' I'm climbin'  
No one in the world got this style of rhymin'  
Check it out  
Old enough to know New York's about to blow  
Roll with the home team, Ross gorilla family  
Lay on sheets of satin  
In the heart of black Manhattan  
Now new style runnin' with the park rangers  
Hate to break down the whole gate  
People often see me in jams  
They be thinkin' I'm high  
Nah that just be my lazy eye  
But I can't front, sometimes I be chiefin'  
Ya hear that, girl at the bar wanna taste wanna hear  
that  
No I didn't come to this here with no gun  
I just got my lil' army, I just got my lil' army  
It's like yubba over there and yuba over there  
I think she should split when I decide to appear  
WHAT I wanna see her stay and her jam  
Army protect me the king that I am  
Ya girlfriend was slammed cause she fronted on my  
man  
And when she did that it was Hell up in Harlem  
I'll take the loot but I can pass on the stardom  
This is just a lil' verse for y'all to get wet  
A lil' something showin' soon I'm a threat  
You can bet yo, and you bet I'm gon' make ya head get  
wet  
Make it the funkiest

[Hook]

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