

## Clerc Julien

### "Six Million Ways to Die"

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[Nine]

Pop goes the gat, I get over like a fat rat  
Funkmaster Flex and 9 Double M, mad fat  
Skills on the table and the mic  
With that (six million ways to die) flavor all night  
Clean up the cuss when I bust mother (woop)  
I'm on some new and improved shit, let me kick it  
Crazy motherfucker from the Boogie Down, brother  
I smack shit, flip shit, kick shit, I rap shit  
Flex on the wheels and I'm Nine Mil the gat  
That's how we roll, troop  
We give em 187 like Dre and Snoop  
Three little six little nine double M's  
Sticking up rappers like hems  
Back on the scene from the Bronx and I stomp nuff  
comp  
Six million ways to die, punk

(Funkmaster Flex cuts and scratches)

[Tragedy]

I bring drama like you spit on my momma  
And get loose like the lips on Madonna  
You get the picture when the rap style hits ya  
I run on more niggas than the Jews at a Bar Mitzvah  
When I'm splashing my rap transaction  
Hard rocks turn white like Michael Jackson  
I blow spots and bust shots at hard rocks  
And leave you laying in a box with Red Foxx  
I keep wild like James Brown doing judo  
And have you making love songs like Menudo  
The Son of Sam when I aim for your head  
Jack the Ripper leave your whole town red  
You can't kill me because I'm already dead  
I drop flavor like a pack of Now & Laters  
And get loose like the feet on Sammy Davis  
You know my style, it's the hardcore rhymer  
Pass the mic and I get loose like a vagina

(Funkmaster Flex on the ones and twos)

[Nine]

HOO HAH! I'm funky, so shut your face and let me rip it  
Like butter on a biscuit, Nine Double M is wicked  
I put the funk in the place with a dunk in your face  
And watch you catch a knot like a shoelace  
I'm not the one that was begging for a nut like a  
squirrel  
That's like Farrakhan kissing a white girl  
I rag it like the Bloods and Crips  
I flip scripts, read my lips:  
I got mad skills for the no frills  
Screaming at girls to pay bills  
I got more rap than a Christmas gift  
And I'll fill your girl's mouth like grits  
Have her chewing while I'm ba-ba-ba booing  
It's back to the mic check, one two and  
Back up off the gat cause I snap necks  
Nine Double M, Tragedy, and Funkmaster Flex

(Funkmaster Flex gets busy)

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