

## Dj Flex

### "Kill The Noize"

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Featuring Problemz]

BK representative Problemz

DJ Honda

"We don't play when it's time to slay" Erick Sermon

"Kill the noise" Parrish Smith

\*DJ Honda cuts the samples as they repeat for 3 bars\*

Check it yo

Bench pressin rappers be givin me extra strength like

Excederin

But this veteran is better in this profession when I'm  
editin

competitors steppin to my direction but I'm two steps

ahead a ya my flow is non-stop like et cetera

et cetera, from beginning to end I begin to blend

And you gets no wins even if your stereo is on ten ten

Comin directly from BK representin on the love love

Makin shorties push up like Hurby Luv Bug

Word to mamma niggaz don't really want no drama

Cause when I register my armor they all pause like a  
comma

I'ma, bout ready to break this down and get more claps  
than a shorty with crabs, givin up ass on the ave

I be the honorable, like Elijah Muhammad, Farrakhan

And all praises due when I run through tracks like a  
maraton

They call me Problemz, a.k.a. the Head Honcho

Liver than O.J. Simpson on the freeway in his white  
Bronco

Dem batty bwoy nah wan come test

One of the best in this profession that's no question I  
be reppin

"We don't play when it's time to slay" - Erick Sermon

"Kill the noise" - Parrish Smith

\*DJ Honda cuts and scratches the samples for four  
bars\*

Understand the Problemz is internationally ranked  
supreme

BK connection, when I be reppin that's no question

Deceased presidentials on my mentals at all times

Hop in the three and a quarter, hit the spot and cop  
four dimes

Raw rhymes enable me to live life luxurious and lavish  
My vital infested with carats  
Cabbage is the topic of discussion cousin  
Eight multiplied by a dozen is the year my name will  
start buzzin  
You wasn't, prepared nor aware caught you off guard  
In actuality you barred, frontin like you hard  
on my sixty inch screen, tellin lies to my vision  
Frontin like you was in prison Dunn you know that shit is  
fiction  
While I'm sittin on mill's, coppin a mansion in the Hills  
Preferably in Beverly collectin treasury consecutively  
Inevitably the refugee with the recipe  
Breakin these niggaz up like referees is my specialty  
You know the four-eleven black strictly stacks on top of  
stacks  
L-E-X three-double-ohs and Legend Ac's  
Puttin the facts on wax, bout to blow like a sax  
Problemz recognize now bring that back  
"We don't play when it's time to slay" - Erick Sermon  
"Kill the noise" - Parrish Smith  
\*DJ Honda again cutting and scratching four sections\*  
(Who the fuck are you?)  
I'm the wrong nigga to fuck with shit don't tempt me  
Cause I blow up spots like Ed Kozinsky this MC  
tried to convince me that he was nice when he was  
wack  
So he was forced to pay the price and got his ass Jack-  
ed like Dempsey  
Left his motherfuckin pockets empty, cause his  
technique was flimsy  
Pulled out on Son Duke, just like a Benz-y  
Anti-benevolent, never hesitant to represent  
Catch a couple of bodies do away with the evidence  
Dem batty bwoy nah wanna come test me  
Cause when a nigga like Problemz get busy I leave em  
Dizzy like  
Gillespie  
Comin directly, from the battlefields of BK with my  
armor  
word to momma niggaz don't really want no drama  
cause this rhymer  
cause trauma, hurry and dial nine-eleven for EMS  
Bitch niggaz keep crampin my style like PMS  
I Flex like Funkmaster lyrical styles cause disaster  
When I blast your ass like NASA you're be whinin like  
Patra  
Who's the master...

\*DJ Honda again, you know the drill\*

\*DJ Honda keeps gettin buck to the end

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