

## Exploited

### "Project: Funk Da World"

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[Intro]

From nowhere.. from nowhere.. from nowhere.. from  
nowhere..

From nowhere.. from nowhere.. from nowhere..

{\*helicopter circling overhead\*}

Okay everybody listen up okay? Craig Mack's in the  
building alright?

He's on the premises, I need you three on the roof

You coordinate the left wing

He must not get into the terminal to access the "Funk  
Da World" secrets

I repeat, he must get into the terminal

I want him stopped I don't care what it takes alright?

Move out, now, c'mon let's go let's go let's go!

{\*helicopter swoops down, then suddenly boots hitting  
ground\*}

{\*torch is fired up and starts cutting through  
something\*}

Yo Mack! There's somebody on the roof man!

[Mack] Yeah I know man. Just another second man.

C'mon man, we gotta do this shit!

[Mack] I know, I'm gettin the door open man!

[Mack] Come right now, come right now, come right  
now

[Mack] I swear, come right now - two more seconds,  
two more seconds

[Mack] Look look look look look

{\*bolt or something metal hits the ground\*} {\*alarms  
go off\*}

[Mack] Uhh!

Yeah son.

[Mack] Shit, the 4-5 man. I ain't got the damn..

[Mack] I ain't got the fuckin modulation.

Yeah you got it.

[Mack] Control pads man.

You got that.

[Mack] Alright look - I need the voice modulation.  
{\*typing\*}  
[Mack] Yo (?) do me a favor man, set the detenators  
man.  
[Mack] Let's get the fuck up outta here.  
Yeah yeah, I got that, I got that.  
[Mack] {\*typing\*} Denied.  
I set it up so that if ANYBODY gets up in here the whole  
shit blows.  
[Mack] {\*typing fast\*} Denied.  
[Mack] {\*typing\*} 4-5-76-0-2 look BANG!

"Access granted."

[Craig Mack]  
Computer! How ya doin bwoy?  
This is the Mack in fullavicious funk flav bwoy, how we  
goin?  
Initiate code sequence for "Project: Funk Da World"  
{\*typing\*} Dash oh-4-7, 6-9, zero-10  
Coming out, ninety-four {\*typing\*} boom!

Hahh bwoy  
Kickin it Mack, bwoy  
Nobody's rappin like me and that's clear  
I got this mad style, beats from next year  
The style, I bring, is shitting  
Get used to the format cause old one's be quitting  
Buckle in for the funk funk funk  
And let the king of swingers drive Benz out the trunk  
I'm the magnificent, roaster, who's the man?  
Run down and low to the promised land  
No compromise on my rise  
Strappin in mad biddly beats, nothin capsized  
So go on, wait 'til fuckin break of dawn  
The new grip is here, jig will tell you it's on  
Mack's back, full effect  
But this is my freestyle, so yo wait a sec (HAH)  
Don't try to push or your fronts might feel it  
And if you got size then I gots to reveal  
Out comes the chrome and the shiny  
With the (?), that thing's for your heiny (BLAOW!)  
So meet the genuine, keep it on the hush hush  
That slow flow ain't the only way I crush  
I break it down to stone like Medusa  
You lose ta what you ain't used ta  
All aboard express train for pain  
Bigger than membranes that leave you in stains  
Now hang on cause my freestyle's a winner  
The verse slayer, so say a prayer like your dinner  
MC's all know that I'm a menace (I'm a menace)

And I won't finish.. until you finish (HAH)  
I come from a life of a corner  
Waitin for my house fat pool plus a sauna  
Craig Mack's the man cause I got it  
And ain't a motherfuckin soul (?) (not a motherfucker  
bwoy)  
Cause I'ma boom bash, crash, smash  
Your whole program your program ain't worth a damn  
The unquestionable, impressionable messiah  
Like that John Sparks say, the world is on fire  
So take your time cause your turn's gettin closer  
The new world's now hell and Craig Mack's the host  
Ghost (one..)

And now, "Project: Funk Da World" bwoy, hahhh!  
Hahh, Mack-a-docious, presents..

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