

Fabulous

"Funkmaster Flex Freestyle"

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Feel like I'm Big Meech
When I be cashing out
Holding my bottles up
Champaign splashing out
We all got rooms nobody crash the couch
More K's at the crib than a Kardashian house
No Brian Pumper jewels just large links
A lot of ice in 'em I'm talking large drinks
Lets see what the Audemar thinks
My necklace make chicks Nicki Minaj blink
There are no challengers F what the Dodge think
I'm riding in the... my garage stinks
Cocunut Ciroc, coco-losa
Pretty boy swag never coke my nose though
Got your baby momma eating off a lead plates
It mean the World to her, to me it's just a cheap date
Plenty fish in the sea and I keep bait
You're a broke rollerblader, cheapskate!
My jeep plate say "Tune in to the game"
Competition killer, funeral's the name
Listen up son, I'm immune to all the lame
If I fathered your style, put a Jr. to your name
I searched the whole planet, there's no comp on Earth
Sky blue J's (Jordan's), look like I stomped a smurf

I said life is but a dream
Aint always what it seems
Meanwhile get your cake red velvet butter cream
Raise your glass now lets toast to when we didn't have
Hustle plus muscle equal success, I did the math!
I see haters in passing, yeah they 'round
I be on the way up, they be on the way down
Now I can sit and talk sh-t like Skip Bayless
You looking for these shoes baby you can skip payless
Won't be on Craigslist, lifestyle A-list
On my way to Vegas I part playlist
Yeah it's just another page in my success story
I make my worst enemies wish the best for me
My only job, consistent and persistent
I go so hard my assistants need assistance
I'm living mine hands on get the feel of it
Life's a b-tch you might wanna get familair with

[Verse From Fabolous "Bring Death To Em"]
This the flow that put haters on their deathbed
And make the chicks blow the whistle give me rev head
Somebody call 911 like 'clef said
'Fore my man's n 'em black out, Meth Red!
The newspaper say young rapper left dead
The only suspect they have is young funeral
And when you see him
He might be on his goony proud
So you put him up in the air George Clooney style
Slow motion for me so just slim juvenile
Don't sh-t move a dude can't move his bowels
Catch it like Larry Fitzgerald
Kurt Warner bullets coming out the 5ths bureau
Baby I'mma make it, my sh-ts thorough
You shootin blanks your sh-ts durrough
The competi... can't hold hold me
But first lay in a box and cross your hands for me
Fan base killer blame your loss of fans on me
I triple what you see's like I'm Ross' man homie (Triple
C)
Dudes get to New York like loso's dead Tony
You pick the place everybody cross the land for me
Keep it real, I can't endorse or stand phoney's
'Less we arm wrestle don't force my hand homie
These YSL's cost a grand only
My white girl bought that Porsche Cayenne for me
Sweet, sweet like Georgia peaches
School of heart, I get brain from gorgeous teachers
Funeral in the house, no mortgage either
Any competition he see the boy just ethers
I can't feel my face this that Boston George reefer
You lie if you say I aint hotter than August weether
I mean weather!
You can't see me, I mean ever!
Ever ever, Andre 3 G
This is me G, Gucci print G-G
Clean ice neck full of frozen Fiji
Been in the game long as Mario, Luigi
No Juvenile, Wayne, Turk or B.G.
I'm still Hot Boyz but it's stutter gang jack
You bang right the first time they don't bang back
You's can't ball like me they quickly meer in H.O.R.S.E
I bring death to em, no hearing loss!
Nice.
[End]

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