

Funkmaster Flex

"Ante Up"

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[Busta Rhymes]

Attention please, attention please!!

This shit here feels like a whole entire WORLD
collapsed!

Motherfuckerrrrrrrrrr! Yeah, yeah, yeah (yeah) yeah!

Yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah) yeah (yeah)

Buck (buck) buck (buck) buck (buck) buck (buck) buck

Busta Rhymes now, M.O.P. now

What you want now? (What you want now?)

What you want now? (What you want now?)

What you want now? (What you want now?)

What you want now?

(What you want want want want want want BUCK BUCK)

ANTE UP!! No, cut that fool!

They want to act stupid gun-butt that fool

When I cock that tool, nigga run your damn jewels

'fore we fuck around and lay you up in your own blood
pool, nigga

Hunt you down nigga, run your ass down

Unleash the hounds til them niggaz'll gun your ass
down (STOP IT)

You frontin like this was a thing of the past

With tattoos over the scars a nigga left on your ass!

My niggaz think lopsided, bust they gat cross-sided

In the subways they rob trains runnin along-side it!

(BUCK BUCK) See motherfucker we don't play with that
shit

And if you want your shit back you had to PAY for that
shit!

You little costume niggaz, Romper-Room niggaz

Get you in the night or early in the afternoon niggaz

We takin your whole shit WHILE WE PASS THROUGH

Even the shirt off your back, nigga RUN THAT TOO

[Remi Martin]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

I catch you backstage, give me the keys to the
Escalade

You think you cute hoe? Take off them Gucci shades

I get my dogs to do you dirty, they all seven-thirty
Rock a ski-mask, whether it's June or February
I take your show money (OHH!) take your 'dro money
(OHH!)
Yo yap that fool, cause I don't know money!
For my peeps that hate slow money; I put them in the
industry
so they can come and take - all your money
{*brief sample of "It's So Hard"*}
Wish I could bring Pun back
(BLAOW!) Bitch, run that!
{*beat returns to "Ante Up"}
(BLAOW!) Bitch, run that! (BLAOW!) Bitch, run that!
So keep actin like you don't know where the funds at
And I'ma show y'all motherfuckers where the guns at

ANTE UP!! Yo yap that bitch
She try to spaz out then smack that bitch
Hoe you don't be rhymin, you still memorizin
Remi want them God damn diamonds (HUH!!!)

[Chorus: M.O.P.]
ANTE UP!! Yap that fool!
ANTE UP!! Kidnap that fool!
It's the perfect timin, you see the man shinin
Get up off them God damn diamonds (HUH!!!)
ANTE UP!! Yap that fool!
ANTE UP!! Kidnap that fool!
Get him (get him) get him, hit him (hit him) hit him
Yap him (ZAP HIM) yap him (ZAP HIM)

[M.O.P.] ANTE UP!! Yap that fool!
[Teph'] Fuck hip-hop, rip pockets, snatch jewels!
[M.O.P.] ANTE UP!!

[Tephlon]
What? My whole family nuts
Run up yo' stash house, tie granny up
Make you strip butt-naked
Young buck got struck with the gun butt (for what?)
For tryin to tuck the necklace
I'm young hungry armed and reckless
On the streets with a death wish
Don't hide when you see me, I'm on the guestlist

[M.O.P.] ANTE UP!!

[Lil' Fame]
Show no mercy; B.K., nigga, thirsty thirsty
We bang hollows, you misrepresentin
the game motherfucker you lame and your chain

hollow
Hit him (hit him) hit him, flash the tech
Yap your chain, smash the lens in your specs
Listen.. it's, Lil' Fame right?
With that Brownsville mentality to Shanghai

[Billy Danze]

Hey yo I'm firin out a coppertop city, with a whole
empire
A clip full of blue-tips and a hand full of FIYAAH!
Eat deep dirt nigga (YEP)
It's Berk' I put in work until it hurt nigga (STEP)
Easy out the truck punk, 'fore I leave your ass leakin
I'ma bang til the springs in this thang start squeakin
Die cocksucker, boom BAP boom BAP
Aight motherfucker, what's wrong with you?

[Chorus]

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