

Funkmaster Flex

"Ante Up - M.O.P./Busta Rhymes/Remy Martin/Tephlon"

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Attention please, attention please
This shit here feels like a whole entire world collapsed
Motherfucker, 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 till them niggaz will 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

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I catch you backstage, give me the keys to the Escalate
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, take your 'dro money
(Oh, oh)
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
Wish I could bring Pun back
(Blaow)
Bitch, run that
(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'
Remy want them goddamn diamonds
(Uh)

Ante up, yap that fool
Ante up, kidnap that fool
It's the perfect timin', you see the man shinin'
Get up off them goddamn diamonds
(Uh)

Ante up, yap that fool
Ante up, kidnap that fool
Get him, get him, hit him, hit him
(Get him, hit him)
Yap him, yap him
(Zap him, zap him)

Ante up, yap that fool
Fuck hip hop, rip pockets

Snatch jewels
Ante up

What? My whole family suck
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 guest list
Ante up

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, flash the tech
(Hit him)

Yap your chain, smash the lens in your specs
Listen it's, Lil' Fame right?
With that Brownsville mentality to Shanghai

Hey yo I'm firin' out a copper top city, with a whole
empire
A clip full of blue-tips and a hand full of Fiyahh
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 till the springs in this thang start squeakin'
Die cocksucker, boom BAP boom BAP
Aight motherfucker, what's wrong with you?

Ante up, yap that fool
Ante up, kidnap that fool
It's the perfect timin', you see the man shinin'
Get up off them goddamn diamonds
(Uh)

Ante up, yap that fool
Ante up, kidnap that fool
Get him, get him, hit him, hit him
(Get him, hit him)
Yap him, yap him
(Zap him, zap him)

Ante up, yap that fool
Fuck hip hop, rip pockets
Snatch jewels
Ante up

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