

Funkmaster Flex "Block Lock Down"

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Yeah, Dirty South, baby, Ludacris
Shout to Shaka Zulu, my man Shawn Taylor
It's goin down

Yeah, Funk Flex, Volume Fo'
'Disturbin' The Peace', Def Jam South
'Cris you ready?
(Yeah)

Oh, it's my turn? Aight
I got permission to put ya mamma in a headlock
(What?)
She tried to jook me in a figure-fo' leg lock
(Ohh)
She said she like the way I stick and make the bed rock

Or how I lick and leave her twisted like a dreadlock and
it's on
So stop the sweatin like a wristband
And get some balance like a bike without the kickstand
I think I changed the definition of a hit man
'Cuz I could really give a fuck about that bitch man,
c'mon

We puttin' holes in your residence
And lose anybody for the right president
We thugged out street niggaz with intelligence
So all that bullshit you yappin' is irrelevant

Oh yeah, I represent the Dirty Southside
I'm a dentist makin' women open they mouth wide
You be in jail still runnin' it on the outside
Thank not then won't ya open up ya mouth right but
who cares?

I got my corner on lockdown
About to hold this whole block down
Ludacris tell um how the South sound
Uuh, buddah-laa ah, uh, uh, uh, buddah-laa
Uhh, buddah-laa ah, uh, oh, uh, oh, uh, oh

Comin' to Shady Park is like a peep show

It's some respectable ladies and there some freak
hoes
I know killers that go to church up in they street clothes
You'll end up missin' more than Shaq when shootin'
free throws

They packin' and 'bout to open up the dope spot
My neighborhood is stoppin' cars like a roadblock
They movin' weight like Atlanta was movin' boat rock
And catchin' ums like seeun Muslims eatin' pork chops

Never happen and meanwhile I been thinkin' man
Niggaz been slangin' tapes like they slangin' 'caine
'Cuz in the hood its gettin' ugly like orangutang
So if you tryin' to stop the hustle get the dangalang

Okay, we tryin' to make our own White House
Paint it black and start yellin' our fuckin' pipes out
You try to tackle some players and you'll get psyched
out
They can't fuck with us niggaz, you think they dyked
out, so don't play

I got my corner on lockdown
About to hold this whole block down
Ludacris tell um how the South sound
Uuh, buddah-laa ah, uh, uh, uh, buddah-laa
Uhh, buddah-laa ah, uh, oh, uh, oh, uh, oh

Disturbin' the peace, we do that funky shit
Hey, what can I say? We got a monkey clique
See Dre'll throw on them shades and make that funky
shit
And keep y'all women away if they got funky clit

Understand, we got that dough and it get rolled up
You pay the price and still we got the block sold up
Aint nothin' nice a full house don't make you fold up
You full of heist and try to jet and I'm like

Hold up, goddamn, I need to say it on a megaphone
And tell your sister get the fuck up off the telephone
These fools is tickin' me off like fifty metronome
I'm takin' all of ya money just call me Pebbletone

Alright? I got the pistol and the safe key
You betta tell your bitch to follow you to safety
How dare you wanna be heroes and chase me
It's Ludacris won't leave no evidence to trace me, you
know why?

I got my corner on lockdown
About to hold this whole block down
Ludacris tell um how the South sound
Uuh, buddah-laa ah, uh, uh, uh, buddah-laa
Uhh, buddah-laa ah, uh, oh, uh, oh, uh, oh

Funky shit, oh
Do that funky shit, oh
Do that funky shit, oh
Do that funky shit, oh
Do that funky shit, uh
Do that funky shit, uh
Do that funky shit

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