

Funkmaster Flex

"Feelin The Hate - Ja Rule & The Murderers"

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* uncredited, but +probably+ Charli Baltimore

[Funkmaster Flex]

Murder Inc baby

[Tah Murdah]

Y'all motherfuckers know what this shit is

Take over nigga (gimme that shit man)

Funk Flex nigga

Murder Inc nigga

Tah Murdah, Black Child, C.B., O1

And my nigga Ja Rule

[Black Child & Tah Murdah]

Yeah put your motherfuckin fingers in the air, we here

And it's money and murda all year

Yo it's nothing but the money, gettin cash you feel us

A hundred mill is deep all black we killers

Nothing but the realer niggaz and we after skrilla

So if you in the path or blockin the cash, block and we blast

Bitch nigga throw em up, we still don't give a fuck

This is Flex shit we party reckless you can't exit

And all my nillas if you willin to win it like we in it

Throw your guns up, throw em up, and fuck keepin the chome tucked

Spit on some shit and shatted and tear your bones up

Cadillac Escalade sittin on dubs, chromed up

We blow dro in the no-smoking sections

Toting weapons, smokin sessions

Nigga better respect it or the paramedics be pressing on your chest

When you gasp for breathe minutes away from death

Remorseless, yeah never the less

When I spit shit'll rip through your leather and vest

All my 70's babies on Henny and Haze

Feel me baby, I was slingin twenties in the shade

Killers hate me, niggaz wanna see me in my grave

Niggaz make me, wanna grab the milly and spray

I'm a Pov City hustler, I'm from the Woodhull gutters

Which means it's still murda motherfucker

[Chorus: Ronnie Bumps]

Have you ever had a pussy nigga runnin his mouth
That's a nigga that you kill, let him die down south
Get in there, catch the body, spit it and bounce
I'm drugged up of an ounce of 'dro, I want dough
And the same niggaz who killed your pops, kill em all
Stop, wait, multiply the eight
Feelin the hate, walls come out, get on one
Proper, killer, copper, shit has just begun

[C.B.]

What, what..
What the fuck, been a menace since +Volume III+
When I was un un un'nin, pussy second coming

Who the fuck what want it wit'cha
Chrome twenties on a squad of ducks
Sittin spittin fifty get wit me
Bitch hustle nigga, earn stripes
Me and Chi-ha gunnin a turnpike, turn right
Hit that brickball, hardcore, platinum dog
I get in ya, fuck a stage, ya murderer kill these bars

[O1]

As far as the dough go I'm hungry, I need this bread
I ain't sharin with none of y'all, I'm killin niggaz instead
Poppin lead, somebody's gonna wind up dead
Hard drugs over the edge, I'm out of my head
Y'all niggaz ready to die?
I'm layin niggaz down flat, you'll be dead in the sky
Niggaz ain't built for crime
Niggaz ain't built for street life, so fuck five mics
Fuck pigs, fuck police, murda for life nigga

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

Motherfuckers, I'm untearable and I'll piss on you
That heat you spit, I spits that too
Put three in you, match yo' name
It's really the Rule nigga that pops them thangs
For real, it's in my bloodline ready to kill
Cause nigga I happen to know you
It's about time I expose you
The world over, you fraudulent niggaz it's all over
Get ready, the hostile murderers take over
You scared but don't know
Cause I like sendin my slugs in excess, and makes the
wet steps
I, mack cold blooded and bitches I fucks love it
I'll assassinate your character and think nothin of it

I'm a Murderer, niggaz must not value they life
Cause I'm a Murderer, niggaz best be ready to die
I'm a Murderer, niggaz scared it's all in they eyes
Funk Flex, I-N-C, it's murda for life

[Tah Murdah]
My nigga BJ
Ronnie Bumps
My nigga Pre
My nigga Dirty
Funk Flex nigga
Funk Flex nigga

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