

Funkmaster Flex

"Freestyle - Jay-Z"

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Yeah y'all this Jay-Z, coolin out with the Funk Flex
60 Minutes of Funk, volume two, how we do
Motherfucker... yeah you don't stop
You won't quit, Jay-Z drop shit like this
Aiyyo, my records sell cause I was born to do it
Kick that Willie shit well, cause I'm really gonna do it
The voice of the hustlers, who else gon do it?
Most niggaz is locked or in the box with embalming
fluid
That's how I get it locked when I come through in the V
You rap niggaz on the radio don't do it for me
Insert the removable face, place the CD
Your Prince, cause you rap dudes don't make sense
Talk about bitten lines
Nigga I did ery bit of crime that I writ in mine
Ran so much coke, I could shit a dime
And this is way back when, way before your bullshit was
signed
Tryin to indirectly, effect me, directly
Careful what you wish for, Jigga get raw
Nigga I'm straight gutta, let me remind you
Act like you, out of your mind, I put your mind out of
you
I do anything when I put my mind to it
A whole lot more when I put the nine to it
I flow shit blow shit smash shit tow shit
On some sho' shit hose it down totally and you knows
this man
Keep niggaz in awe with the old shit
No shit, and I don't give a fuck who you go get
I fold shit like poker, smack em around
On some Joe Schmoe shit, I back your whole click down
what?
Frito Lay rappers I slay for play, tell me
Who in your circle could fuck around with Jay?
No mo' shit, Cristals get dough shit

Shoot my pistals on the reg, I'm on some double-fo'
shit
Bout to drop a jewel and make po-po sick
I only the respect feds, beat cops know shit
I'm pro slick, the dopest nigga to your brain, the

comatose shit
Cause after all, what's my name, oh shit!
Yeah Funk Flex and uh, we don't stop
Y'all wanna rhyme like me, wanna dime like me
Every Tom Dick and Harry wanna ride my mami
Drink Cristal, play diamonds in his wristal
Sell fish scale, y'all niggaz love this style
Wannabe players, Jay-Z's offic-ial
Been through out, I could tell you what to do and how to
do it
Foundation is layed, we can take this to the top babygirl
if you're not afraid, the world is watchin
Most certainly, clowns wanna get up in your drawers
think they hurtin me, ha hah
I keep you ill and traced out, tennis brace style
Cartier watch my diamond face style
Crib on the coast, marble floors laced out
Chase you upstairs singing 'Let's Play House'
Drop a seed in her, little life to breathe in her
Wanna boy so to be sure, I OD'd in her
His days are laced in Caesar Leguars
All the chicks jealous at the baby showers
Beatch!
How we do, Funk Flex, yeah
Brooklyn...
fades into How About Some Hardcore by M.O.P.

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