

Funkmaster Flex

"Freestyle - Keith Murray And Redman"

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(Keith Murray)

[Funkmaster Flex cuts and scratches "Live up in this piece"]

Live up in this piece

I'ma set off like this, check me out

Now who's these crazy niggaz, drinkin

crazy, pussy, out of crazy straw

Thinkin they crazy hardcore, crazy metaphor

Matter of fact I think them niggaz is gay

Always having a party with no DJ

[Protect Ya Neck instrumental comes on]

When I rap competition be like "What Squad be on it like that?"

Man, pssct, fuck that

We stay with the lethal dosage

Click on the mic MC's run like roaches

Now they got me up in England my jewels be dangling

While my single be singling

I come with the hardcore

Redman please come off the wall with some more

(Redman)

Yes y'all I come down with the ruckus

Don't y'all know I be the nigga jammin y'all like

Smuckers

Freeze, come consecutively like EPMD LP's

Robbin y'all for cheese, now yes y'all whaddIdo

Fuck you and you drink the Olde E brew

Down with Funkmaster Flex yes who's next

To get they whole set burnt like Waco, Tex

Now, I comes down with the sound

Def Squad represent, yes we extra swift

We comes with the boogie, fuck all you rookies

We some tough cookies on the mic dynamite

(Keith Murray)

We here to make a dollar out of fifteen cents

And let our balls hang like we on the toilet takin a shit

Styles is all that, and a big bag of chips with the dip

So fuck all that sensuous shit

I represent intellectual violence

And leave your click holier than the ten

commandments

Like Redman I shift with the Ruck
If your if was a spliff we'd be ALL fucked up

No need to ask who is he so we get busy
Scuff our Tims on the boulevard of MANY rough cities
I'll have to Norman Bate ya I love to hate ya
'cause youse a freak by nate
Can't make the face ya brain erasure
Drink your lyrics down straight with no chaser
My verbal combat's like a mini-Mac to your back
As soon as one of you niggaz try to overreact
The L.O.D. love good confrontation of amp
Break your motivation murder your camp
For the jealous, overzealous, we top sellers fellas
Blow the spot like Branford Marsalis
Niggaz comin through and acting wild
Redman smack the smile off that kid

(Redman)

The Funk Doctor Spock pumps a thousand watts in your vest
Watch, what level next, I'ma take this ghettoness
A little something for the wicked and beyond
Trapper John can't find the sickness in this song
So I bomb ALL these hyper MC's
These Def Squad mentalities, leave your ass calm
Smoke the chalm I got alms like Vietnam
I bought a bag of herb from Ricardo Montalban
To fulfill all these fantasies on the island
To come back home wildin with chrome cash and diamonds
In fact I keep you half-stashed in the seat
Plus you boo boo kept shit locked down on the streets
Peep, how I get funky with techniques
This bass I rock, this bizness I rock, make crack junkies respect me
Then commence to beat an instrumental
With pads and pencils and MC's go incidental
Motherfucker keep the fuckin beat on deck!
While we wreck his whole fuckin set!
[Flex mixes into the Zulu War Chant]

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