

Funkmaster Flex

"Freestyle - Lost Boyz"

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Yo we represent Queens

[Mr. Cheeks]

Yeah yeah

We have a tight situation goin down right now

A tight situation

LB Fam, Queens most wanted

Funkmaster Flex

Queens niggaz in effect!

Yo (Uptown Boogie Down)

We bring the dram' to the mills, show the skills

(Brooklyn!) Word up? How we do baby

Represent (NYC)

Aiyyo, aiyyo

I come correct with just a paper and a pen

With glasses with tints, I represents with my men

Either, inside or outside the pen

Color of my skin spells sin

And let me begin, to hit these motherfuckers in the gut

My attitude is what? I lay in the cut

Your crew's blunt, they play Moet when we come

I represent the slum no need to tell you where I'm from

Jeans speak for themselves, Jamaica Queens fit

I play the smart when I hustle on the Van Whip

Believe kid, word to mom we come through

And make a power move kid on you you and you

My man Pop got the glock ready in position

Rapper bust a cap we do the same, man listen

You must be on a mission thinkin you can fuck around

With the champ you must be amped you can't blast a whole round

I make the fo'-pound everytime now how you want it

I think I'm bustin up inside that ass because I'm black

So down everyday, that's the way I sway

Like I said before you're just a needle stuck in hey

Yo what the fuck you say? You don't smoke trees?

Now what the fuck that got to do, with the LB's?

Get a few degrees, plus robberies

My rhymes is perfected like a sniper when I squeeze

It's not about the G's it's capabilities in this
For those that try to diss I put you on my death list
I'm the drink they call, lime with a twist
I got the shit that go, pump your black fist (PUMP PUMP)
If you tight what's the deal, wanna get ill?
* last line blurred by Flex scratching *

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