

Funkmaster Flex "Freestyle - Rasta T"

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Funkmaster Flex Intro:

Aight 60 minutes of funk. B-Side flava.

Big shout to the overseer Shalaam,

big shout to my man Rasta T.

Funk Flex from the BX. Aight!

Rasta T:

Infared on top of glocks make the murder docks hot

Now me and Sire got to set up shop

Off a 1-9-8 get our shit straight

Outta state

Cause in New York we eatin' off of paper plates

and that don't hold much weight

So we made a power move for some short keys

Heard of Cool Ds but baby clean with the cheese

Now we off to Tennessees

Where the niggas think we coocoo

The town drink Yoohoo

But the money comes in beaucoup amounts

I can't count all the cream that I seen

But now this gangsta leads with mad cream in his jeans

Graduated from stick ups to makin' big money pick ups

Got dimes that keep my dick up got sons that lift my

bricks up

And transport the weight in about every state

A nigga buy four give 'em eight

And get the cheese and lay the date

Rasta T Costalano

I'm servin' more customers than McDonalds

From dope fiends to winos

But you know the final

Outcome

Dad to be shady

A nigga tried to creep me and sleep me with the 380

A good thing he grazed me on the side of my neck

Cause there is this chick I met that I haven't hit yet

And besides that I'm the Queens hero, Rast T

Can't be lettin' no chumps get no points off me

So when I see you kid it's on you can bet your loot

Or better yet save your cash for your funeral suit

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