

## **Funkmaster Flex**

# **"Freestyle - Shaq And Sonja Blade"**

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[Shaq]

Funkmaster, Big Dawg  
Flex, Sonja Blade  
Freestyle, uhh, uhh  
Wha-wha-what-what?

Show your best, Shaq shit'll blow your chest  
Go through your vest one time flow correct  
Brick City style talk with flair, walk on air  
Sumo, your Halle Berry coochie wear was just a rumor  
Crazy raw, blaze the hardwood floors  
Shut out a whole country two, days before  
Slay your whore, like you never heard of the man  
Rap, Roberto Duran, you, Davy Moore  
So much dough, I could buy a third of the land  
Crash my Jeep jump out, my Suburban you ran  
If you ask me, Shaq ain't flashy  
One piece of platinum make my whole body ashy  
Nigga what?

[Sonja Blade]

Uhh, yo  
It's the sty' thing, I'm a feast, you fried wings  
Sonja Blade gettin more light than your high beams

It's over, when I spit my words I make it dark  
like an eclipse occurred when my click emerge  
I flip you birds, not a gravedigga but I getcha shit  
then serve, y'all know that this chick's disturbed  
I spit superb, so ill, and so real  
While you no frills with no deals I hold steel (BLOW)  
And if I don't kill you, bet the flows will  
For my niggaz that ain't here I'm lettin the Mo' spill  
Briefcases of cough, like a coke deal  
Uncut verses, nuttin but dope skill  
Can't fill my shoes, beyond complicated  
All them big gats you got they confiscated  
Contemplate, I'm the shit, and you constipated  
I slaughter all cause y'all water got it concentrated

See that? Funk Flex, Shaq Dog, Sonja Blade, Redrum  
How we do, nine-eight, uhh

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