

Funkmaster Flex

"Let's Be Specific - Cool Whip"

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One time, one time, one time
Styles kinda different but let's be specific
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This is flavor right here, 60 minutes, y'all

You're just wasn't ready for real, so here's the deal
No type remorse when I pull skill, kill you and your
fucking horse
I'm in the midst of musical moments lyrical guns bust
Bible's you trust and body clocks turn to dust
Explain and slain, you turn slave, you're like Batman

Running to your bitch ass Batcave
Be aware when you witness and turn like Burger maids
Got you swimming while you're dreaming and Cool
Whip seamen
Headaches are like earthquakes, break you down
And crying out for you ladies, motherfucking crybaby

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Foot up [unverified] fitted if you got work
We lying in sooken put you on your back, sent you on
your way
Yo, good looking, never catching the cap, the horns
In your Louis in Brooklyn
Getting over from the fo'er wit the dress stower

Got the 80, oh don't think [unverified] nickel want to
roll up
Get your motherfucking shit swoll up
Now it's back to Queens to serve fiends
Making T's for enemies, my eyes on my enemies

Sipping Hennessey wit my mind on some crime shit
One time searching me but never ever find shit
It's the everyday, get the loot then breeze
Still my goal is to leave out of state, push keys

The Queen's nation, representation, I represent
Bulletproof, 3 and a quarter, chrome rims and tint
Forever bent off the hen demon, niggaz is scheming
My crews mega wit more gun play then Sega

Pick up the cellular, call Capone-N-Noreaga
The nickel plated auto when I rip for dolo
Fuck one time, I'm bucking back at the poo-poo
Mr Danny got me acting like that

Squeeze macs outta state, [unverified] one in your
tracks
I'm addicted to the CREAM, I need cheese and stacks
So I'm a die trying wit AK's and Macs

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Yo, yea, yea, word up kid, word up, check it, check it,
yo

It's the key money, time to get the stacks and maintain
Analyze papers, staying drape wit heavy chains
The Clan has built, pouring armareta's in milk
Rap skin kilt flex nothing but fly silk

For real, Shaolin, house of whylin', house medallion
Peace to cats profiling on the island
Walk the view, play the view, cash in my crew
If I feel shyest, watch the ice turn blue

But for now, milk the cow wit the know how
Chef be on the low down, sidewalk chalk wit the White
Owls
He, yo, niggaz who bless cassettes
Peace my niggaz, one love to Funkmaster Flex

I'm in the hole nigga knocking in sing-sing
Barefoot in draws from jacking yours nigga 'cuz you
saw
99 push ups, I'm fiending for the mic
I'm starting to bug the fuck out, I'm stomping on mice

They feed me like an animal, my style is mad wild
Now back in population, I refuse to crack a smile
Ever since I blew trial, my attitude is fucked up
Anybody say shit to me is getting stuffed up

Petty dope dealers, pimps and big playas
Foxx got the black rock down to rhyme sayar
I'm born on one's crafty shank ripping skulls

Chopping mad niggaz to the blade is mad dull

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