

Funkmaster Flex

"Shook Ones, Pt2 /Wu Tang Clan Ain't Nuthing Ta F' Wit - Mobb Deep"

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Word up son, word
Yeah, to all the killers and the hundred dollar billers
For real, niggas who ain't got no feelings, check it out
now
I got you stuck off the realness
We be the infamous, you heard of us
Official Queens bridge murderers
The Mobb comes equipped with warfare
Beware of my crime family
Who got 'nuff shots to share
For all of those who wanna profile and pose
Rock you in your face
Stab your brain with your nosebone
You're all alone in these streets, cousin
Every man for their self in this land we be gunnin'
And keep them shook crews runnin' like they supposed
to
They come around but they never come close to
I can see it inside your face
You're in the wrong place
Cowards like you just get they're whole body laced up
With bullet holes and such
Speak the wrong words man and you will get touched
You can put your whole army against my team and
I guarantee you it'll be your very last time breathin'
Your simple words just don't move me
You're minor, we're major
You all up in the game and don't deserve to be a playa
Don't make me have to call your name out
Your crew is featherweight
My gunshots'll make you levitate
I'm only nineteen but my mind is older
And when the things get for real
My warm heart turns cold
Another nigga deceased, another story gets told
It ain't nuttin' really, ay yo dun, fuck the Philly
So I can get my mind off these yellow backed niggas
Why they still alive? I don't know, go figure
Meanwhile back in Queens the realness is foundation
If I die, I couldn't choose a better location
When the slugs penetrate, you feel a burning sensation

Getting closer to God

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