

Funkmaster Flex

"Six Million Ways To Die"

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F/ Nine, Tragedy

[Nine]

Pop goes the gat, I get over like a fat rat
Funkmaster Flex and 9 Double M, mad fat
Skills on the table and the mic
With that (six million ways to die) flavor all night
Clean up the cuss when I bust mother (woop)
I'm on some new and improved shit, let me kick it
Crazy motherfucker from the Boogie Down, brother
I smack shit, flip shit, kick shit, I rap shit
Flex on the wheels and I'm Nine Mil the gat
That's how we roll, troop
We give em 187 like Dre and Snoop
Three little six little nine double M's
Sticking up rappers like hems
Back on the scene from the Bronx and I stomp nuff
comp
Six million ways to die, punk

(Funkmaster Flex cuts and scratches)

[Tragedy]

I bring drama like you spit on my momma
And get loose like the lips on Madonna
You get the picture when the rap style hits ya
I run on more niggas than the Jews at a Bar Mitzvah
When I'm splashing my rap transaction
Hard rocks turn white like Michael Jackson
I blow spots and bust shots at hard rocks
And leave you laying in a box with Red Foxx
I keep wild like James Brown doing judo
And have you making love songs like Menudo
The Son of Sam when I aim for your head
Jack the Ripper leave your whole town red
You can't kill me because I'm already dead
I drop flavor like a pack of Now & Laters
And get loose like the feet on Sammy Davis
You know my style, it's the hardcore rhymer
Pass the mic and I get loose like a vagina

(Funkmaster Flex on the ones and twos)

[Nine]

HOO HAH!! I'm funky, so shut your face and let me rip it
Like butter on a biscuit, Nine Double M is wicked
I put the funk in the place with a dunk in your face
And watch you catch a knot like a shoelace
I'm not the one that was begging for a nut like a squirrel
That's like Farrakhan kissing a white girl
I rag it like the Bloods and Crips
I flip scripts, read my lips:
I got mad skills for the no frills
Screaming at girls to pay bills
I got more rap than a Christmas gift
And I'll fill your girl's mouth like grits
Have her chewing while I'm ba-ba-ba booing
It's back to the mic check, one two and
Back up off the gat cause I snap necks
Nine Double M, Tragedy, and Funkmaster Flex

(Funkmaster Flex gets busy)

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