

## **Funkmaster Flex**

# **"Tudunn Tudunn Tudunn (Make U Jump)"**

Visit "[Tudunn Tudunn Tudunn \(Make U Jump\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Murder Inc, Thugged Out, Franchise  
Funk Flex, Big Dog Pitbulls  
Two Suburbans in the fuckin' house  
'Cause Funk Flex and N.O.R.E. are killin' 'em out there  
Scream at ya boy

Yo me and Pun used to slap niggas  
And pat Max in the back of the ax with black niggas  
Or Ricans with Doricans cause nigga I fit  
You see I'm half fuckin' black and motherfuckin' Spic  
You shoulda learned a long time ago

Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn  
How I hit a nigga up  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn  
Nigga's fam's worried

You see the Smirnoff and Cranberry  
My shots comin' in threes like Maulberry  
Wanna see how these fake niggas'll act  
When my shot guns are erased they stomachin' back

Call me Jose most shoot outs most guns  
Most these niggas just mostly run  
You see I'm back spittin' still cookin' in the kitchen  
I'm still a chief ain't a fuckin' gram missin'

Nigga's outta order yo but shit gon' change  
How they life gettin' shorter like Mr. T. James

It's the bass and the music that'll make you jump it go  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn  
Don't be actin' like a punk before we put you in the  
trunk you goin'  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn

Or actin' wild like the hill with my hand on the pump it  
go  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn  
Fuck it we gettin' drunk and smokin' that skunk goin'  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn  
Yo, yo the core ID is fucked up I can't see the number

Feelin' like Stevie Wonder the hood took my under  
I miss my niggas I wanna see 'em  
All my nigga's that's dead is layin' in Mallaciums

For my nigga's that locked up the same shit  
I told y'all niggas I'd hold y'all niggas through all this  
Picture us goin' all legit we're all this  
Line 'em up get 'em all together they're all missed

All my niggas we starvin and waitin  
Take a nigga hockey mask off like Jason  
Better off strong face drop to the pavement  
In 2000 I don't get along with niggas

That's why you never hear me on a song with the  
niggas  
Just my clip roll strong with the niggas  
And wait 'til we see you it's on with you niggas  
And I could just slap y'all go on with you niggas

It's the bass and the music that'll make you jump it go  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn  
Don't be actin' like a punk before we put you in the  
trunk you goin'  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn

Or actin' wild like the hill with my hand on the pump it  
go  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn  
Fuck it we gettin' drunk and smokin' that skunk goin'  
Tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn, tudunn

Big dog big bulls, Funk Flex, Big Cap, Cipher Sounds  
Mr. C Johnny Walkorette, BJ Cayorie  
Frank Junga Corea, The Funk Regulator, C-note  
Keep it gator and keep it global  
SP killa this shit is fuckin' ugly  
Cut this shit off it's a fuckin' wrap

Visit [Funkmaster Flex](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.