

## **Funkmaster Flex**

# **"What Son What - Capone-N-Noreaga"**

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[Noreaga - talking]

Lets keep it grimy! (get with that shit)

What y'all niggaz get man?

What y'all gets murder unit (murder unit)

or burn unit (burn unit)

Get a real fuckin life unit (real life fuckin unit)

A real unit; a motherfuckin, CNN shit (CNN!)

My nigga Swift on the motherfuckin fours (fours)

We thugged out y'all (what!)

Yo, yo.. we thugged out y'all!

[Chorus: Capone-N-Noreaga]

[N] I say I don't really give a fuck

[C] Why do don't really give the fuck?

[N] Cause I don't really give a fuck

[C] So we don't really give the fuck

[N] You gon' roll with me?

[C] Hell yeah

[N] What son what!? You gon' roll with me?

[C] Hell yeah

[N] What son what!? You gon' roll with me?

[C] Hell yeah

[N] What son what!? You gon' ride with me?

[C] Hell yeah

[N] What son what!? You gon' die with me?

[C] Hell yeah

[N] What son what!?

[Capone]

Right every bill I stack another war, story and track

Settle down for money; hungry cats peddle the crack

Some strive to be the man but never make it that's the granted further

What part you playin the game, who gonna slash worker

Some'll pray to Jesus, I pray to Jes to free us

Don't look for bail Rufus bail Criminal Court

When a judge holla "Father you sure?"

Cats never sent a nigga to jail, they send him bail

I been as real as I stealin free lunch

I got the greats from this old man give me hearse and,

I made a move from a plan scauwered new land (fuck a

blue van)  
My shoes bang, fictitious niggaz, walk in the path that I  
lead (I lead)  
Do crime in New York, money and murder  
Gentleman talk, ball like Atlanta Hawk  
No respect, this on the stacks of the court  
I started off in the street thing, triple it's on

[Chorus]

[M.A.Z.E.]

Ya niggaz livin a lie, spittin the same  
Its no room, no BI for y'all in the game  
See me I, stay where it pop  
Off the chain like my diss and it rocks  
Movin the same is the strippin the spot  
I'm hot, rock glizzery from the bottom to top  
Grizzy, don't let it pop, didn't he spy on these hoes  
To piss off the killer in me  
Me and six will slick through it (through it)  
Bronx river to the con do it  
I see Don P calm as me, like spazin dead on your cheek  
Like green to my eye, shit, write it down sincere  
Get to say my name in the air  
Niggaz pipe down, put they mic down  
Niggaz scared that we ain't even drop yet  
Yet this year we show ya all who the hottest (hottest)  
The projects, I rep to my death (rep it nigga!)  
X'd out hoes, we regulate (X'd out hoes!)  
We ain't sharin or fillin 'boes; see how we go?

[Chorus] - with Noreaga adlibs

[Noreaga]

Keep the Mac under the seat  
To fast niggaz ready to creep  
And my niggaz stayin with heat  
Like the hook go - what son what!?  
Like the shit go - what son what!?  
See me in the hood though  
With a hood though, with a little puppet  
And we doing no good though  
Pussy sub, pussy sub, through the club  
Niggaz don't need no math  
I rather, get head, I don't need no ass  
Fuck all of y'all, y'all don't really rep for me  
I mean you, and you ain't the set for me  
I'm in different vicinities, gettin high with your enemies  
So niggaz better stop playin  
Before I get the M-One and just start sprayin  
Keep your block on lock, so now you go

Nigga, I sell bricks like my name Alpo

[Chorus]

[Mussolini]

It's no rumor what you hear about us in clubs  
Or freight some young Blood  
No vest protect the shot for your mug  
Snake niggaz hear the move, every chance they get  
Rap niggaz I'ma dead 'em on the advance they get  
Hustlin niggaz, I catch y'all Uptown  
Soon as papi hit you, I'm right behind you holding it  
down  
Ya niggaz, got it confused  
Pop bottles and boo's  
Might fit, make you come out of your jewels  
A little more richer  
Every sixteenth spit a little more sicker  
Rap for M.A.Z.E. cause that's my nigga  
I spit it for the streets  
My bitches and freaks, lacking four to twenty G's  
Thugging every week, stylin out, Violator I'm wildin out  
MU and thugged out, them hoes talkin about  
We off the yell dogg, the entire know this song  
Cause me and M.A.Z.E. bet fire, thugged out strong,  
motherfucker

[Chorus]

[Norega]

Huh? Huh? We say what son what!?  
Huh? What? Yeah (stop playing.. motherfucker)  
Yeah, yeah; we say what son what!?  
Huh? Huh? Yeah, yeah; we say what son what!?  
Huh? Huh? Huh? Yeah yeah, we say what son what!?  
Burn unit, burn unit; my nigga Swift on the  
motherfuckin four's  
What what?

{\*Noreaga continues to adlib in background\*}

[Funkmaster Flex - over end of Noreaga]

Yeah, Capone-N-Nore baby!  
Thugged Out! Shout to Martin Moore  
Shout to my man Gina  
Things is happenin baby  
Sixty Minutes of Funk Volume Four (okay)  
Shout to Irv Gotti (ill sound, murder)

