

## City

### "Nuttin' But Flavor"

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[Funkmaster Flex]

Word up, you know the flavor, bounce to the beat  
It's the Funkmaster Flex to make you lean in your jeep  
On, one time for your mind  
C. Boogie break 'em off a little something!

[Charlie Brown]

Hey, yo, check it out, it's real late in the morning  
All these other DJ's, they really got me yawning  
But when Funkmaster Flex gets the radio hyped  
The people of type, it's time to wipe  
All the MC's that think they can rap real fresh  
Now the Boogie to the Brown comes off and I pass any  
test  
Like and SAT that inspires  
All I ever wanted was my name on fliers  
Blowing up the spot, rock hard, with the rhythm that  
goes around the clock  
Tick tick tock is the hands of time  
So listen to a brother as I start to climb  
It's like that, that that or this  
Get up and get dissed because my crew makes five  
fingers and a fist  
That's right, reminice over cuts and give me a kiss  
baby doll

"Nuttin' but flavor like Funkmaster Flex" (cut and  
scratched 4x)

[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Shoot me down, hear the sound  
WOOO, tight rugged-ass hip-hip sound  
Here I go again, something brand new  
Like my mom-AHH, rough any son out of the blue  
Straight to the point baby, I was born to be dope  
I was doing me, doooing meeee, DOOOOING MEEEEEE,  
nope  
You slept on the record now it's time to break out  
Like a 40 being cracked, tasting good down the neck  
The lyric that I'm kicking to you from the crib  
All in together now, funky like a shoe

Baby, I love rap and rap loves me  
Like a sister to a microphone to an MC  
What is an MC if he has no flow?  
Go aheeeeeaaaad, it's that in, Inspector Closeau  
Uh, Black Panther, would you do me? No sir  
Doing me is like a fisherman without water  
Then what could you catch? Nothing, stop fronting  
That's like a man with no legs kicking something  
What could you kick if you're not that slick  
Another flip to God, it's like Hot without him sir!  
What is your mission, please allow me to rock the spot!  
Kill a cop, don't cop walk do jop!

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scratched 4x)

[BizMarkie]

The Biz came here to rock you and really blow your  
mind  
I can't really do it to you girl, I can do it to you anytime  
I don't mean no harm girl, all I want to do is sing  
With Funkmaster Flex on the turntables, and I am the  
microphone king  
I am down with the F-L-I-P Squad and you know I'm the  
Uh, original B-I-Z Markie, hey now  
You know me as the o-rig-in-al B-I-Z dub-iz uh A-R-K I  
with the E  
Best in Zing, man-appointed rap king  
Now I am bug-ging on the mic, no it's me, do what I like  
Now I'm sending this out to New Jersey and the Boogie  
Down  
Can't forget um, um, um, the Queens and  
Brooklyn is on the scene and  
Uptown, Manhattan, and Connecticut, it don't matter to  
me  
Yes yes y'all, to the beat y'all  
Party having people guaranteed to be like having a ball  
I'm the original one  
It don't matter to me because you know I sound so full  
and  
Ahhhhh, number like addition  
Super-educated, I'm on top of the list and  
This is something for the radio, hoe  
You know me, cause I am on the go  
Another mic and DAH DAH DAH DAH DAH DAH DAH DAH  
DAH DAH  
I make that out of my mind  
Now I can sing a record, I get respected  
I'm never neglected, while connected, Kyle connected  
You know me, I'm the original B, Funkmaster,  
I'm just buggin', I'll just leave

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