

Nas**"Nas Freestyle"**Visit "[Nas Freestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Yo Funk Flex
what the fuck is the deal-e my niggee?
This is Nas in yo area
y'all know the science, right?
Rhymes, cash, weed, cars,
ghetto celebrities, hood moviestars
Gat slingers now rap singers are
who we are, Nasty to Nas,
Nas to Escobar
Rhymes, cash, da weed, cars,
ghetto celebrities, hood moviestars
Gat slingers now rap singers are
who we are, from Nasty to Nas,
Nas to Escobar

Y'all know this shit right?
We gonna get it right, get high tonight
Funk Flex right? My first tool 22s,
I hung with crews and rocked funny jewels
rope chains, halloween,
we bombed sunday schools
first blunts, cutting class
first wifee had me nothing fast
used to brag about who I had
Always wore a bag on my dick
Pants sagged on my kicks, Converse
Weapons, yellow, and purple magics
Bird had that black shit
shorties jumpin on mattress
97, pockets is fat, rock'n stocking caps
under Yankee hats
God painted me Black , thanks for that
I'm original man, show improve
The mack move right in my hand
Blowdro, murderer, M.O., God for O
Tinted window, hennessy XO, fuckin' wit Esco
Heavy metal could wet you, yo bless me
Jail niggas go ta hell quicker
lick you wit that huntin shot
Rockin VVS rocks, stylin, wildin
Peace to Queensbridge housin

congratulate flex, five-hundred thousand
SOLD
Fuckin better than gold, nigga

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