

Sadat X "The Funkiest"

Visit "[The Funkiest](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Hook]

Make it the funkiest (Make it the funkiest)
Make it the funkiest (Make it the funkiest)
Make it the funkiest (Make it the funkiest)
Ooh, whoa, ooh

[Verse 1]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
I'll bring more, much more to the board
I'll draw guns, be the first slingin' mud
Whole lotta women and even old men
See me on the streets say when you gonna hit up
Wild rappers out there still tryin' to get up
But I'll take ya boys way back, straight back
Pull over near Lex, smoke roast of the fifth
When I was nice now that I'm older I'm nicer
Niggas line up, ya might as well sign up
Cause this here blast is good for that ass
My predicitions WHAT visit Japan WHAT
Been to Africa WHAT sit down and feel that gut
Went to Puerto Rico with my man Fat Joe
And the infamous Louie Crack
I know he got my back
New York got sweet guns, got the smoke spots
Give it I'm stashin' fuck it I'm smashin'
All newcomers are goin' down this Summer
Cause the X right here run this shit
I'm as peace as peace can get
Out standin' in the Atlantic just to get my feet wet
Went to Roller Bear club, give the girl the real rub
But girls yell sexual harassment
But you go out, cage is ripped up in blades

[Hook]

[Verse 2]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Women see the men hit the the grind on the dance
floor
If ya can handle that then unleash funky way
And if ya can handle that then get the hell outta here
This ain't the place to be joined with ya wife's affair

Now girls stay in line everyone is how I thought of
Parents watch the pack cause one could be ya
daughter
I'll take a penny for those who sound silly
Skinny man carries the fire hose

Looks can be deceiving can't ya tell with ya clothes
It's all there, lucky I swear
Will appear from the rear, grab ya ear then I'm outta
here
Hit the horn before the male goes group
Ellie gas is my style of past
Now I'ma run on this beat, whippin' out rude cations
Manhattan location and there ain't no vacation
So stay on ya guard, ya ought to be safe
But if approached and large
Ya walk around and think ya whole life is stars
I'm reachin' I'm strugglin'
I'm tired of jugglin'
I'm reachin' I'm reachin' I'm climbin' I'm climbin'
No one in the world got this style of rhymin'
Check it out
Old enough to know New York's about to blow
Roll with the home team, Ross gorilla family
Lay on sheets of satin
In the heart of black Manhattan
Now new style runnin' with the park rangers
Hate to break down the whole gate
People often see me in jams
They be thinkin' I'm high
Nah that just be my lazy eye
But I can't front, sometimes I be chiefin'
Ya hear that, girl at the bar wanna taste wanna hear
that
No I didn't come to this here with no gun
I just got my lil' army, I just got my lil' army
It's like yubba over there and yuba over there
I think she should split when I decide to appear
WHAT I wanna see her stay and her jam
Army protect me the king that I am
Ya girlfriend was slammed cause she fronted on my
man
And when she did that it was Hell up in Harlem
I'll take the loot but I can pass on the stardom
This is just a lil' verse for y'all to get wet
A lil' something showin' soon I'm a threat
You can bet yo, and you bet I'm gon' make ya head get
wet
Make it the funkiest

[Hook]

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.