

## The Velvet Underground

### "Tudunn Tudunn Tudunn"

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[Funkmaster Flex]

Murder Inc.

Thugged Out

Franchise

Funk Flex

Big dog pit bulls!

Two suburbans and a fucking Hurst!

Cause Funk Flex and Nore are killin' em out there!

Scream at ya boy!

[Noreaga]

Yo me and Pun used to slap niggas

And pack macs in the back of the hatch with black  
niggas

On weekends with the Ricans cause nigga I fit

You see I'm half fucking black and motherfucking spik

Should have learned a long time ago Tudunn, Tudunn,  
Tudunn

How I hit a nigga up Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn

Niggas fans worry you see us smear off in cranberry

My shots come in, in threes, like Maubary

Wanna see how these fake niggas'll act

When my shotgun will erase there stomach and back

Call me Hosea, more shoot outs, most guns

Most of these niggas just mostly run

You see I'm back spittin' and still cooking in the kitchen

I'm still a chef ain't a fucking gram missing

Niggas out of order you know shit gone change

How they life getting shorter like Mr. T's chain

(Chorus)

[Willie Stubz]

The bass and the music that'll make you jump

It go Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, dunn

Why you acting like a punk before we put you in a trunk

You going Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn,  
dunn

Acting wild like the hill with my hand on the pump

It go Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, dunn

Fuck it we getting drunk and smoking that skunk

Y'all going Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn,

dunn

[Funkmaster Flex - overlapping last line of chorus]

Yeah, It's going down!

Funk Flex, Nore!

[Noreaga]

My caller ID is fucked up I can't see the number

Feeling like Stevie Wonder, the hood took me under

I miss my niggas I wanna see em

All my niggas that's dead laying in mausoleums

For my niggas that's locked up the same shit

I told y'all niggas I hold y'all niggas to all this

Picture us going all legit with all this

Line em up; get em all together they all miss

See all my niggas we starvin' and waitin'

To take a nigga hockey mask off like Jason

Better Armstrong face drop to the pavement

In 2000 I don't get along with niggas

That's why you never me on a song with a niggas

Just my clique roll strong them niggas

And wait till we see y'all it's on with you niggas

And I could just slap y'all go on little niggas

(Chorus)

[Funkmaster Flex]

Big dog pit bulls!

Funk Flex, Big Kap!

Cipher sounds!

Mr. Cee!

Johnny Walker Red, DJ Kiore!

Frank Jigga, Corey Ock!

The Funk Regulator C-note!

Keep It Gator!

And keep it global!

SPKilla this shit is fucking ugly!

Cut this shit off, it's a fucking wrap!

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