

## DMX F/ Drag-On, Swizz Beatz "Funky"

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[Keith] Yo whattup Ced? This beat is funky  
[C.Gee] Word up Kool Keith you know why this beat is  
funky?

Cause I ain't havin it no other way

[Keith] Word

[C.Gee] So bust this, yo Keith

I want you to rip this beat apart, it's on you

[Kool Keith]

I keep stamina, for a beat that's rocketable

For you wack MC's, it's jocketable

Bite the notes and quotes, analysis

Home pissed as I disrespect you obedients

But my rhymes correct you like a switch

to a small mistake

I wax all of you, and leave your ears to ache

You need Excedrin, Anacin, medicine

And for your brain, what better sin stupid

Now you picked your choice

You didn't win now you're seein my voice

in the flesh, step out your radio

No illusions, back in stereo

So here we go as I step on to you

I never knew you but my rhymes go through you

like acid, I burn your whole suit off

I'm Heat Miser, and you're Rudolph

For any date and time you wanna square off

My rhymes are clippers, they cut your hair off

the back the sides the top above your brain

below your skull, I step to you

cause you're plastic, my mind is solid steel

I make your domepiece spin like a windmill

Slow, I think it's time to go

I'm not havin it

Whattup Trev? I'm not havin it

I'm runnin the universe about right now

[TR Love]

Yeah? Yo Ced Gee, what you got to add to that?

[Ced Gee]

I tell a crowd of rappers, I need a whole stadium  
The Kingdome, an arena or palladium  
Step off, while I walk on stage  
with the rhyme missile, cold blowin your ass up  
For better safety, leave your mask up  
Musically, I'm like lye in your face  
I drown meters with tons of bass  
You can't take it, the funkier I make it  
With brick walls, you can't break it  
Toy boy, you beat the Noyd  
I be a Jetson, smooth like Elroy  
Blastoff, I pull your cells out a socket  
A twelve gauge with rhymes I gotta cock it  
I'm deep fryin, chicken MC's who fell off  
Recruited as a boy scout  
And now the sissy, becomes a girl scout  
Tryin to rip and lift and shift style to mines  
on the wack-ass beat  
I get unique, write rhymes for your feet  
to shuffle, watch your shoes scuffle on down  
to the funky rhythm that I give em  
Ced Gee on the mic, I'm not havin it  
Word up, I'm not havin it man  
I'm fed up with all this nonsense goin on

[TR Love]

Yeah I see a lot of things gettin out of hand out here  
So Keith, get it off your chest

[Kool Keith]

I'm not that average rapper, nobody's equal  
And for the biter, his beat will  
grow and grow and grow, til he finds out  
He's not a pro-fessionally,  
up to par, with myself  
No comp', I like to battle myself  
by myself, compete again myself  
Score myself, on these weak ass charts  
How can a fool say he's on the top?  
Eight million rappers, my rhymes stop  
with lyric bombs, the wack ones drop  
like snowflakes, they turn to cornflakes  
My voice shakes, causin earthquakes in Michigan  
parts of New York  
For local rappers, ducks who tryo to hawk  
on the avenue, my rhymes are international  
Covering, worldly smothering  
I'm brain bustin, so take a Bufferin quick  
until your knots start to heal  
and go down, and feel OK

But like my son, you still obey  
certain laws, a major is a factor  
I pull your skull out, move it with a tractor  
Diesel power, crushin MC's who try to  
talk and mix and change and bite the lyrics  
of a master, I'm Kool Keith, I'm not havin it

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