

## **Funkmaster Flex F/ In Essence**

### **"Kool is Back"**

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Boy come on get with this, cause you can't diss this  
I'm burnin yo' ass like syphilis  
A fast brother you're just a lover with a sore hand  
I freeze MC's as if Frosty the Snowman  
No man withstands the pain I bring  
So face a hellraise of cut, like a laser  
Polo plays a part, inside the arts, I grab charts  
Start to break you apart, so get smart  
You cry for help, knowin you felt, the rhyme  
makin the track melt, Polo drops like a black belt  
MC's are grounded, pounded down, astound  
They rounded up, pounds of sounds, but I drowned  
them  
Surround to check the tape, and play when rate too  
great  
Related too late, I demonstrate fate  
I'm fast and, passin the stage of an assassin  
Massacre, in a mash I start blatin  
Fury article, periodicial  
Blowin up all the cools and molecules, here read the  
articles  
Everytime I build the plan and killed the man  
MC's got smoked without a filter and  
skunked them up like marijuana  
Terminator of data and your rhymes is Sarah Conner  
You can't rip out, rap up, slip up, slap up  
Cause you're trapped up, to get capped up  
Play the back of dis here scenery  
You clowns'll get broke down like machinery  
I bring trouble on the double, bust you like a bubble  
Hardrocks get crushed into rubble  
The gates of hell open wide to scope in  
And I'm hopin, you're brought to the Pope and  
the holy bible when you made your arrival  
Now the name of the game is survival  
The result isn't real difficult to strategy  
I'm \_Stayin Alive\_ like John Travolta  
My rhymes are gettin hotter, I gotta  
round to allow clowns like a Globetrotter  
So I'ma give you the hell that you brought me in  
I'm a king with the sting of a scorpion

I just follow your footprint, trace track and blackout  
You better shout to get a rap out  
What I arrange invented, it's strange demented  
The range, be changed when I entered  
a stage of furious rage when I had this madness  
badness, you felt sadness  
Raps are brave and outrageous; all those  
chicken rhymes you written should be put in the Yellow  
Pages  
I stand tall, play the wall, and watch dem brain stall  
and wet yo' ass like rainfall  
I think you need a replacement, you're illin  
Call that buildin boy, you're still in the basement  
A brain cell swells to jam like a pelican  
Fresh out of breath, death left you a skeleton  
I'm gonna need your full cooperation  
This is a matter of life and death operation  
To ease a man in the siege of surgery  
of bein done without anesthesia  
Go slow, hell no, I let the beat kick  
And I get wicked like the Witches of Eastwick  
I'm not soft, I kill suckers off  
Disarmin it, bombim it, off in a coffin  
You get struck, and just like a motherfuckin duck  
and plucked and shit out of luck and fucked  
Designated to self-destruct  
Knocked around like a hockey puck  
K-double-O-L-G-R-A-P, N-O M-C plays me  
You wish your name had a G but to be  
a badder G boy you gotta play with strategy  
Top rankin, thinkin ability, memory bankin  
But instead you're just sinkin  
I attack like a pack of whacked out maniacs  
G. Rap's back

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