

Funkmaster Flex F/ In Essence

"Still Wanted Dead or Alive"

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"When you're on the run from the police, you got two options

Turn yourself in.. or come out BLASTING!" *boom*

[Kool G. Rap]

The chase ain't over, the battle ain't done yet

Get your ass out of town before sunset

Bullets you felt got you runnin for help

You gettin struck and my nine is STILL tucked under the belt

I'm wanted dead or alive, but I'm still standin

Just tell Shannon, got the van with the cannon

When I hit, either the nine or the pound spits

I even flipped on a mob I was down with

So I'm packin a mac at night

And blue and whites are everywhere in a nigga sight

So come on, you little pigs, who's the bravest?

Cause I'ma spit on your ass like Larry Davis

Bumpin em off somethin decent

Jump out slow and drop the cocktail bomb in the precinct

And drop ten with the Glock-10 *boom boom boom*

I made another cop spin

Now Uncle Sam really wants me

But I'ma hit some more spots, then I'm flyin out the country

It ain't about runnin off like a sucker

I dug my own grave out this motherfucker

So I gotta hustle and gamble

But before I split, believe I leavin shit in shambles

It's a long plane ride, but a nigga gotta survive

I'm still wanted dead or alive

I'm turnin the city morgue to a deli

Was in the belly of the beast now the beast is in my belly

I gotta get up more loot

Time to throw back on the army suits and Timberland boots

Blast at the niggaz from the East New York scene

I got my man C with me from Fort Greene

Al Capone, D Creative G, and peep my man named B
Ready to peel caps like potatoes
Kev and Akinyele's on the lookout
Up in the spot, niggaz are crooked out and took out
bang There goes a brain *bang* There goes a liver
Ain't no time, for dumpin niggaz in the river
I ain't lovin you niggaz no more
vrrrrrrrrroom It's time for the chainsaw
Off with the legs, arms, and head later
And throw the shit down in the incinerator
Then I'm off with the drugs and ends
Now it's time to get some motherfuckin revenge
To the nigga that stuck me in jail
I sent his momma's fingers to him in the mail
caught up with his ass inside the 10th floor hall
bullets spray Painted the motherfuckin walls
Never mind having balls, you niggaz better duck and
dive
I'm still wanted dead or alive

Aiyyo Jinx, bust em in they motherfuckin face

"I pop in my Kool G. Rap and Polo tape" -> Chuck D

They was - straight goin out like a gunner
Because a nigga's wanted, I'm even hunted by bounty
hunters
But I'm spittin out bigger lead
They got about a half a million dollar reward on a
nigga's head
But I murdered the whole crew
I saw they spirits leave they bodies and I shot at them
bitches too
I put the nine to their it's so simple
bang bang Now that's what I call a Holy Temple
You put a nigga to the test
But if you fuck with me, then you fuckin with the best
I'm wettin niggaz and I'm fleein G
Cause Sing-Sing ? ? ? ain't seein me
You gettin zipped up in leather
Cause if your ass leaks once, then your ass leaks
forever
To the nigga that threatened my life
Went up to his crib, started wettin his wife
Nigga hidin in a closet
Checked his ass, and made a motherfuckin deposit
Sucker tried to get live
Yeah, I'm still wanted dead or alive

