

Funkmaster Flex f Ice Cube and Mack 10

"Ice Cube and Mack 10 freestyle"

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Ice Cube]

Aiyyo, this is Ice Cube the Don Mega. Don't worry about your time zone, get

your grind on. 60 Minutes of Funk, Volume 3. Final Chapter, yeah, ya-ay!

[Funkmaster Flex]

Aight, my man Mack 10 gettin ready to lace all this.

[Mack 10]

Yo, check it, let the games begin

It's all to the good, bust out to the NYC from Inglewood

We can all get down, have loot, and get licked

So fuck the bi-coastal beef and bullshit

It's the nigga that you know is gun-ho

Mack one-o, I bust bad bitches in pairs, never one hoe

With ?tips? for the real niggas to make it thorough

Much love to the East Coast ghettos and the boroughs

Like E.F. Hutton, they listen when I'm speakin

Poor white trash, black niggas, to Puerto Ricans

Mack wanna blast when the index itches

Plus I use it to finger bitches and hit switches

Check the menu, you need it, I got it

Everything, hit records to narcotics

Its all about the dough, rain, sleet or snow

And the first fool to cross me catch the four-four

Then the phats on ?bun?, surprise you with that one

And whoever don't like it, fuck em and eat a fat one

The to homies in the pen, I'll send you a kite

Cause its time for the real niggas to unite

Like Funkmaster Flex, you know its all about figures

We showed each other love so now Flex is my nigga

I remember the day, if it was good you never fought it

No matter where you were from if it was bumpin you bought it

From East to West Coast, its all the same

Its either run the dope game, or do the rap thang

Mack 10 keep it gangsta, all the way tight

Two heats on my hip, left and right for the fight

So with that hoo-bangin life

[Funkmaster Flex]

Y'knaw mean, cause that's the way we keep it moving, baby.

[Ice Cube]

Yeah, Ice Cube, my man Funkmaster Flex, my man Mack 10. It don't stop, The

Final Chapter. You know how we do it.

[Funkmaster Flex]

I still ain't havin it, motherfucker. Aight, look out for that! Aight? Drop

that, don't miss it. I'm tired of nigas frontin on me, a lot of nigga frontin

on me. Be-atch! Aight

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