

Funkmaster Flex F/ Cocoa Brovaz

"Impact of Plaguez"

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[Hystwise]

Ayo' my armor cored mercenary staff holdin' swords
what

Hold up - Godblade carrier its over

Bizarre traits scarfaced soldiers

Dark reign colder than an artic day

No witnesses the fam is...wait...hold up...no witnesses
the fam is...wait

Hold up yo' - Hold up yo'

I think I got this

Yo' Skee I think I'm a merc this shit yo'

It's still a sick plague what

To get brave quick they get ate up

If they simply must straight up

Raise guns come slingin' them up

Man I run this

Plain out spell the name out

Its H Y S T double U I S to the E GO!

Resort to the tactic war faggots you called out

Khaki pants still holdin knives like a boyscout

The button up is doin it fuckers ain't salutin' the kid

So I double up when shootin' at them

Clikclak clikclak Nigga I ain't doin' no bid

I bested them try'na run in they bitch like estrogen

Me and Skeem who you messin' with this is not football

We'll take the first down no measurin we sickest

Yo Hyst is it the limit when it's all said

Revenge is full of trife shit the clips is full of bald heads

You'll like this nigga don't stunt guardin' ya' fam

Cause we'll roll up on ya' ass like a parkin' ramp

How dare you try to match this rapper slash

Slash ya' back with bags of glass that's wrapped in
plastic bags

Ya'll lack luster son's got a delicate style

It lacks mustard I'm ahead of my time but yo'

You can get it early too

Cult VI Hystwise Skeemo don't holla

Niggaz can't touch my team

What would it take for you fucks to see you can't touch

us

Rollin' with ya' thug named Skeem the young cat
Hystwhizzle bats knives gats might get you
This quarantine staff lock it all down
You sick that's unfortunate you gettin' a coffin
It's still a sick plague what
They get brave quick they get ate up

[Skeemo]

Ayo' I flip packs while you still flip burgers
Code of the street you murder me you get murdered
But you ain't never seen no heat
You ain't never seen a nigga take 3 plus lay in the
streets
You ain't a soldier spit at least 6 at ya' rover
It's over ya' mouth'll get ya' shot dick blower
Robberies and murders on ya' block I did it
You might get ya' truck shot at if I'm in it
Let me catch you on the ground I pop 3 in ya' coat
Touch mics with a decent approach
The heaters'll blow bang you in ya' nose and neck
You pose no threat leave ya' clothes soakin' wet
And I ain't talkin' 'bout a rain storm
I'm talkin' 'bout ya' red fluid when the bullets in my
chamber gone
Tell me somethin' is you 'bout it or not?
You wanna play Peekaboo? you under the car come out
and get shot

[Hystwise]

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Ayo' my armor cored mercenary staff holdin' swords
what
Torture more godblade carrier it's over
Bizarre traits scarfaced soldiers - dark reign colder
than an artic day
Code name citizen H - my flow grade you would give it
an A
Blow strays like perverted vets
Ride out all piled up
Get it got it you can hide brah
You lamp in the house while we sit around plannin' this

out
No witnesses the fam is down
And the plot is like niggaz on stretchers we the E M T's
that carry 'em out!
Cat what ya' worryin' for?
I'll blast first till you smash dirt sputter out ya' last word
Ya' bastard one shot tools studder masters'll
Fuck ya' back up Ace ya' hood like an Acura's
Too cruel for manufacture say I'm good
And it's accurate enough brah I'm nice as fuck don't
holla

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