

## **Funkmaster Flex F/ Cocoa Brovaz**

### **"Put It"**

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[Clowd9yne]

A slight mishap ya'll ain't gon' like this track  
Spits I'm nice with that drip strike ya' back  
It's like I'm on a mission now all you punks dissin'  
Clowd  
I'll have you beat down and into it so bad you missin'  
out  
Sittin' down sippin' crown son ya' ass'll get throne off  
Listen how these cats sound suddenly so soft  
So fuck your critiques and enough what you speakin'  
Your dreams sayin' nothin' like you stuck in ya' sleep  
and  
Somethin' is creepin' I think it's catchin' on  
Comin' from any type of object next to ya'll  
And it's so contagious I ain't Kelly or Isley  
Son I'm inside the beast it's the belly where I sleep  
With these sick thoughts I might get brains out it  
Direction is not needed cuz it's always clouded  
When I'm poundin' ya' sound to the floor it just keeps  
them  
Weak emcees who try and make attempts to speak up  
Ya' best bet don't say nothin' when ya' listenin'  
You scuffle with ya' written shit you bustin' or ya'  
listenin' son  
Get ya' aim right cuz I'm a drain life  
For ya'll hatin' on me sayin' I don't spell my name right  
in that case I take it easy and just drop 9yne  
With this verse read between the lines man the stop  
signs  
Ya' block finds it kind of hard I'm soul killin'  
And so willin' to start my projects with no buildings  
I don't sound patient no yeast or foundation  
I rise like the sun but never found day shift  
And clowns hate this these lyrics are proud rapists  
Beat you to the concrete you damn brown faces  
It's goin' down alot of ya'll raisin' up  
Background Cult VI fake cats afraid of us

[Yendi]

Gimme the mic

[Clowd9yne]  
Put your life on it  
Man, you don't want it - better

[Yendi]  
Gimme the mic

[Clowd9yne]  
Man, put your wife on it  
Put your house up, go 'head

[Yendi]  
Gimme the mic

[Clowd9yne]

Y'all don't like me  
Y'all wanna hate me  
I understand why critics ain't ready to take me

[Yendi]  
Gimme the mic

[Clowd9yne]  
Son you actin' like you want it then put ya' life on it  
Go 'head and risk it yeah that's you in a nice coffin so  
You write war get sickened off this tip  
To rip all kids to split you all with  
Think rocket ships yeah some slip and fall shit  
You're parents had 4 daughters I'm stickin' ya' forces  
shit  
Itchin' for more I'm a let the Hyst finish you  
i'm backstabbin' but I'm really stickin' knives into you  
I get like chemicals and burn type lyricals  
The herb type critical your words like pitiful  
You murder me I think not you might die tryin'  
With those weak plots bad moves and time linin'  
It's 9's to ya' mind bitch and Clowd's where you be at  
Lookin' down at me like damn I tried to defeat that

[Yendi]  
Gimme the mic

[Clowd9yne]

Put your life on it  
Man, you don't want it - better

[Yendi]  
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[Clowd9yne]

Man, put your wife on it  
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[Yendi]  
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[Clowd9yne]  
Y'all don't like me  
Y'all wanna hate me  
I understand why critics ain't ready to take me

[Yendi]  
Gimme the mic

[Clowd9yne]  
Combustin' with flames instinct just look back  
At this track like "damn rap's the only thing I'm good  
at"

Ayo' I'm makin' this sick mind trap I find cats  
Gettin' 2 blunt rappin' like regular dime sacks  
I'm better than 9 gats knives and big blades  
You listen and didn't know that I get hype this way  
Strangled with nightsticks chains and ropes to ya' neck  
Ya'll ain't try'na survive if you hope for the best  
Put ya' chokin' to rest man I'm focused to death  
I'm like smoke in ya' breath when I open ya' chest  
I been over the best niggaz always below  
With this track underground it's makin' the streets glow  
Take in the heat blow fire from this fist  
With angel dust you still ain't gettin' higher than this  
shit  
I ride with the VI not claimin' the Crips and  
It's in my Culture son I must remain this sickenin'  
Combustin' with flames instinct just look back  
At this track like damn rap's the only thing I'm good at  
I would stack bodies up lumberjack niggaz  
You should pack shotties up comin' back sicker  
When I thunder - cats shiver I ain't never callin' truces  
I'd rather double split you and have you fallin' to  
deuces

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