

## **Funkoars f/ Pegz**

### **"Meet the Family"**

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[Chorus 4X: Pharoahe Monch sample from Organized Konfusion's "Stray Bullet"] "Dashin, buckin, greet by fuckin family They follow behind me in a orderly fashion" [Trials] Obese work on beats with no sleep Stand tall on both feet till we start to stagger My grandma got a rented, put the disc in, dump the shit and take it back and you're forgiven, LISTEN! That's what I'ma do when your crew drops an album The difference is mine's sick as FUCK and yours ain't even out yet Trials wanna, drink with a death wish My kind of investment's a rich bitch pregnant We down for the cause, Pegz and 'Oars You wanna find us when we're drinking? Better check the floors See I'm, drunk and orderly, I oughta be in a room that's padded like the passage to a period womb Doing shows for chump change, thanks, fuck I'm too fat for fashion parades and album fame The only reason that I said that is to get the bread back Ported all the promo packs that get sent back.. oy Suf'! [Pegz] Sample the beat up like a man with a cleaver Standing between the mic and a handful of cheeba Used to battle for peanuts with glandular fever Now I walk the streets like a man with amnesia This is my fam, I got love and respect You ain't fucking with Ses' or Reflux on the decks Big Trials with the freestyles, jump on your chest Plus Hons will take your soul, fucking with Pegz Nothing compares, disrespect the omen Better check your head to protect your scrotum Cause we kept the revolving to head the shogun Now we're all in like Texas Hold 'Em We put food on the table and opened eyes We put crew on the label and polarised We truth down the cable and showed our lives Real Hip Hop, I love you like an only child [Chorus: 2X] [Hons] We come together like a Christmas dinner Obese fam, Suffa's beat slams till it's off the Richter The 'Oars and Pegasus connect like Slick Rick and necklaces, a perfect match like we more than a Federer Pure negligence that we ain't blown yet So they ain't seen our set till this country's tone deaf I write rhymes like an obituary, and turn the other cheek on wack rappers like I switch your sex back to missionary Obese family, 'Oars are drunk uncles

Sleazy with the gin till I give her stink knuckle I'ma send  
these new jacks packing back to boot camp to polish up  
their skills and take it back to the Boom Bap My crew  
fatter than, speak tones of arrogance These faggots  
just make me look better so I ain't mad at 'em I send  
'em packing with a punchline Obese crew, we keep it  
pure so they don't infect our bloodline [Sesta] Yeah,  
old timers, their lease is up, fuck 'em Recent releases,  
Jesus Christ, nothing but a bunch of motherfuckers that  
sound like another bunch of motherfuckers, it's easy to  
see Obese the elite Me, and Pegz, we drink draught to  
the dregs Apartment is charred like a wreck and that's  
half of the rep You better halven that step, you got a  
death wish It looks like a faggot is hanging off that  
necklace Since me and T were dreaming our plans to  
be seen Not being demanded, we've proceeded  
Redefined a new kind of style, CS9 was left behind in  
bed We arrived, we signed that dotted line The family  
is Certified, it hurts your pride You can't write while  
your girl's miming every word of mine PROPS? You  
couldn't get a third of mine The bloodline is deep,  
PEACE!

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