

Funmaster Flex f EPMD

"EPMD Freestyle"

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Erick Sermon]

Ah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Funkmaster Flex here with the Final Chapter.

Volume 3, understand that. Squadron - Das EFX, Keith Mur', Redman, and

Nocturnal. EPMD '98, understand that. New year, new cheer. New cash

flow, understand it, 1-2. Yeah, feel me on this one, uh-uh..

We up in D and D, makin it happen once more

I'm lookin for the Fugees, to split The Score

Y'know what I mean, I'm out for the dough, no less

When I get a hundred mill, to spend, there's no stress

And you cats kill me

It takes more than dreams to fulfill me, y'all feel me?

Cock the automatic

I'm systematic

Michael Jackson Screaming

On those emcees not believing

I got up and I wrecked em quickly

Black out, no doubt, you won't even believe Ripley

Don't shit me, I see right through your frame, its frail

You and your crew live a tall tale

Squadron, understand it

ED, the Black human-being, The Green-Eyed Bandit

Come inside, and let me show you whats about

Like Sean "Puffy" Combs, boy, there's No Way Out,
nigga

[Parrish Smith]

EPMD, Funk Flex, yo, Volume 3: Final Chapter

Gotta blast ya, crash ya, total your frame, when I
smash ya

You get plastered, trying to fuck with the master

The MC slasher, stock bonds, and check casher

The rapper for neons, crushing peons

Nice like ?be-on?, in '98, EPMD's on

The grand finale, from New York, Back to Cali

Ghetto style, for the projects and the street alleys

Funk Flex, desert eagle with the techs

Teflon vest, hollowpoints, with the silver tips

Ties chrome-dipped, leather for the Benz whip

Diamond bracelet, plus a muzzle for the wild pit

The Squadron, shutting shit down in a hurry

EPMD, Red, Noc', Das, plus Keith Murray

Word them up. EPMD. Erick Sermon, Parrish Smith, for
the '98. Final

Chapter: Volume 3, Funk Flex

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