

## **Tamar Braxton**

### **"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'know 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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