

MC Funky J

"Lyrical Warfare"

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[Intro]

Waz up Kris-Shna?

Now you didn't think I was going to let you get away get away with that shit did you?, haaaaa, you stupid motherfucker

We are now engaged in lyrical warfare, All within your proximity best beware, Cause they might end up catching some rappin shrapnel

Yoooo

[Verse One]

This ain't no what happened to you?, Oh man I miss you MF Grimm type of shit, Just lettin the world know you were always a bitch, At least Doom has a mask Your just a two faced hiphopycrite, Talkin like your a scholar when ya spit, Good story Larry now tell me how bout this, Duckin the I...R...S, owe em' bout half-a-mil, No wonder you be smokin stress, thats real Dirt weed blazin', chubby chasin, stayin at the days inn motherfucker, Your whole career was built upon lies Wouldn't be surprised if ya do have Al Queda ties, Mr. Brown taliban, claim he African but never been to the homeland Sometime he act Jamaican man, Stay fakin like A'Kon Yo I'm gone, like ya pops, It must of really fucked up ya moms, A few more babies from a couple different daddies Her name is Jackie but I call her Glad Diss, Waz up Kris-Shna?

Krishna, Krishna, Ka-Ka-Krishna One...(One)

What happened to the peace love, unity and {"Beating White Boys
I Love Beating White Boys!": KRS-One}

[Verse Two]

Yo Krisoney ain't got the Cahonies, he used to be my
homie until
he phoned me, talkin some crazy ass shit, True colors
were
revealed, The boy lies and steals, plus his heart is
filled with
hate, In other words he's fake, Just like some silicone
titties
Who really be out rhymin for the inner city?
When we was in Orlando and you were up on the
podium frontin
I was out walkin the hood smokin blunts kid, This cat
tried to
warn me, He seen it right then and there, I just thought
he
was drunk and belligerent, talkin shit, but lookin back
the guy
made some sense, If ya were really for the people you
would be out
here with them, Not inside just talkin. On the path of
righteousness I'm still walkin, You got stuck along time
ago on
yourself, I think this dude who call himself the Teacha
needs
some help, Man, Who you foolin? It ain't me you
schoolin, Just all yall so
called students, You say Join the movement, but the
movement ain't
movin', Other then physical locations cause you
couldn't pay the rent
lets get really real with it, Made a bunch of promises
you never
meant to keep, Funkin with Funky, you might as well
find the tallest
building you can and leap, Swan dive yourself into the
pavement, You
fuckin racist piece of shit, For all yall out there who
don't wanna
be took, Ya want the full story then go buy the book, Its
a
collective summary of the year I spent rollin with this
crook, I
understand that some of my hiphoppas don't like to
read, Thank God
that I rock beats, I can only do so much over tracks,
More serious
then steady b when I'm stating the facts but still shoot a
bitch cop
in the face like Cool C if it came to the haps

[repeat 4X]

Krishna, Krishna, Ka-Ka-Krishna One...(One)

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