

Craig Mack, Project: Funk Da World

[Intro]

From nowhere.. from nowhere.. from nowhere.. from nowhere..

From nowhere.. from nowhere.. from nowhere..

[helicopter circling overhead]

Okay everybody listen up okay? Craig Mack's in the building alright?

He's on the premises, I need you three on the roof

You coordinate the left wing

He must not get into the terminal to access the "Funk Da World" secrets

I repeat, he must get into the terminal

I want him stopped I don't care what it takes alright?

Move out, now, c'mon let's go let's go let's go!

[helicopter swoops down, then suddenly boots hitting ground]

[torch is fired up and starts cutting through something]

Yo Mack! There's somebody on the roof man!

[Mack] Yeah I know man. Just another second man.

C'mon man, we gotta do this shit!

[Mack] I know, I'm gettin the door open man!

[Mack] Come right now, come right now, come right now

[Mack] I swear, come right now - two more seconds, two more seconds

[Mack] Look look look look look

[bolt or something metal hits the ground] [alarms go off]

[Mack] Uhh!

Yeah son.

[Mack] Shit, the 4-5 man. I ain't got the damn..

[Mack] I ain't got the fuckin modulation.

Yeah you got it.

[Mack] Control pads man.

You got that.

[Mack] Alright look - I need the voice modulation. [typing]

[Mack] Yo (?) do me a favor man, set the detenators man.

[Mack] Let's get the fuck up outta here.

Yeah yeah, I got that, I got that.

[Mack] [typing] Denied.

I set it up so that if ANYBODY gets up in here the whole shit blows.

[Mack] [typing fast] Denied.

[Mack] [typing] 4-5-76-0-2 look BANG!

"Access granted."

[Craig Mack]

Computer! How ya doin bwoy?

This is the Mack in fullavicious funk flav bwoy, how we goin?

Initiate code sequence for "Project: Funk Da World"

{*typing*} Dash oh-4-7, 6-9, zero-10

Coming out, ninety-four {*typing*} boom!

Hahh bwoy

Kickin it Mack, bwoy

Nobody's rappin like me and that's clear

I got this mad style, beats from next year

The style, I bring, is shitting

Get used to the format cause old one's be quitting

Buckle in for the funk funk funk

And let the king of swingers drive Benz out the trunk

I'm the magnificent, roaster, who's the man?

Run down and low to the promised land

No compromise on my rise

Strappin in mad biddy beats, nothin capsized

So go on, wait 'til fuckin break of dawn

The new grip is here, Jig will tell you it's on
Mack's back, full effect
But this is my freestyle, so yo wait a sec (HAH)
Don't try to push or your fronts might feel it
And if you got size then I gots to reveal
Out comes the chrome and the shiny
With the (?), that thing's for your heiny (BLAOW!)
So meet the genuine, keep it on the hush hush
That slow flow ain't the only way I crush
I break it down to stone like Medusa
You lose ta what you ain't used ta
All aboard express train for pain
Bigger than membranes that leave you in stains
Now hang on cause my freestyle's a winner
The verse slayer, so say a prayer like your dinner
MC's all know that I'm a menace (I'm a menace)
And I won't finish.. until you finish (HAH)
I come from a life of a corner
Waitin for my house fat pool plus a sauna
Craig Mack's the man cause I got it
And ain't a motherfuckin soul (?) (not a motherfucker bwoy)
Cause I'ma boom bash, crash, smash
Your whole program your program ain't worth a damn
The unquestionable, impressionable messiah
Like that John Sparks say, the world is on fire
So take your time cause your turn's gettin closer
The new world's now hell and Craig Mack's the host
Ghost (one..)

And now, "Project: Funk Da World" bwoy, hahhh!
Hahh, Mack-a-docious, presents...

crbt2('Craig Mack', 'Project: Funk da World')

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