

Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle Over Wu-Tang Clan

(feat. Mack 10, Ice Cube)

[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
It's 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'knew 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.