

Funkmaster Flex, Loud Hangover

(feat. Akinyele And Sadat X)

[Funkmaster Flex]

Youknowhat!msayin? 60 Minutes of Funk
Akinyele, Sadat X UHHHH!

[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!
Funkmaster Flex hittin you with Volume 1 boy
[Sadat X] Aiiyyo I don't wanna get over!
Mix tape flavor!
[Sadat X] Money is the sweetest hangover!
[Akinyele] Aiiyyo I don't wanna get over!

[Sadat X] I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style boy
Ask some kids around your neighborhood block
I be seen...

Youknowhat!msayin? 60 Minutes of Funk
Akinyele, Sadat X, UHHHH!
[Akinyele] Money is the swee...
Youknowhat!msayin? 60 Minutes of Funk
Akinyele, Sadat X, UHHHH!
[Akinyele] Money is the swee...
Youknowhat!msayin? 60 Minutes of Funk
Akinyele, Sadat X, UHHHH!
[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!
Funkmaster Flex hittin you with Volume 1 boy
[Sadat X] Aiiyyo I don't wanna get over!
Mix tape flavor!
[Sadat X] I be the wild/Money is the sweetest hangover!
[Akinyele] I be the wild/Aiiyyo I don't wanna get over!

[Sadat X]
I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style
I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style
I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style
I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style boy
Ask the kids neighbor-neighborhood block
Hangin-hangin out so-so mindin-mindin the fat spots-spots
Slams to Aves-Aves on the fat tip [Flex rewinds]
Arms is time, with the mud for the Scud
Like Mario Elli jumps out from the G line
Baby won't you be mine, baby won't you be mine

[Akinyele]
I'm flippin up like an addict kickin realism
Yes insane like Sadaam on the television
flippin fat terrorism, yo, Akinyele, this is him
You probably hear my rhythms through the, tunnels of prison
Listen word to the coffins of Yusef Hawkins
Rappers be rappin rough talkin
But I be clappin guns that be blockin
To make they ass step like a WalkMan
You don't, stand a chance against, Mr. Magnificent
Cause ever since the days of British Walkers
A sole street talker, New Yorker
Wailing on your ass like like Parker
Delivering rhymes/lines like Ceasearian
Coming from the gut, here to cut you motherfuckers up
My style as sharp as a MACHETE
Shredding rappers like SPAGHETTI
Your crew better jump back in the oven
cause them niggaz ain't READY

to deal with crooks
Even a shark could get his jaws took, from a right hook
Cause I tap more Chins than the Chinese phonebooks

[Sadat X] If there's a cure for being rich
[Akinyele] I don't want it, I don't want it
[Akinyele] Aiiyyo, and if there's a cure for being broke
[Sadat X] Nigga I need it, and I need it

[Sadat X]
Hey life to me is no Popcorn Love
Better saddle up this year with two gloves
Home, home to me's the range
Where the deers and the chickenheads get slayed
Brand Nubian could never be played, wild cowboy
cartel, Brand Nubian I love it well
Put on intent to sell, but the Gods can't be large
in the Nubian name, I been in the game
And remain with the fame, and remained the same
Hey your man's comin home from jail in a month
He's the big diesel nigga, I'm the mid-size nigga
If you don't want it to happen, put his pictures back
up on the wall, because I'm not the homewrecker see
kicked in the movies, with his Kool-Aid lookin thirst
But they ain't makin moves cause they know honey
been drinkin in bars ridin around in cars
Fried chicken never tasted so good, recipes from
the Colonel's steamy chicken box
Make the temperature sweat, and keep your tight skirt wet

[Funkmaster Flex]
60 Minutes of Funk, Volume 1
Big shout to the Flip Squad

[Akinyele] So if there's a cure for being rich
[Sadat X] I don't want it, I don't want it
[Akinyele] Aiiyyo and if there's a cure for being broke
[Sadat X] Nigga I need it, and I need it

[Akineyle]
Aiiyyo, niggaz on my dick
Cause I stay dropping jewels like the incarcerated version of Slick Rick
There's no question I'll, damage a professional
Cause I'm a big child, in this profession
Scatchin and itchin to set it, like a yeast infection
Big up to agreement rappers, don't know the half
Movin like moonwalkers with your backwards ass
I'm too fast, for those who procrastinate
Goin bananas like gorillas from the Planet of the Apes
To play it safe, you punks better wear capes
You can't escape, when I'm on your fire escape
hangin your ass out the window like drapes
You want beef I bring steak bust your motherfucking chop
It's the Ak, straight up and down, like six o'clock
I'm amped like watts with a fo'-fo' that go
Hit that toe and shot, cause word to Sadat
X marks the spot when it's time to get hot

[Sadat X] Money is the sweetest hangover!
[Funkmaster Flex]
You know what I'm saying, 60 Minutes of Funk
[Akinyele] I said I don't wanna get over!
Funkmaster Flex Mix Tape flavor, Volume 1 boy!
[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!
Big shout to my man Akinyele

[Sadat X] Hey I don't wanna get over!
Big shout to Sadat X, Queens style buckwild
[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!
you know how I do!
[Sadat X] Hey I don't wanna get over!
Big shout to my man Michelob rippin shit in Doo-Doo-Wop Projects
[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!
Boogie Down Bronx till we die yo!
[Sadat X and Akinyele] I said money is the sweetest hangover!

[Funkmaster Flex cuts up DJ Kool's "20 Minute workout" as the song ends]