

# Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - Busta Rhymes & Flipmode

[Busta Rhymes]

Flip Mode, Funk Flex Volume 3!

[Rampage]

It's like battle of the stars, spittin' bars  
Foreign cars, never been to Mars  
I'm the wizard of Oz, down to the yellow brick road  
Flip Mode! Yo, we got this shit blowed  
98 platinum an' the gold  
I'm a dissector, 15 on the richter  
Yo they owe me publishin' at Elektra  
Don't let the Ramp wretch ya, I'm-a catch ya  
My squad bring the pressure, new trend setter  
Watch me get this cheddar, my life is gettin' better, WHA!

[Baby Sham]

Let me find out niggaz poppin' shit from the mouth  
Post-ponin' some two macs that's spittin' from the holsters  
You feel this cuz you chose this  
I split wigs like the ocean, respect Moses  
More clips to spit, Flip Mode runnin' this shit  
So bounce to this, rollie on wrist  
My platinum shit half wit' sin  
See me in the club by the door bulgin' in  
Rockin' the lin, my waves spin tight, dark skin  
Baby Sham spittin' all in the mix on foul blends  
Unhh...uhhh...

[CHORUS:]

[Busta] What ya'll niggaz wanna do right now?  
[Flip Mode] We wanna do it again, we wanna do it again  
[Busta] I..say...what my Flip Mode unit wanna do now?  
[Flip Mode] We wanna do it again, again again and again  
[Busta] I...say...do that shit  
[Flip Mode] I say do that shit  
[Busta] Uh-do that real live shit  
[Flip Mode] Uh do that real live shit!  
[Busta] You know we comin' through shit  
[Flip Mode] You know we comin' thru shit  
[Busta] Ay-yo we here to rule shit!  
[Flip Mode] Ay-yo we here to rule shit!

[Rah Digga]

What?! You like the hooptie that ain't been test driven  
I say fresh spittin', less stricken and cess ridden, WHAT?  
Watch 'mira' mack the steez  
Then I cut a bitch clean like I was Latin Queens  
Digga on the track watch the sales quadruple  
Flex like I'm feelin' it, red like my poo-poo!  
Some shit with Fendi type galoshes  
On some Rah-shit wit' real estate where the Taj is  
Fuckin' with the Outz on the pre-product  
Had this other click once but they reefer sucked  
Well, time to blaze watch how I swing  
Cuz I be mad like Max and merciless like Ming

[Spliff Star]

Interception, throw the microphone in my direction  
Let me step to these pussies raw dog wit' no protection  
Strokin' dem until they bleed and they can't breathe  
Run up in they click with ten terrorizing theives  
Ya'll niggaz is twat, my squad form like SWAT  
Spliff Star comin' through ya like it or not  
High off pot, make it hot like a coke plot

Refuse to lose, we keeps the flock, I'm earnin' my props, WHAT!

[CHORUS]

[Lord Have Mercy]

Ay-yo fuck dem and everything they love on this Earth  
Keep 'em runnin' from birth til' the jet black bubble cris Hurst  
And run a stick turf wit' double his purse  
Hustlin' curse like pastors who got guns in the church  
Ones in the church...hmmm...rum in the church  
Dark, kissin' a worm til' they jugular burst  
Speak last rites then kick the dust on them first  
Kemosabe! Your arms too short to box with me  
(For-geddit) Call shots wit' me (for-geddit)  
Laugh now cry later, I kill beef like mad cow  
My rhyme blaze up for nine acres...

[Busta Rhymes]

...get lucci, sport Gucci and stack papers  
Tell me what's wrong nigga got yo face bent up  
Beats fuck your head up even got yo mind messed up  
Step up, I love when bitches get fly and dress up  
(HA! What!) You best believe I (HA!) tear the rest up  
When you finish clean the mess up, press up  
Metaphor acid burn yo chest up  
Who's the next up to be the fool to get the boxcutter X-er  
Throwin' me off, you still be in labor, TURN Funkmaster Flex-uh!

[CHORUS]

[Funkmaster Flex] ...yeah, aaight? Busta Rhymes, Flip Mode Squad!  
60 minutes! Flavor... Big shout to Monica for understandin' how  
the Funk flex...Yeah...what the deal.