

Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - Busta Rhymes & Flip Mode

[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.