

Funkmaster Flex, Let's Be Specific

(feat. Cool Whip, Havoc, Tragedy, Raekwon, Freddie Foxxx)

[Chorus]

One time, one time, one time
Styles kinda different but let's be specific [x2]

[Funkmaster Flex]

This is flavor right here, 60 minutes, y'all

[Cool Whip]

You're just wasn't ready for real, so here's the deal
No type remorse when I pull skill, kill you and your fuking horse
I'm in the midst of musical moments
Lyrical guns bust, Bible's you trust and body clocks turn to dust
Explain and slain, you turn slave, you're like Batman
Running to your bitch ass Batcave
Be aware when you witness and turn ?like Burger maids?
Got you swimming while you're dreaming and Cool Whip seamen
Headaches are like earthquakes, break you down
And crying out for you ladies, muthafuking crybaby

[Chorus]

[Havoc]

Foot up ? fitted if you got work
We lying in ?sooken? put you on your back, sent you on your way
Yo, good looking, never catching the cap, the horns
In your louis in Brooklyn
Getting ?toer? from the fo'er wit the dress stower
Got the 80, oh don't think ?st.? nickel want to roll up
Get your muthafuking shit swoll up
Now it's back to Queens to serve fiends
Making t's for enemies, my eyes on my enemies
Sipping Hennessy wit my mind on some crime shit
One time searching me but never ever find shit
It's the everyday, get the loot then breeze
Still my goal is to leave out of state, push keys

[Tragedy]

The Queen's nation, representation, I represent
Bulletproof, 3 and a quarter, chrome rims and tint
Forever bent off the hen demon, niggaz is scheming
My crews mega wit more gunplay then Sega
Pick up the celleur, call Capone-N-Noreaga
The nickel plated auto when I rip for dolo
Fuk one time, I'm bucking back at the poo-poo
Mr Dany got me acting like that
Squeeze macs outta state, ?sacs? one in your tracks
I'm addicted to the CREAM, I need cheese and stacks
So I'm a die trying wit AK's and Macs

[Chorus]

[Raekwon]

Yo, yea, yea, word up kid, word up, check it, check it, yo

It's the key money, time to get the stacks and maintain
Analyze papes, staying drape wit heavy chains
The Clan has built, pouring armarettas in milk
Rap skin kilt flex nothing but fly silk
For real, Shaolin, house of whylin', house medallion
Peace to cats profiling on the island
Walk the view, play the view, cash in my crew
If I feel shyst, watch the ice turn blue

But for now, milk the cow wit the know how
Chef be on the low down, sidewalk chalk wit the White Owls
He, yo, niggaz who bless cassettes
Peace my niggaz, one love to Funkmaster Flex

[Freddie Foxx]

I'm in the hole nigga knocking in sing-sing
Barefoot in draws from jacking yours nigga cuz you saw
99 pushups, I'm fiending for the mic
I'm starting to bug the fuk out, I'm stomping on mice
They feed me like an animal, my style is mad wild
Now back in population, I refuse to crack a smile
Ever since I blew trial, my attitude is fuked up
Anybody say shit to me is getting stuffed up
Petty dope dealers, pimps and big playas
Foxx got the black rock down to rhymesayer
I'm born on one's crafty shank ripping skulls
Chopping mad niggaz to the blade is mad dull

[Chorus]