

# Craig Mack, Funk Wit Da Style

[Craig Mack]

Aww shit, here come the man again  
You know if you can't with the style that's goin on right now  
then you need to be sittin down

If MC's can't get with the style that's goin on  
then you need to sit down

Do your thing Mack, do it to 'em nigga! Ahh whassup?  
What you don't know, what you don't know, kick 'em in the grill

"But anyway, I'd like to take this.. anyway, I'd  
Anyway, I'd like to this time out to bother you"

Oh no no no no  
No I don't think you can get liver than me G  
So sit back, relax, Mack's about to attack  
And turn your flav into Similac cause it's like that  
I kick funk out the frame, make it insane  
With all local stops set to crumble like a (?) train  
My thickest format, my format's thicker all that  
No comp for combat with bwoy like Supercat  
Show you where my head's at I crack you with a bat  
Where the funk? Hear the trunk a bit and fat knit(?)  
Rearrange the skit make it fit so you can't sit  
Now ain't that some shh.. I rip it  
I snap a jaw, I stabba jab a dinosaur  
Live from Creedmore under the floor  
It's like the roughest of ruffnecks, wicked and (?)  
Check the (?) MC and his project  
All you brothers need to know doe  
There's no more best MC cause that is now me  
See, G, I am king MC  
Once said from me can't another brother disagree  
Got the funk bleedin all out your trunk  
And there's all there is to it (that's all there is)

[Chorus: x4]

If you can't funk with the style that's goin on  
then you need to be sittin down

[Craig Mack]

You must got no brains in ya head  
I kill ya dead on the spot with the hits I got  
Trust my flavor G, I make ya wanna pee-pee  
I got what you can't see, somethin like a leprosy  
I slow it downnnnnn, somethin like.. this  
When it's time for me to stun 'em  
MC's I warned them..  
I'll put 'em on the moon without funk to listen to  
Then again, my vibration  
may give the sensation they're on vacation  
Y'all brothers need a (?)  
Real rugged alligator MC hater from the fader  
You little tic-tac, tryin to act like a lumberjack  
Sit back and watch how the earth crack  
You funk around, you lay around, that's how it goes  
And I suppose MC's still wanna try me  
King of the mountain is a hard rock  
Do you understand, smile and I'll take you out like the mob  
Check it black, after the Mack there's no recoup  
Not even soup, get out shake the hula hoop  
Comin out the ground..  
Gettin down..

[Chorus]

[Craig Mack]

Sometimes alone I be writin  
Must be frightenin, to hear I'm on the air  
but I don't care, (?) 'til I'll see you sick(?)  
Son, grandson, no tellin when I'm done (no tellin baby)  
I'm about do you and you on some new  
Who has a date and thank you for waitin  
There my bad, I thought you took a beatin in the brain  
then you learned from rap that rap's a mistake  
You won't get a break  
Big as a cake for me to make, and you bake  
So, banzaai, here comes the flyest guy  
that you ever heard in your lifetime (yup yup yup)  
I do a behind..  
and rewind, I wanna kick some more shit  
Down your faucet, I pours it  
Mighta lost it, but then I retrieve it  
Believe it, I got this fat okey-dokey style for a while  
Peace from the king  
Peace from the king G, here it go  
One time for your motherfunkin mind

[Chorus]

Sittin down, bwoy

&quot;Anyway I'd like to take this time out..&quot;  
&quot;No more music by the suckers&quot;

crbt2('Craig Mack','Funk Wit da Style')

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