

Funkmaster Flex, Bad

(feat. Shyne)

[Shyne]

Geah, uhh.. (fuckers!)

Geah, uhh..

I'm the Bad Boy not to fuck wit, you get bucked quick, stuck wit
three hollow tips up in your stomach
Honestly, Bad Boy's a fuckin dynasty
Oooz on the glock, watch you ooze on the spot
Puff don't give a nod, nothin move on the block
The streets is ours to burn for the moves and rocks
Princess cuts, what the fuck? Watch the arm light up
Desert in the weights in the hood like what?
Bitches get hyped up, niggaz get diced up, sliced up
Heist what? Get yo' windpipe cut
Pimp motherfucker, nigga make dykes fuck
Off the liquor they chipper (who?) bitch named Trisha
Catholic school girl turned coke sniffer
Niggaz talk slicker, I tie and rope quicker
Check the arm and neck, how they both glitter simultaneously
(bling bling) Bitch shit coke out her ass, 'til her anus bleed
(c'mon)

[Chorus: Shyne]

Diamonds I flaunt it, bitches is on it, tell me who want it?

I got it to give it, you niggas talk it, I live it, uhh

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[Shyne]

Ki's sold out, Royce Rolls out

Brooklyn nigga with the best flow out

Fuck a pot to piss in, gimme one to boil coke

My approach, no reproach, just sex 'em and coats

Fidel shipped me a hundred bricks, up on the boat

My bitch, I to our to you, playa said she'd fly coach

I got the shit locked nigga, land - air - sea

(There's a new Don?) Nigga, yeah me

Rap's my cover-up, desert them boys in the concert

And the mean bitch who take the dick to her tonsil

Paradise life, fuck the price

It's nice, I like, I buy - break your pockets fuckin give me no try

Extort who? I'll fuckin torch you

Tie you, see me? Na na with out the I.U.

[Chorus]

[Funkmaster Flex over Chorus]

Yeah Bad Boy, Shyne

Shout to Harve Pierre

Funk Fliggity baby; 60 Minutes of Funk, Volume Four!