

Funkmaster Flex, Block Lockdown

(feat. Ludacris)

[Funkmaster Flex]

Yeah Dirty South baby - Ludacris
Shout to Shaka Zulu, my man Shawn Taylor
.. it's goin down

[DTP]

Yeah, Funk Flex, Volume Fo'
Disturbin The Peace, Def Jam South
'Cris (yeah) you ready?

[Ludacris]

Oh it's my turn? Aiight..
I got permission to put ya mamma in a headlock (what?)
She tried to jook me in a figure-fo' leg lock (ohh)
She said she like the way I stick and make the bed rock
or how I lick and leave her twisted like a dreadlock, and it's on
So stop the sweatin like a wristband
And get some balance like a bike without the kickstand
I think I changed the definition of a hit man
Cuz I could really give a fuck about that bitch man, c'mon!
We puttin holes in your residence
And lose anybody for the right president
We thugged out street niggaz with intelligence
So all that bullshit you yappin is irrelevant
Oh yeah, I represent the Dirty Southside
I'm a dentist makin women open they mouth wide
You be in jail still runnin it on the outside
Thank not then won't ya open up ya mouth riiiiight, but who cares?

[Chorus: x2]

I got my corner on lockdown
About to hold this whole block down
Ludacris tell um how the South sound
UUH BUDDAH-LAA AH, UH UH UH BUDDAH-LAA
UHH BUDDAH-LAA AH uh oh uh oh uh oh

[Verse 2]

Comin to Shady Park is like a peep show
It's some respectable ladies and there some freak hoes
I know killers that go to church up in they street clothes
You'll end up missin more than Shaq when shootin free throws
They packin and bout to open up the dope spot
My neighborhood is stoppin cars like a roadblock
They movin' weight like Atlanta was movin boat rock
And catchin ums like seeun Muslims eatin pork chops - never happen
And meanwhile I been thinkin man
Niggaz been slangin tapes like they slangin 'caine
Cuz in the hood its gettin ugly like orangutang
So if you tryin to stop the hustle get the dangalang
Okay, we tryin to make our own White House
Paint it black and start yellin our fuckin pipes out
You try to tackle some players and you'll get psyched out
They can't fuck with us niggaz you think they dyked out, so don't play

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Disturbin The Peace, we do that funky shit
Hey, what can I say? We got a monkey clique
See Dre'll throw on them shades, and make that funky shit
And keep y'all women away if they got funky clit
Understand, we got that dough and it get rolled up

You pay the price and still we got the block sold up
Aint nothin nice a full house don't make you fold up
You full of heist and try to jet and I'm like -
hold up, god damn - I need to say it on a megaphone
And tell your sister get the fuck up off the telephone
These fools is tickin me off like fifty metronome
I'm takin all of ya money just call me Pebbletone!
Alright? I got the pistol and the safe key
You betta tell your bitch to follow you to safety
How dare you wanna be heroes and chase me
It's Ludacris wont leave no evidence to trace me, you know why?

[Chorus]

Funky shit oh
Do that funky shit oh
Do that funky shit oh
Do that funky shit oh
Do that funky shit uh
Do that funky shit uh
Do that funky shit