

# Funkmaster Flex, Feelin The Hate

(feat. Ja Rule + The Murderers and Charli Baltimore)

[Funkmaster Flex]  
Murder Inc baby

[Tah Murdah]  
Y'all motherfuckers know what this shit is  
Take over nigga (gimme that shit man)  
Funk Flex nigga  
Murder Inc nigga  
Tah Murdah, Black Child, C.B., O1  
And my nigga Ja Rule

[Black Child & Tah Murdah]  
Yeah put your motherfuckin fingers in the air, we here  
And it's money and murda all year  
Yo it's nothing but the money, gettin cash you feel us  
A hundred mill is deep all black we killers  
Nothing but the realer niggaz and we after skrilla  
So if you in the path or blockin the cash, block and we blast  
Bitch nigga throw em up, we still don't give a fuck  
This is Flex shit we party reckless you can't exit  
And all my nillas if you willin to win it like we in it  
Throw your guns up, throw em up, and fuck keepin the chome tucked  
Spit on some shit and shatted and tear your bones up  
Cadillac Escalade sittin on dubs, chromed up  
We blow dro in the no-smoking sections  
Toting weapons, smokin sessions  
Nigga better respect it or the paramedics be pressing on your chest  
When you gasp for breathe minutes away from death  
Remorseless, yeah never the less  
When I spit shit'll rip through your leather and vest  
All my 70's babies on Henny and Haze  
Feel me baby, I was slingin twenties in the shade  
Killers hate me, niggaz wanna see me in my grave  
Niggaz make me, wanna grab the milly and spray  
I'm a Pov City hustler, I'm from the Woodhull gutters  
Which means it's still murda motherfucker

[Chorus: Ronnie Bumps]  
Have you ever had a pussy nigga runnin his mouth  
That's a nigga that you kill, let him die down south  
Get in there, catch the body, spit it and bounce  
I'm drugged up of an ounce of 'dro, I want dough  
And the same niggaz who killed your pops, kill em all  
Stop, wait, multiply the eight  
Feelin the hate, walls come out, get on one  
Proper, killer, copper, shit has just begun

[C.B.]  
What, what..  
What the fuck, been a menace since +Volume III+  
When I was un un'nin, pussy second coming  
Who the fuck what want it wit'cha  
Chrome twenties on a squad of ducks  
Sittin spittin fifty get wit me  
Bitch hustle nigga, earn stripes  
Me and Chi-ha gunnin a turnpike, turn right  
Hit that brickball, hardcore, platinum dog  
I get in ya, fuck a stage, ya murderer kill these bars

[O1]  
As far as the dough go I'm hungry, I need this bread  
I ain't sharin with none of y'all, I'm killin niggaz instead

Poppin lead, somebody's gonna wind up dead  
Hard drugs over the edge, I'm out of my head  
Y'all niggaz ready to die?  
I'm layin niggaz down flat, you'll be dead in the sky  
Niggaz ain't built for crime  
Niggaz ain't built for street life, so fuck five mics  
Fuck pigs, fuck police, murda for life nigga

[Chorus]

[Ja Rule]

Motherfuckers, I'm untearable and I'll piss on you  
That heat you spit, I spits that too  
Put three in you, match yo' name  
It's really the Rule nigga that pops them thangs  
For real, it's in my bloodline ready to kill  
Cause nigga I happen to know you  
It's about time I expose you  
The world over, you fraudulent niggaz it's all over  
Get ready, the hostile murderers take over  
You scared but don't know  
Cause I like sendin my slugs in excess, and makes the wet steps  
I, mack cold blooded and bitches I fucks love it  
I'll assassinate your character and think nothin of it  
I'm a Murderer, niggaz must not value they life  
Cause I'm a Murderer, niggaz best be ready to die  
I'm a Murderer, niggaz scared it's all in they eyes  
Funk Flex, I-N-C, it's murda for life

[Tah Murdah]

My nigga BJ  
Ronnie Bumps  
My nigga Pre  
My nigga Dirty  
Funk Flex nigga  
Funk Flex nigga