

# Funkmaster Flex, Fine Line

(feat. Saukrates)

[Redman]

Ayo, this is PPP right here  
and we don't give a fuck what y'all doin' in this rap game,  
Matter of fact, (sniff) I smell... PUSSY!!!  
Yo Sauk, let it bang...

[Saukrates]

As mighty a man you've ever seen spitting amphetamine  
To all those congested, my job raw never clean  
A toast to the uncontested, murderer  
I mark your mistake as soon as you're rested, I heard of ya  
Unattended for your double breasted, bulletproof vest kid  
Time is money well invested, burning your press kit  
Ya HEARD me, chic-ow, bless it and pass it leftwards  
Never protested, the living proof manifested  
Winkled your face, you better press it, menage-a-trois  
Put fist in thought, care to test it? If you dare I swear  
Motionless, I throw a stare in the eyes of uncommon wise soldier  
Rise like Nike, shares growing older, snowball effect to snow boulder  
Show you love nigga, I'm iceberg with cold shoulder  
No time for your manic, hazy rap attack partner  
Future darker than black permanent black... marker  
I part you from existence on solid ground  
Only twelve inch but long distance, that's all I frown  
Is we hell or is we heaven bound?  
I bomb the target without a sound  
Ain't nobody left around to hear it  
Sipping fine wine and spirits on summer days  
By the South Pacific, cheddar sound better when specific  
Cheddar look better when explicit  
Cheddar get better when statistics rise like mama biscuits  
All 'n all, I'm having fun with gun  
'Cause world gave me gun, detonate the shells with my tongue  
I'm young plus I'm well hung  
Threat to intellect, also got your prize possession sprung  
I ride the fine line between yours and mine, check the design  
Bre-X cats wondering how rhyme turn sublime  
Peep my shines coming from behind  
I'm high beaming in your rear view  
Get out the left lane before I steer through  
Ain't even trying to hear you  
It was important 'til you thought I feared you  
Naw, loosen your bra bitch  
Never rest until I'm considered, the high exalted  
Even then I'll still be bitter, sipping on malted  
Through the speech, now it's time to walk it  
This potent poet, who only spit it if he know it  
Prefer to show it to the hardest of hip hop artist  
If you a baby making baby, finish what you started and be a MAN  
God damn, resort to plan B sucking on candy  
For delicate procedure, no time for leisure  
The fine line between yours and mine, freak the design  
Bre-X cats wondering how rhyme turn sublime  
Peep my shines coming from behind  
I'm high beaming in your rear view, CRASH  
I stop at nothing  
My blood stream pumping nothing but utter destruction  
Towards cats I describe in this rap production  
Suffering from mal concussions, you head bangers catching repercussion  
First impression had you lustin'  
Now the name Saukrates ringing more than bells  
Double X-L quote me well, bringing the future

Double X-L quote me well, bringing the future  
You want to poise for the portrait, here let me shoot you