

Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - Cormega

(feat. Cormega)

[Intro:]

Yeah you kow what time it is

A-yo Mega Montana drama is my cod of honor
Fuck a vest I wear my coat of armor
I'm a ghetto soldier throwin' hollows
In God we trust through the knowledge as follows
My Firm multiple dollars I know you wish
I was still in prision feeling sorrow
Plans for tomorrow expand convict in a condo
Ninja black Lexus yo check this I'm from the Bridge son I rep it
And shine like my gold necklas in a reflection of a sinner perfected
And manifested in the essence
Who ever test this either hard to kill or live a death wish
I bless this shit nigga you hand to hand I'm plannin' my next flick
Of Firm volume number on Flex shit
Yeah nigga be runnin' up the spot with mad shit get knocked
Go to court for razorblade in they asses son
I live the life of trifeness
Ghetto nights and razorblades slicing the wife's shit
Metal type hood fellow for life takin' mines like Tyson
My work fare with death and inditment old timers are lightin'
I started writtin' and become the trifest
Nigga in Queensbridge ended up on Rikors
Seems shit was real as steel guage
My enemies think individuals a cat witht an ill fate

Yeah son you know how we do.

My man Funkmaster Flex yo volume 2.

It's real like that y'all.