

Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - KRS-One

(feat. KRS-One)

Shut that crap up, you gots no backup
You'll get slapped up, South Bronx holds the map up
Pack up your all wrapped up in my delivery
Act up and it'll take a village like Hillary
Stack up the verbal artillery, I'll take you
Shake-n-Bake you with only one verse straight through
You really don't know me I'm too raw, while your career
goes up and down like a see-saw, I'm by the seashore
Whoever you wanna be, what you lookin at me for?
I'll Rush your Associated Labels like Lyor
I see more so I be more, I free your mental
and G more on these instrumentals
Like Spalding I get the crowd bouncing
You're boring, you're platinum but I'm the one touring
Scoring, right down the bassline SWISH
You'll get dissed and switched like "KISS-FM"
Ain't you tellin it, we clear and intelligent
All that rhetoric you sellin it, it's irrelevant
I rock tenaments, projects and mansions
Before you realize it it's your mind I'm enhancin
Lyrics when you hear rock ALL of y'all
And my production be classic like Marley Marl
Not just a party y'all, it's yardie execu-tion
Out of six million ways to die, you chose THIS one
Kris One, listen my position is accurate
Not a pretty boy I'm Timb's and backpackin it
Skills you're lackin in, timing and rhyming you don't
practice it, your class you skipped now your ass is kicked
I laugh at it, cause we mastered it
a while ago, about 50 dope styles ago
So follow my motto, don't wait for Lotto get your cash
Don't borrow, no skills lead to sorrow
You'll be livin in a bottle
I rhyme like there's no tomorrow.. [Flex scratches it out]