

# Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - Notorious B.I.G./Da

(feat. Notorious B.I.G., The Lox)

[Funkmaster Flex]

Yeah, you know I had to get Bad Boy up on this piece  
You know I had to get Bad Boy up on this piece!  
Big shot to my man Puff Daddy, Notorious B.I.G., one time!

[Styles]

I'd rather not breathe than snitch  
And I love my niggaz not my bitch, Lox pop the clip  
Hit the rap game what's the dope name  
I be a ?chick? named ?Lo Kane?, tellin ma I take her on my own fame  
Movin with, entrepreneurs, from the law  
Coke sniffin bitches hold the fort it's off the wall  
Back to reality my mentality is fatality  
Niggaz makin way over they salary  
I think way out, like a fifty state lay-out  
Dubs me enough in one city to have it spray out  
Cartels bring in they coke, havin a weigh out  
Kingpins is crowned, blunts is lit  
Aiyyo Styles from the streets so a cell ain't shit  
Jail ain't shit, God'll just teach me quick  
If they put me in a cell then my ghost'll drift  
Hold my inf, feel my soul give me the strength

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Pop the gat, aim squeeze precisely  
Where them niggaz at? Them feds are sheisty  
See the problem's that, you way too nice please  
Where that coke at? Fuck where it might be  
Don't be like me, hard-headed, extroverted  
When my gun burn, much hotter than sunburn  
You got one turn, I suggest you show  
me the stash to the cash and the blow, yo  
Wherever I go, my crew, is true to swarm  
Got stripes in New York like Yankee uniforms  
When I was born, I know I make the world darker  
The age of fifteen, tote gats, quick to spark ya  
Like Bob Barker, if The Price is Right  
Lay your ass down for spite, anybody aight?  
Went from eatin no frills cereals with food stamps  
to Armani materials, coppin Rembrandts

[Jadakiss]

I got cats to spray for me, honeys that pay for me  
Money that lay for me, mami, pray for me  
Cats that spray for me, honeys that pay for me  
Money that lay for me, mami, pray for me

[Shiek]

Uhh, uhh, talkin to me doin shit for you, try God  
Cause after, runnin your cabbage you as good as retard  
Mr. Big Style, too cool, I did this to you  
Whirlpool maxin, lounge to the end  
Elevator, next stop, Tony and LaFrenz  
While y'all still fuckin with them twins from Flatte  
Somehow Vegas, tryin to strip Stacy Dash  
Fuck police talk black I'm the SHIT in New York  
Too many supercops nigga, you can have these blocks  
And these hoes, with them cheap ass Parasucos  
Get some new clothes, then I let you front in my Porsche  
And give Jay head, til your squeaky voice turns hoarse

[Jadakiss]

Four minutes and twenty five seconds to your end  
You know it be the kiss, grantin your last wish  
Everybody wanna know who The Lox is  
Cause we ain't spittin nuttin out but that hot shit  
Burnin trees, sippin mo', eatin lobsters  
Up in the oriental joint, usin chopsticks  
Soon we gonna rock gators, hit bitches from Barbados  
Then all y'all players gonna hate us  
Cause everything we do stay gettin overlooked  
Now y'all be shook cause you dealin with real crooks  
I can't lie for a while y'all cats was on us  
But now, if you can't beat us, join us  
We tryin to blow lye with the Sultan of Brunei  
In it for the cheddar, Gucci slip-ons and sweaters  
Black In-5 with the headers  
Andrew Mark be the leathers, mob hats with the feathers  
Whatever, Goodfellas, uhh