

Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle Over Mobb Deep "Drop A Gem On Em"

(feat. EPMD)

[Erick Sermon talking]

Ah, yeah yeah yeah
Funkmaster flex yeah the final chapter
Volume 3 understand that squadron; Das Efx, Keith Murr
Redman, and Nocturnal, Epmd '98
Understand that, new year, new chear, new cash flow
Understand on the 1 2 yeah
Feel me on this one..unh, unh

[verse 1]

We up in d-n-d making it happen, once more
I'm lookin' for the fugees to split the score
Nahmean? I'm out for the dough no less
When I got 100 mil to spend, there's no stress
And you cats kill me,
It takes more than dreams to fulfill me
Y'all feel me
Cock the automatic, I'm systematic, michael jackson screaming
And those emcees not beleiving
I get up and I wreck em quickly
Black-out, no doubt, you won't even beleive ripley
Don't shit me, I see right through your frame, it's frail
You and your crew live a tall tale
The squadron understand that ED
The black human being
The green-eyed bandit, come inside, and let me show you what it's about
Like sean puffy combs when there's no way out, nigga

[Parish Smith talking]

Yeah, epmd, funk flex,

[verse 2]

Yo, volume 3, final chapter gotta blast ya
Crash ya, total ya frame, when I smash ya
You get plastered, trying to fuck wit the master
The emcee slasha, stock bond and check casha
Been rappin for neons, crushin peons
Nice like deion, '98, EPMD's on
Grand finale, from New York, back to Cali
Ghetto stlye, for the projects in the street alley
Funk flex, desert eagle with the teks
Teflon vest, hollow points, with the silver tips
Tires crome, red leather for the benz whip
Diamond bracelet, plus some others for the wild pit
Squadron shuttin' shit down in a hurry
Epmd red noc das plus keith murray

[parish talking]

Word Up
Epmd
Erick sermon
Parish smith
For the '98 final chapter
Volume 3 funk flex