

Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle Over Raekwon "Incar"

(feat. Charli Baltimore and Cam'Ron)

[CB and Cam] Uh, uh, yo, yeah

[CB] Yeah, Funkmaster Flex, final chapter

[Cam] Yeah, it's Killa Cam baby

[CB] Volume Three

[Cam] Killa Cam, Harlem World baby

[CB] Uhh, aight.. Charli Baltimore representin Philly

[Cam] Yo, we about to show you what we gonna to do y'all

[CB] Yeah, aight

[Cam] Knowhatl'msayin? Show y'all how unready, y'all are
for Entertainment

[CB] Entertainment

[Cam] Show em Charli

[CB] Check, yo, yo

[Cam] Take it Charli, rip it down now

[CB] Yo, yo

[Charli Baltimore]

Nigga, who run here? Undeas, you underachieved

in this league, unglued cause we sunned you

You unfit for underground shit we unstoppable

Pop hits, top ten bitch, never undroppable

Underestimate, we under esca-lators, plottin

Unexpected, undetected

You unsuitable for unveiling, call us, what

We unavail-in, e-mailin, so what to tell dem

CB push unmarked V's with diamond marquees

Unblemished, unfinished, til I unload

Un-Usual-ly Suspect-ed but fuck it

Unaffected by y'all haters I know enough and

unlike me you're unlucky, sittin ducky

I'm untouchable, spittin lovely with Big above me

Slugs be flyin you're unwilling to die and

we stay underlying keep your death untiming

Unable to understand the Un madness

But nothin ever goes unsaid, for the cabbage

Underrated, unfaded, nah, to say we comes off

a understatement, uhh, we Entertainment

[Cam'Ron]

Aiyyo this nigga named P-O-P, D-O-A, R-I-P

Caught him at the D-M-V, while my ass T-N-T

Down the F-D-R doin eighty, in the E-S-3

Put you in E-M-S, break A-T-M's, K-F-C

850i, Q45, we the seventh wonders

Niggaz who be Willie-st, ten and eleven hundreds

and, B-L, double-O-D, R-I-P

C-O-C from N-Y to O-T

That night tried to O-D, sniffed a whole key

Puffed a O-Z, a blunt soaked in Olde E

Yeah we had C-O's, then we moved to P-O's

Yeah we want a O-T, for now we need a T-O

Could we duck the D-A, when we was in V-A

Now we got the hot out, in P-A

Tell you now it's easy to get a G-B, from A-T-L to D-C

Girls see my dick in 3-D, and umm

Fuck a A-C-T, R-C-T or S-A-T

Cause a nigga like me, ain't get no P-H-D

I'm wanted by the A-T-F, plus the I-R-S

Put you in E-M-S, bloody like P-M-S

Beef, let's get it done, get rid of sun, get a gun

C'mon now Flex we got whips make it a hit or run

You with it Dunn, the frigid one, just place a side bet
Sank him so his face looked like a nightcheck, you hype yet?
I'm ready for you faggots, drama on the promo
for the condos with the momo, I hammer on you homos
Whylin since quo mo, a center for the drama
I'm the type to fuckin eat dinner with the Dahmer's
You think how to teach a bitch, is to eat a bitch
That's how you reach a bitch, that think she all that
Rip her one time, in two minutes she'll call back
J-O on the podium, fuck rugs Flex
I lay em on linoleum, just get the petroleum
Gas em like helium, tell him that I'm feelin him
Two weeks later, payday I'm peelin him

Uh, Funkmaster Flex (Funkmaster)
Charli B'More, (Cam'Ron) Cam'Ron, where you at?
Y'all in trouble
Told y'all, I told y'all...