Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - Q-Tip

(feat. Q-Tip)

Open your eyes see the sight you never saw Run your jibs to your man till your jaws get sore The Funkmaster, the Abstract, we come together Stand tall through all things either good or bad weather Open your eyes see the sight you never saw Run your jibs to your man till your jaws get sore The Funkmaster, the Abstract, we come together Stand tall through all things either good or bad weather The ghetto style and the ghetto behavior We got the shit for the foes and the neighbors The house of the elite you know we keep shit street Really raw like you never saw before, check it Pah The Funkmaster, wack MC's they get plastered My man is faster, my shit be out before it's even mastered So before you even think about a fuckin scrimmage Take your heads out the clouds and realize we'll diminish Queens keeper, flexin not a street sweeper Written in town, Scram Jones in your speaker Top notch vocal child the microphone or the scuba dives during the night, and no we ain't the frog of highlighting, the jam with experience but still fresh The vibe of Tribe Called Quest, you can't fess Or fraudulate, I gotta make these chickenheads wait About to cop this tape, hop in my whip and skate So hit your nearest location, support your hip-hop nation And the Flex Foundation For the pockets, we gettin niggaed you can't stop it The Abstract the Funkmaster Flex the main topic So niggy yo you got to hear it better yet to believe it Cause you can't retrieve it or deceive it And yo, you got to understand the rhyme The Funkmaster Flex that's a true man of mine, check it out Yo yo yo Say word Shouts out to my motherfuckin man For the Boogie Down, on down The Funkmaster Rippin shit, hook it up