

Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - Rasta T

(feat. Rasta T)

[Funkmaster Flex Intro:]

Aight 60 minutes of funk. B-Side flava.
Big shout to the overseer Shalaam,
big shout to my man Rasta T.
Funk Flex from the BX. Aight!

[Rasta T:]

Infared on top of glocks make the murder docks hot
Now me and Sire got to set up shop
Off a 1-9-8 get our shit straight
Outta state
Cause in New York we eatin' off of paper plates
and that don't hold much weight
So we made a power move for some short keys
Heard of Cool Ds but baby clean with the cheese
Now we off to Tennesseees
Where the niggas think we coocoo
The town drink Yoohoo
But the money comes in beaucoup amounts
I can't count all the cream that I seen
But now this gangsta leads with mad cream in his jeans
Graduated from stick ups to makin' big money pick ups
Got dimes that keep my dick up got sons that lift my bricks up
And transport the weight in about every state
A nigga buy four give 'em eight
And get the cheese and lay the date
Rasta T Costalano
I'm servin' more customers than McDonalds
From dope fiends to winos
But you know the final
Outcome
Dad to be shady
A nigga tried to creep me and sleep me with the 380
A good thing he grazed me on the side of my neck
Cause there is this chick I met that I haven't hit yet
And besides that I'm the Queens hero, Rast T
Can't be lettin' no chumps get no points off me
So when I see you kid it's on you can bet your loot
Or better yet save your cash for your funeral suit