

Funkmaster Flex, Freestyle - Shaq And Sonja Blade

(feat. Shaquille O'Neal, Sonja Blade)

[Shaq]

Funkmaster, Big Dawg
Flex, Sonja Blade
Freestyle, uhh, uhh
Wha-wha-what-what?

Show your best, Shaq shit'll blow your chest
Go through your vest one time flow correct
Brick City style talk with flair, walk on air
Sumo, your Halle Berry coochie wear was just a rumor
Crazy raw, blaze the hardwood floors
Shut out a whole country two, days before
Slay your whore, like you never heard of the man
Rap, Roberto Duran, you, Davy Moore
So much dough, I could buy a third of the land
Crash my Jeep jump out, my Suburban you ran
If you ask me, Shaq ain't flashy
One piece of platinum make my whole body ashy
Nigga what?

[Sonja Blade]

Uhh, yo
It's the sty' thing, I'm a feast, you fried wings
Sonja Blade gettin more light than your high beams
It's over, when I spit my words I make it dark
like an eclipse occurred when my click emerge
I flip you birds, not a gravedigga but I getcha shit
then serve, y'all know that this chick's disturbed
I spit superb, so ill, and so real
While you no frills with no deals I hold steel (BLOW)
And if I don't kill you, bet the flows will
For my niggaz that ain't here I'm lettin the Mo' spill
Briefcases of cough, like a coke deal
Uncut verses, nuttin but dope skill
Can't fill my shoes, beyond complicated
All them big gats you got they confiscated
Contemplate, I'm the shit, and you constipated
I slaughter all cause y'all water got it concentrated

See that? Funk Flex, Shaq Dog, Sonja Blade, Redrum
How we do, nine-eight, uhh