

# Funkmaster Flex, Loud Hangover

(feat. Akinyele And Sadat X)

[Funkmaster Flex]

Youknowhat!msayin? 60 Minutes of Funk  
Akinyele, Sadat X UHHHH!

[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!  
Funkmaster Flex hittin you with Volume 1 boy  
[Sadat X] Aiiyyo I don't wanna get over!  
Mix tape flavor!  
[Sadat X] Money is the sweetest hangover!  
[Akinyele] Aiiyyo I don't wanna get over!

[Sadat X] I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style boy  
Ask some kids around your neighborhood block  
I be seen...

Youknowhat!msayin? 60 Minutes of Funk  
Akinyele, Sadat X, UHHHH!  
[Akinyele] Money is the swee...  
Youknowhat!msayin? 60 Minutes of Funk  
Akinyele, Sadat X, UHHHH!  
[Akinyele] Money is the swee...  
Youknowhat!msayin? 60 Minutes of Funk  
Akinyele, Sadat X, UHHHH!  
[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!  
Funkmaster Flex hittin you with Volume 1 boy  
[Sadat X] Aiiyyo I don't wanna get over!  
Mix tape flavor!  
[Sadat X] I be the wild/Money is the sweetest hangover!  
[Akinyele] I be the wild/Aiiyyo I don't wanna get over!

[Sadat X]  
I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style  
I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style  
I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style  
I be the wild cowboy got a lot of style boy  
Ask the kids neighbor-neighborhood block  
Hangin-hangin out so-so mindin-mindin the fat spots-spots  
Slams to Aves-Aves on the fat tip [Flex rewinds]  
Arms is time, with the mud for the Scud  
Like Mario Elli jumps out from the G line  
Baby won't you be mine, baby won't you be mine

[Akinyele]  
I'm flippin up like an addict kickin realism  
Yes insane like Sadaam on the television  
flippin fat terrorism, yo, Akinyele, this is him  
You probably hear my rhythms through the, tunnels of prison  
Listen word to the coffins of Yusef Hawkins  
Rappers be rappin rough talkin  
But I be clappin guns that be blockin  
To make they ass step like a WalkMan  
You don't, stand a chance against, Mr. Magnificent  
Cause ever since the days of British Walkers  
A sole street talker, New Yorker  
Wailing on your ass like like Parker  
Delivering rhymes/lines like Ceasearian  
Coming from the gut, here to cut you motherfuckers up  
My style as sharp as a MACHETE  
Shredding rappers like SPAGHETTI  
Your crew better jump back in the oven  
cause them niggaz ain't READY

to deal with crooks  
Even a shark could get his jaws took, from a right hook  
Cause I tap more Chins than the Chinese phonebooks

[Sadat X] If there's a cure for being rich  
[Akinyele] I don't want it, I don't want it  
[Akinyele] Aiiyyo, and if there's a cure for being broke  
[Sadat X] Nigga I need it, and I need it

[Sadat X]  
Hey life to me is no Popcorn Love  
Better saddle up this year with two gloves  
Home, home to me's the range  
Where the deers and the chickenheads get slayed  
Brand Nubian could never be played, wild cowboy  
cartel, Brand Nubian I love it well  
Put on intent to sell, but the Gods can't be large  
in the Nubian name, I been in the game  
And remain with the fame, and remained the same  
Hey your man's comin home from jail in a month  
He's the big diesel nigga, I'm the mid-size nigga  
If you don't want it to happen, put his pictures back  
up on the wall, because I'm not the homewrecker see  
kicked in the movies, with his Kool-Aid lookin thirst  
But they ain't makin moves cause they know honey  
been drinkin in bars ridin around in cars  
Fried chicken never tasted so good, recipes from  
the Colonel's steamy chicken box  
Make the temperature sweat, and keep your tight skirt wet

[Funkmaster Flex]  
60 Minutes of Funk, Volume 1  
Big shout to the Flip Squad

[Akinyele] So if there's a cure for being rich  
[Sadat X] I don't want it, I don't want it  
[Akinyele] Aiiyyo and if there's a cure for being broke  
[Sadat X] Nigga I need it, and I need it

[Akineyle]  
Aiiyyo, niggaz on my dick  
Cause I stay dropping jewels like the incarcerated version of Slick Rick  
There's no question I'll, damage a professional  
Cause I'm a big child, in this profession  
Scatchin and itchin to set it, like a yeast infection  
Big up to agreement rappers, don't know the half  
Movin like moonwalkers with your backwards ass  
I'm too fast, for those who procrastinate  
Goin bananas like gorillas from the Planet of the Apes  
To play it safe, you punks better wear capes  
You can't escape, when I'm on your fire escape  
hangin your ass out the window like drapes  
You want beef I bring steak bust your motherfucking chop  
It's the Ak, straight up and down, like six o'clock  
I'm amped like watts with a fo'-fo' that go  
Hit that toe and shot, cause word to Sadat  
X marks the spot when it's time to get hot

[Sadat X] Money is the sweetest hangover!  
[Funkmaster Flex]  
You know what I'm saying, 60 Minutes of Funk  
[Akinyele] I said I don't wanna get over!  
Funkmaster Flex Mix Tape flavor, Volume 1 boy!  
[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!  
Big shout to my man Akinyele

[Sadat X] Hey I don't wanna get over!  
Big shout to Sadat X, Queens style buckwild  
[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!  
you know how I do!  
[Sadat X] Hey I don't wanna get over!  
Big shout to my man Michelob rippin shit in Doo-Doo-Wop Projects  
[Akinyele] Money is the sweetest hangover!  
Boogie Down Bronx till we die yo!  
[Sadat X and Akinyele] I said money is the sweetest hangover!

[Funkmaster Flex cuts up DJ Kool's "20 Minute workout" as the song ends]