

# Funkmaster Flex, Tudunn Tudunn Tudunn (Make

(feat. Noreaga & Willie Stubz)

[Funkmaster Flex]

Murder Inc.  
Thugged Out  
Franchise  
Funk Flex  
Big dog pit bulls!  
Two suburbans and a fucking Hurst!  
Cause Funk Flex and Nore are killin' em out there!  
Scream at ya boy!

[Noreaga]

Yo me and Pun used to slap niggas  
And pack macs in the back of the hatch with black niggas  
On weekends with the Ricans cause nigga I fit  
You see I'm half fucking black and motherfucking spik  
Should have learned a long time ago Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn  
How I hit a nigga up Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn  
Niggas fans worry you see us smear off in cranberry  
My shots come in, in threes, like Maubary  
Wanna see how these fake niggas'll act  
When my shotgun will erase there stomach and back  
Call me Hosea, more shoot outs, most guns  
Most of these niggas just mostly run  
You see I'm back spittin' and still cooking in the kitchen  
I'm still a chef ain't a fucking gram missing  
Niggas out of order you know shit gone change  
How they life getting shorter like Mr. T's chain

[Chorus]

[Willie Stubz]

The bass and the music that'll make you jump  
It go Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, dunn  
Why you acting like a punk before we put you in a trunk  
You going Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, dunn  
Acting wild like the hill with my hand on the pump  
It go Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, dunn  
Fuck it we getting drunk and smoking that skunk  
Y'all going Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, Tudunn, dunn

[Funkmaster Flex: overlapping last line of chorus]

Yeah, It's going down!  
Funk Flex, Nore!

[Noreaga]

My caller ID is fucked up I can't see the number  
Feeling like Stevie Wonder, the hood took me under  
I miss my niggas I wanna see em  
All my niggas that's dead laying in mausoleums  
For my niggas that's locked up the same shit  
I told y'all niggas I hold y'all niggas to all this  
Picture us going all legit with all this  
Line em up; get em all together they all miss  
See all my niggas we starvin' and waitin'  
To take a nigga hockey mask off like Jason  
Better Armstrong face drop to the pavement  
In 2000 I don't get along with niggas  
That's why you never me on a song with a niggas  
Just my clique roll strong them niggas  
And wait till we see y'all it's on with you niggas  
And I could just slap y'all go on little niggas

[Chorus]

[Funkmaster Flex]  
Big dog pit bulls!  
Funk Flex, Big Kap!  
Cipher sounds!  
Mr. Cee!  
Johnny Walker Red, DJ Kioore!  
Frank Jigga, Corey Ock!  
The Funk Regulator C-note!  
Keep It Gator!  
And keep it global!  
SPKilla this shit is fucking ugly!  
Cut this shit off, it's a fucking wrap