

# Funkmaster Flex, Uhhnnh

(feat. Bad Seed)

(The Bad Seed)

Uh

Let's go

Here we go, uh

Here we go y'all

Here we go y'all

Once again, yeah

Who better nigga

Let's go

Nope, I never got locked up

Never got shot up

But fuck around though

Beat your whole damn block up

Find your bitch knocked up

Cee keep it cocked up

I'm sick call the doctor

Beat the shit out ya

Beef I don't sweat that

Niggaz wanna dead that

They come home, find a bullet in they girl head rack

UHHNNH

How you love that

What happened to dem thug cats

With all the gats niggaz gettin in club at

Now I done fucked up

I done caught y'all frontin

Get your jaw tapped up

Get your chin bone buzzin

You can't squad me

Now your all alone cousin

The kids got no pops, wife no husband

God damn shame though

It's not a game though

Why y'all act like you don't know my fuckin name though

It's BAD SEED

Style off the chain yo

Only close my eyes when I'm gettin brains yo

It's like UHHNNH

Thought it was a game huh

Didn't know the name huh

UHHNNH

It's like (it's like)

UHHNNH

Still for the kids though

Niggaz let your clips off

UHHNNH

It's like

UHHNNH

Bitches take your thong off

Shake yo stank ass baby girl it's a song off

It's like (it's like)

UHHNNH

Meet me at the ballcourt

Blow shorty back out till she had to crawl out (crawl out)