

# Funkmaster Flex, We Are

(feat. Memphis Bleek, Geda K)

[Funkmaster Flex, Memphis Bleek, Geda K]  
Just blazin' this bitch up, holla (Proud, that's my word)  
Funk motherfuckin' Flex (hey, yo killa nigga)

[Memphis Bleek & (Geda K)]  
Hey yo, I'm back up in this bitch like, Memph Bleek  
Same ambition, new strategy  
I got the law after me cause I'm movin' them packs  
But I won't stop like half a black  
(And it's young Geda K, young adolescent)  
(Spit sick, leave the game with infection)  
(Tote the weapon, nigga don't front)  
Shit, act pump to gut like C-section  
Cause M-Easy keep the steam low  
Don't never ever think you can press the team yo  
(Or G-E-D-A, young Parantino)  
(Shots come fast and hot like jalapeno)  
And dude know I'm in extra money  
And when that gun exposed (We take extra money)  
So don't ever think you can play the guard again  
When them shots hit (Melt cha' face like margarine)  
So go ahead (You lil' flap jack rappers)  
(Keep runnin' ya mouth) I let the mack blah at cha'  
M-E-M huh (Geda K now)  
You know the name get low or get layed down

[Hook: Memphis Bleek & (Geda K)]  
We are the supreme squad, you could dream hard  
But reality is we push the dream cars, fuck the queen broads  
Puff the green raw, we as real as it gets big up  
(We are the supreme squad, you could dream hard)  
(But reality is Brooklyn with king all, drugs and schemes are)  
(Shots up in y'all, we as real as it gets nigga)

[Memphis Bleek & (Geda K)]  
(Don't slip) Uh huh I tote clips  
(Act twisted, twist it backwards bastard)  
Gadget closed and I spit so relaxed  
(I got the Craftmatic flows) That's for sho'  
(Bitch, who you know like Geda)  
(Benz two-seater, ride low with two heaters)  
Shit quick to clap ya, quicker to get at cha'  
Watch ya kids, my niggas will nap ya  
(Clap ya, so respect the demandment)  
(Or them inner text, forty-two commandments)  
Nigga, dance with that  
You see the RW on everything from the pants to the hat  
(Foolish, tryin' to call me a liar)  
(See me in big chains and a turned over visor)  
Yeah, shirt to match, work with that  
Bitch gots weed, I can twerk with that  
And I (Gets chains), and I (Get brains)  
And I (Sit sick in a 4.6 Range)  
And we (Get low)), and we (Get dough)  
And we (Tote these) so now the streets know

[Hook]

[Memphis Bleek & (Geda K)]  
And I (Gets chains), and I (Get brains)  
And I (Sit sick in a 4.6 Range)  
And we (Get low)), and we (Get dough)

And we (Tote these) so now the streets know

[Funkmaster Flex]

Yeah, yeah it's goin' down

Violator 2 shit, Funk Flex, Franchise

Shouts to Memph Bleek

Geda K tote these, ya know

Call the faculty, exactly

Shouts to the big dog pit bulls

We up outta here, go to the next shit, it's over