

Q-Tip, Funkmaster Flex Freestyle

Open your eyes see the sight you never saw
Run your jibs to your man till your jaws get sore
The Funkmaster, the Abstract, we come together
Stand tall through all things either good or bad weather
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Stand tall through all things either good or bad weather
The ghetto style and the ghetto behavior
We got the shit for the foes and the neighbors
The house of the elite you know we keep shit street
Really raw like you never saw before, check it Pah
The Funkmaster, wack MC's they get plastered
My man is faster, my shit be out before it's even mastered
So before you even think about a fuckin scrimmage
Take your heads out the clouds and realize we'll diminish
Queens keeper, flexin not a street sweeper
Written in town, Scram Jones in your speaker
Top notch vocal child the microphone or the scuba dives
during the night, and no we ain't the frog
of highlighting, the jam with experience but still fresh
The vibe of Tribe Called Quest, you can't fess
Or fraudulate, I gotta make these chickenheads wait
About to cop this tape, hop in my whip and skate
So hit your nearest location, support your hip-hop nation
And the Flex Foundation
For the pockets, we gettin niggaed you can't stop it
The Abstract the Funkmaster Flex the main topic
So niggy yo you got to hear it better yet to believe it
Cause you can't retrieve it or deceive it
And yo, you got to understand the rhyme
The Funkmaster Flex that's a true man of mine, check it out
Yo yo yo
Say word
Shouts out to my motherfuckin man
For the Boogie Down, on down
The Funkmaster
Rippin shit, hook it up