

# Project: Funk da World

## Craig Mack

From nowhere from nowhere from nowhere from nowhere  
From nowhere from nowhere from nowhere Okay everybody listen up okay? Craig Mack's in the building  
alright?  
He's on the premises, I need you three on the roof  
You coordinate the left wing  
He must not get into the terminal to access the "Funk Da World" secrets  
I repeat, he must get into the terminal  
I want him stopped I don't care what it takes alright?  
Move out, now, c'mon let's go let's go let's go! Yo Mack! There's somebody on the roof man!  
Yeah I know man Just another second man  
C'mon man, we gotta do this shit!  
I know, I'm gettin' the door open man!  
Come right now, come right now, come right now  
I swear, come right now two more seconds, two more seconds  
Look look look look look Uh!  
Yeah son  
Shit, the 4-5 man I ain't got the damn  
I ain't got the fuckin' modulation  
Yeah you got it  
Control pads man  
You got that  
Alright look I need the voice modulation  
Yo hey do me a favor man, set the detonators man  
Let's get the fuck up outta here  
Yeah yeah, I got that, I got that  
Denied  
I set it up so that if anybody gets up in here the whole shit blows  
Denied  
4-5-76-0-2 look bang! "Access granted" Computer! How ya doin' bwoy?  
This is the Mack in full vicious funk flav bwoy, how we goin'?  
Initiate code sequence for "Project: Funk Da World"  
Dash oh-4-7, 6-9, zero-10  
Coming out, ninety-four boom! Ha bwoy  
Kickin' it Mack, bwoy  
Nobody's rappin' like me and that's clear  
I got this mad style, beats from next year  
The style, I bring, is shitting  
Get used to the format 'cause old one's be quitting  
Buckle in for the funk funk funk

And let the king of swingers drive Benz out the trunk  
I'm the magnificent, roaster, who's the man?  
Run down and low to the promised land  
No compromise on my rise  
Strappin' in mad biddly beats, nothin' capsized  
So go on, wait 'til fuckin' break of dawn  
The new grip is here, Jig will tell you it's on  
Mack's back, full effect  
But this is my freestyle, so yo wait a sec (ha)  
Don't try to push or your fronts might feel it  
And if you got size then I got to reveal  
Out comes the chrome and the shiny  
With the perfect timing, that thing's for your heiny (Blaow!)  
So meet the genuine, keep it on the hush hush  
That slow flow ain't the only way I crush  
I break it down to stone like Medusa  
You lose ta what you ain't used ta  
All aboard express train for pain  
Bigger than membranes that leave you in stains  
Now hang on 'cause my freestyle's a winner  
The verse slayer, so say a prayer like your dinner  
MC's all know that I'm a menace (I'm a menace)  
And I won't finish until you finish (ha)  
I come from a life of a corner  
Waitin for my house fat pool plus a sauna  
Craig Mack's the man 'cause I got it  
And ain't a motherfuckin' soul not a motherfucker bwoy  
'Cause I'ma boom bash, crash, smash  
Your whole program your program ain't worth a damn  
The unquestionable, impressionable messiah  
Like that John Sparks say, the world is on fire  
So take your time 'cause your turn's gettin' closer  
The new world's now hell and Craig Mack's the host  
Ghost (one) And now, "Project: Funk Da World" bwoy, ha!  
Ha, Mack-a-docious, presents

Songwriters

MACK, CRAIG / BOHANNON, HAMILTON FREDERICK Published by

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