Freestyle

Funkmaster Flex

Yo, yeah, uhhhh
Yo whattup?
Yo, it's the lyrical lexicon
The matador of metaphor
Mista Keith Murray
Chillin with my nigga Funk Flex
Word up
Got the Squadron, word up
Word up, check it out, check
Now, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo
It's the return of the lyrical lunatic, still kickin rough shit
What you say? I slap your stink ass, bitch
I shape and build my skill like an architect
Teflon style, rhymes be Gortex
I'm the highest exalted ruler on the mic with props
All this over hippin the hop bullshit gon' stop
It beez Keith not Bill, Murray not Sweat
Your politics be politically incorrect
We keep it hot like sauce, flows be definite like well OF COURSE
Def Squad cough a rough course
You weak wack niggaz can't do me none
Five hundred, radiant height I run with the sun
Apparently, you need to check my pedigree
And do the knowledge to the S-C-I-E-N-C-E
Fake ones fear it, real ones cheer it
Cause they all feel me from the womb of the human spirit
With logic and reasons I justify my means
See you on the scene, fuck you up like Tyson did to Mitch Greene
In fact black yeah it beez like that
If you kill my dog I'm a slay your cat
The supersonical genitonical astrochronical
Splatter crews, all you hear is ahhs and oohs
Time to face the music bring you down to Earth like Papa Smurf
I'm World Wide like on the Web, in your turf
With full fledged raps packed with anxiety attacks
For those who thought I wouldn't be back
With that bone chillin horror, killin all ongoin drama
Save the rah rah for your mama
Bragga-tocious, prone to static

Come through the studio, wreck the mic by force of habit
Tantalizing, make you feel good like crying
I can't be dissed, so you can stop trying
And Keith Murray will prevail
And you can eat a shit sandwich and go to hell

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