

Coronation Of A King

Craig Mack

Ha ha... I know
Yea I know man
These cats man...
It's all good, you know
It's been a minute
Feel good... ha ha...
Huh
Funk flav

Ayo I bet you never thought you'd see me again, My friend
Craig Mack comes with the Uhh like Mac-10's
I stomp on crush on all the competition
Now I got 4our 5ive chillen on my mission
Still rock the funk, I'm still in command
I'm still the one man band from here to Japan
Born to hustle, it's aight though, don't phase me nun'
Just remember you Mack son
The one they kept on the run
But that's okay Black
Kept me in shape so when I put it on tape
See I'm the Mackalicious Fat Funk Flav, my nigga
And when it comes to big names, God it don't get bigger
And I'm comin...

So don't you forget it, don't you forget who's king, Boy
Of this little world... hold onto your girl...

I'm the side of life we all seen
Ghetto child, my life was born misery
In '73
Harlem on Lennox
I was found in the street, brought in by paramedics
Adopted at 5 months and crowned me Mack
Now whatever my Mom won, she's good for that
Hit the hood like a bat and crush that
And sold that, you can hold that, unfold that
Wrote that, stayed with a green and gold sack
On my team I'm hood Quarterback
And money I'm all for that
Don't worry I'm chillen
Bought my main chicks minks and my kids own buildings
These streets have created a man
Hip Hop you created a fan
You'll get dropped if you stand where I stand
Funk Police if you can't understand
You not BadBoy you not my fam
It's even in the Quran
And I have seen the promised land
But I'm plagued with these problems, man
So I gotta get it off my chest the best way I can
And have to spit it if you with it, nigga raise your hands
HA

Funk Flav
Original, mister Mack
Ha, Don't be afraid
I'm comin to get ya, I'm comin to get ya

Ha Ha
Mack Funk Flav, ya'll

So don't you forget it
Don't you forget who's king, Boy
Of this little world... hold onto your girl...