

Funkmaster Flex Freestyle

Dave East

East side, east side

On the 6th floor right in the 'jects, right in my best
Wishin' I was in my fifth tour, got some work I could click off
Learn how to stack good, I just want that Beamer
Same color as a Backwood, still empty I'm that hood
Used to do the chicken spot, now it's Benihana lunch
Roll with some older niggas that'll tie your momma up
Oyster perpetual for the Rollie, kept it diamond cut
Bottom nigga climbin' up, off sour you can find me stuck
Buckshot, bring me right back, niggas'll line you up
Pull up in some shit they never seen so I ain't gotta rush
Zoom by, kush on my left, pills on my right
Kept the white right in the middle like moon pies
I'm too high
You think you ridin' till your goons die
My youngin's ask you what's your shoe size
Then prolly let a few fly
I'm in Miami with a muma
Tryna win a Grammy off of grands and buddha
I want the moolah
It's hard to stop what's already in motion
I ain't gotta hit your blunt, I've already been smokin'
G star denims on my schmurda shit in '08
My mental was really on some murder shit
Cause nothin' was workin' out
Just to pass the time, started workin' out
Me and my nigga J Black from way back
He a Bronx nigga, met him in Queens

Butch crib, met up with fiends
Imagine Nas signed you, hell of a dream
Somebody pinch me
Promise nothin' they say ever gettin' to me
Used to watch House Party now kitten play listen to me
This that talk that make the hustlers want to open shop
This that stash house talk, don't let 'em know the spot
This that talk that got my city wantin' rap again
This that all black everything like an African
This that middle of the summer in the trench coat
Glock 19 remindin' them of how you been broke
Pablo, Louboutin poncho
Photos with my eyes low
Strapped where ever I go
Toe tag and won't brag about it, now you John Doe
If you need a joint I play the point, Rondo
Call my nigga Gato
My jeans used to be Paco
Baby mother spanish, nigga fell in love with tacos
I was in Miami down in Liv, me and Capo
Mad under covers in the buildin', I did not know
I come from a town that's famous for the Apollo
When you gettin' to it, even famous bitches swallow
Rosé to the face, I ain't never pass the bottle
I'm always sick, I don't never need a doc note
In love with that money, guarantee nigga I'm not broke
True dope boy always lookin' like I got coke

Flex what up? Freaky forever baby