

Funk Flex #Freestyle167

Don Q

I get high just to balance my lows
Word through the grapevine, they tryna challenge my flows
But I don't see nobody as far as challengers go
I'm passionate that my talent is why I sat with the pros
We was on the ave with it with that Marilyn Rose
A half for a whole
Come and get it, just grab it and go
These niggas don't even rap about what they actually know
Watch a movie then write a song reenacting the role
I took accomplice then I found my own path on the road
I be walking through that valley alone
I can't speak about no shootings that done happened on behalf of the bros
But try snatching my gold
Then I'm clapping this pole
If I came out with it, I'm ready to have a bang out with it
Out the back window, trying to hang out with it
For real, I seen the toughest niggas take the stand
So don't think I trust you nigga cuz I shake your hand
These niggas moving ass backwards
I heard the streets asked for it, I'm back snapping
Gotta just move fast-forward, no backtracking
Tryna up my tax brackets
Niggas think they thugs cuz they got tats and they hat backwards
When I'm on them drugs, its a bad habit
I bite the pill like Leroy did the bullet on The Last Dragon
Would you believe mama said I need rehabilitation
What you are now seeing is a legend in the making

Hol' on
Yeah uhh
What you are now seeing is a uhh
Yeah

Bitch it's Corleone, all about my provolone
Had fiends high as ET when they phoning home
Remember Sosa crashed the 'ghini, he had to tow it home
Seen niggas fight crack charges that never sold a stone
It's niggas with me that's toting chrome, that scope is home
Looking for the safe, he don't show the code, leave broken bones
I turned the crib to a trap when I was Home Alone
You bugging if you talking bout them crimes on the mobile phone
You read through the lines, they feeding you lies
It ain't really what it seem, like when you see a mirage
I walk in with the heat by the thighs
357, he survived, then he really beating the odds
You see how I rise? Look at me and see growth
Crack charges, strap charges, I done beat both
It ain't for debate nigga, I don't need votes
I'm the one who broke the lock for the door when the key broke
How you trying to compare?
You trying us where?
Know I will body him here and I solemnly swear
Uh-oh, it's him again, I'm rubbing it in they skin
My shooter come prepared to spin like who, what, where and when
It's crazy how my L's look better than niggas wins
How you pull up to a club and your section is full of men?
On a large scale of 1-10, these niggas all 12

Give the cut to your cops and get your car tailed
All held, I back out and watch his broad yell
It's packed out, the traphouse look like a yard sale
Lyrical crack, I'm the rap cartel
I went to church but I still gave my moms hell
I don't sleep much, these addys help me keep up
Way before Felipe's, I could take you back to that free lunch
Where niggas hit the dice spot and gamble all of they re-up
Where niggas panic and switch sides and line the team up
Now you heading up shit's creek, you think it's sweet huh
They put him six feet, they caught him sleeping with his feet up
I've seen both sides of the war
Them .45 hollows for sure, go through both sides of the door
They coming to put you in a bow-tie in the morgue
It's nothing to see a nigga's soul rise to the Lord
Mob shit, get a nigga throat tied with a cord
I pray to the most high, we be on top of the Forbes
Don