

## 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