

Funk Flex Freestyle #181

Joey Bada\$\$

Yo

Ayo my cup overflowing, peep the drip
I got the juice now, your bitch running, take a sip
You keep thinking that I ain't legit, my crips'll straight run in your shit
Gun bust your lip, now you're really bloody
Shit get really ugly, niggas hate me but the hood love me
I'm good money, if niggas ever try to move on me
I'm finger fucking the .9, my gun is too horny
When it's that time, I ain't sending no warning
I'm back, I'm better than I ever been
I took five years off, still somehow I'm relevant
Trust, these niggas don't wanna see me in my element
And trust every room I'm stepping in I'm the elephant
Kill em all - effortless, call this shit Hood Elegance
Sophisticated ignorance, I ain't got good etiquette
Way your nigga hit that switch, it's kinda medicine
Let me have to light you niggas up like Con Edison
Hit a nigga quick with a dose of his own medicine
Hit you from afar, up close just like a relative
Y'all niggas better stay woke, stay off the sedatives
I'm known to go right at your throat, skip all that extra shit
Nigga

Funk Flex

Bada\$\$, what's next?
Joey coming like that
Like that

Yo, uh

Life's sweet, it got all these niggas sour-faced
From corner suites or court side seats, we making power plays
I could give a fuck 'bout a label, we do it our way
Every day I celebrate life like it's a holiday
Condo on the water, having convos with my lawyer
I give these niggas something to watch like Tom Warner
I'm from the blocks where death is right around the corner
We used to hop turnstyles, now we living broader
Hopping over borders, still making time to see my daughter
I'm paid in full like Alpo and Rich Porter
My stacks rise, all my checks at least a quarter
I'm feeling baptised with my neck all in this water
Vision clear through my Cartiers, jet with a sommelier
Empty space in my garage, prolly park a 'Rari there next year
Every day, another cheque clear while they all stare
Yeah

Hehehe, yeah

We here
Look, hold on
Lemme talk

Uh

Paint my thoughts on the 'maginary canvas
I take no loss, I can't give these niggas chances
I put my all in each and every single stanza
I do it for the -, they just do it for the camera
I don't need no fame or no glamour

I just need some money in the bank and my hammers
House in the Hamptons, a mansion in Miami
Palace for my legacy, I can't forget my family
First I get the Oscar, then I get the Grammy
Give it all I got, yuh, I don't need no plan B
I be with them shottas, we been on the kill-spree
You gon' need a doctor, he gon' have to bill me
They be like "Chill B", I be like "Fuck that
Tell them that they feel me, don't call it a comeback"
Hit em with the punchline, call it Lyrical Combat
When I drop the album, that's when I kill em on contact
Hit em with the compact
.40 on me, homie you might really wanna clam that
Ops get smoked like the bomb pack
Watch me like Comcast, y'all can see the contrast
Niggas put their souls in they motherfucking contract
We ain't even on that, we don't even condone that
Bitch I had to own that, tell em switch up the format
Flow way needed in that in that gentlemen coat, now
Shots to the head, tell you pussy niggas "Hold that"
Uh

Joey Bada\$\$ is here, bruh
Whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo-hoo, whoo
You see us