

# Funk Flex Freestyle #101

Juice WRLD

Uh-huh, uh-huh  
Man, man, man, man  
Uh

On these beats, I feel like I'm a murderer  
Who are these niggas? Who are y'all, never heard of 'em  
Who am I? I'm a murderer, uh  
Niggas always on a sneak diss murmuring, uh  
I'm really got no time for the chit-chat, bitch get back  
This choppa break pussies in half, Kit-Kat  
Run up on me that's cool, up the choppa out the mismatch  
Designer that you can't afford, uh  
Hop out a foreign, these up niggas in a Ford  
Yo' bitch like a car, yeah, that bitch a whore, uh  
A four-door, huh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
President like Morris, huh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
I feel like I'm the best at what I do, I swear it  
Pull up on the scene, that blood, you gon' wear it  
And brains get to tearin', and all that fallin', ballin'  
'Bron on the Lakers like Spalding, damn  
This is how I play  
Me and G-Money gamblin' over 2K, that's 10K  
Yo' advance, not 2K  
Off the top with the freestyles, no toupee  
I kick push work in my city like Lupe  
That bitch don't cross the street, yeah she go both ways  
My choppa shoot 'em four times, that's foreplay  
Make you ring like a single finger, no Beyoncé  
Man, it's 3K for the wrist, André  
Just to fly out a bitch from the islands, Bombay  
I do me all night and all day, dawg  
Run up on me, then that choppa gon' spray, dawg  
I'm not a Xbox, no I won't play, dawg  
That shit dead like your people's in the graveyard  
No offense, nah fuck that, all offense  
Police come through, I'm out the trap, I hopped the fence, uh  
Man, I do this everyday though  
In the cut, like I kill people nigga, Tadoe  
World in my hands, I'ma mold it like Play-Doh  
Full of shit, hell yeah, rich ass A-Hole  
A-Hole on the a-list  
Fuckin' all the bitches on the a-list that you ain't even see yet  
I'm meeting all the legends, that all these goofy ass peasants, didn't even  
get to meet yet  
They askin' for features  
I'm shittin' on my exes, these niggas and my teachers  
You pull up, that's okay  
Remember up in school when we caught yo' ass lackin', and we jumped you by the  
bleachers?  
That's a true ass story  
Yeah, I got kicked out  
Fuck the bitch in the porta-potty, my dick out  
I'm on the scene goin' crazy, runnin' sick routes  
I had to bring that shit out, man  
I'm exposin' these niggas  
I don't take breaks from raps, no reloading, lil' nigga  
My clip on infinity, shootin' up yo' vicinity

I got Duff Clinton, lil' money like my name Hillary  
I feel like a pastor, the triple 9 is the ministry  
Nigga they be pussy like a menstrual bleed, huh  
Really I'ma play 'em like an instro key, huh  
Pull up on a scene, choppa gon' spray  
Sing like, "Do-re-mi"  
Falsetto, I fucked the bitch in the projects from the ghetto  
I pull her strings like my name was Gepetto  
Left her in the middle like Malcolm  
Sit down and settle  
Man, I'm the best  
Man, I'm a rebel  
Billy Idol in my earphones, I'm a devil  
I'm the best to ever do it  
Fuck with me, I'll hit you in your face, you leakin' body fluids  
I feel like, I feel like  
These other niggas they be sweet like Mike And Ikes  
These niggas pussy, then a bitch, they won't take a life  
I might as well take they life then take they wife  
Resurrect they bodies, shoot them twice, yeah shoot them twice  
Real shit, scratch they ass off, lil auto quick-pick  
Burn 'em like kush with Jamaicans and incense  
Been the realest nigga since I came out an infant  
Ten years old, freestylin'  
The best to ever do it, all the other crowds silent  
Went to high school and the shit got wilder  
Suburbs and hoods at the same time violent  
From Roselyn to Homewood, I did my shit  
R. Kelly hell yeah, I piss the shit  
R. Kelly with the gun, get pistol-whipped  
In that shit, sharper than a fucking pencil tip, man  
I ain't never gave a shit, I ain't never gave a fuck  
I ain't never gave a damn  
That's your bitch, why's she all up on my dick  
From the 'Gram, she gon' prolly gonna come over and get crammed  
And these niggas ain't on shit  
I'm sure like Sam motherfucker I am  
And I swear to God, that bitch trapped up  
Like a dyke, like her first name Dick Van  
Oof, I got some wordplay  
I'm 'bout to ax these niggas with the verbs, ayy  
Chopper shootin' for the green, I feel like Larry Bird, ayy  
I say what I want, these other niggas absurd, ayy  
I'm on Flex, flexing on all these niggas that was freestylin'  
I feel like I'm the best of all of 'em  
I've been ballin' on 'em like Like Mike  
I'm a Harley Davidson, you a Tike Bike  
You a Tike Bike and that's my shit you sayin' nigga  
That's a soundbite  
I ain't had copyrights today so you can have it cuz  
I'ma prolly make that money back, I'm a savage, mhm  
You fuckin' with my gang, you gon' need more than a bandage  
If we robbin' you, then we gon' cut deep more than some bandits  
We gon' take your whole shit down, fuck a vandal  
Put a bullet in your soup can, fuck the Campbell's  
Matter fact, I'll leave your brain eggs, get it scramble  
I feel like Kyrie with this mic, I handle  
Feel like a technician with this shit, get dismantled  
Man, this is off the top of the dome, I never write it  
See the shit before I say it, I'm feelin' just like a psychic  
She ridin' my dick just like a bike, ten-speed  
.40 on my hip nigga, please don't tempt me  
Full clip, I'll leave the party empty

With a bad bitch riding me like okay  
Whole team finna fuck on that bitch, we ten deep  
If her boyfriend rolling, he'll jump by ten feet  
I did it yeah  
I did it yeah  
I walk away with blood on my Timberlands  
That's why I keep on ballin' like Timbs  
Dunkin', A1 with the shit no flunkin'  
I hate Halloween so I'm aimin' at your pumpkin  
Yo bitch Dunkin Donut sweet, a munchkin  
She a eat-eat, we gon' make the bitch munched in  
She want McDonald's, we may just take her out for lunch then  
We ain't going to Ruth's Chris, not for this piss poor bitch  
We ain't going to Ruth's Chris, not for this piss poor bitch  
Nah, we can go to Ruth's Chris and ball out  
Bussin' 'Rari's, run 'em just to fall out  
Playing XBOX, so used to play Fallout  
Broke up with my bitch over it, we fell out  
Man, the cops came, I bailed out  
Done packed shit, we used to ship 'em through the mail  
Now, I'm in L.A. smokin' the shit they ship out  
I dpn't gotta ship it, I just pull and sip now  
Speaking of sippin', I kinda love the codeine  
I don't do that coke, these niggas keep the nosebleeds  
I pull up on 'em, ballin' court sides, no nosebleeds  
24 I need a ring, feel like Kobe, uh  
Clutch as fuck bitch I feel like Ginóbili  
At least that's what your mama told me  
But she was in the bed, holdin' on to my Rollie  
With my dick in her mouth like a freshly lit stogie  
From Chicago, we eat arrows and hoagies  
Will you eat, where you from? That shit trash, ho  
From Chicago, we feel like the G.O.A.T  
Hell yeah, we the best in the class, ho  
Hell yeah, we the first, not the last, ho  
Hell yeah, we'll beat your ass in class, ho  
Hell yeah, we'll drop out and fuck the math, ho  
Just to hit the streets, add it up do the math, bro  
Feel my wrath when I'm walking in these Rafs, bro  
I'ma tornado, get the fuck out of my path, bro  
Ayy, LOL when I'm in the bank  
These niggas stealing my mentions but I got the last laugh, ho  
Man, I'm richer than a bitch  
I really hate the bag but sometimes I get an itch  
I wanna talk my shit so I can walk my shit  
So I can hit his light and knock it off his switch  
And if his girl wan' it, we are off his bitch  
Walk away, police coming over  
We call for this shit, like  
"Yeah, we don't know what happened, we was on the corner freestylin' to Juic  
e shit rappin', ya dig?"