

FUNK FLEX (#Freestyle140)

Marlon Craft

Don't compare me to them dudes you 'bout to compare me to
It ain't worth the time to get ate, yo they barely food
I'm a different brand of dude, LeBron don't respond
When dudes call him out who can barely hoop
Shit, I ain't hearing dudes
And hoes get as much hang time as my earning hoop
Cause my girl hold me down an unreasonable amount
Like what your label gave before they abandoned you
We be fly, but on the inside, shit we look like Crash Bandicoot
So never been a surface level dude, a wave rider
They some check with the circus set of dudes
Chips I done bet a few, Lost some but those my setup moves
Now I got a better view so even thought my count down
I'm still like, two hands ahead of dudes
And trust me you can get slapped with either I'm telling you
Only thing saving you is how crazy be my schedule
Trying to balance malice while putting together clips
For online, like I was Pusha in '09
Speeding where I don't speak the language on road signs
And for me go time is go time
They like, yours coming soon, I'm like I know mine
I don't need validation I'm calibrating, give respect don't have to chase it
OGs can fuck themselves if need be, shit I dare masturbate 'em
Not craft, kill anyone in his path, you can cry but do not laugh
You'll be starry, frustration and bitterness those past methods
I always had skills just ain't have leverage
Shit I was throwing punches Like Cass' Clay
But like Ali I needed time to hone my last name
I need legacy, I'm looking past fame
All that shit gets me is awkward elevator convos
There's too much on my plate I gotta delegate it pronto
Only work with family and legends that's the criteria
And ain't one freshman that's striking fear in the
Rear of my head interior I ain't with rap squabbles
I just wanna be cheerier mostly I'm a sad dude
Cause it's my least valued currency, but shit cash rules
No tattoos my exterior blank but my sleeve filled with my heart
And all my past wounds
While dudes out acting like baff-oons for a quick check
I'm in the bathroom doing power poses fighting anxiety
I'm still mad cool, I just don't gotta try to be
I came to add too so you can never minus me
So you can keep the attitude and the fear that you hide between
But when the truth is in the room just don't you dare lie to me
Cause I belong to myself I'm my own man
I make decisions on the premise of whether or not that I will be my own fam
But look I ain't no stan of me
The self-critique is real, my mind about to impeach my will
Sometimes it's easy to doubt yourself when they praise you
There's time I said if it comes to it and it came to
But any loss is just a prelude
Cause you can turn Ls to a W if you just adjust the angle
This shit that hurts you is the shit that make you
Growth comes at the point of resistance, and if it's
One thing I can do shit it's motherfucking train dude
So I held myself back 'til I became a monster
So shout out to all my fears feel like they my sponsors

They in concert gave me conscience, made me conquer, made me bonkers
Made be ponder how to part with all the shit that made me somber
Almost got ate around 24, they made me mamba
And now we programmed to be pros at grammin'
I focus on the prose for the pose cause that's who I are
Like, do they understand it?
The crafty never get undercut by the upper-handed
I eat so much on these beats, when this shit cut off
I'm like waiter what's the damage, who really fucking with me?
I don't need half the functions that I posses to be
The greatest living I'm like yo who want a kidney
This shit isn't fair really, they wouldn't dare feel me
You don't know yourself enough you ain't be introed to spec
They let that album play and halfway through the intro they vexed
Hell's Kitchen I done got my whole zip code respect
Check, see I hold court in ball rooms
Look, but ain't no sports and costumes
You wave ride with your cohorts this monsoon
Leave em washed up if y'all on one I'm on two
And even if I don't win I ain't gonna lose
I'm finding ways to make it work just like an old remote
These guys be making excuses, dudes is the type to go
Act like hoes and then blame it on they horoscope
Shit, I swear your rappers talk too much
Y'all the type to do brunch, fuck outta here, vamanos
On the gram talking hard making these bravado posts
But you don't like this place cause they don't got your avocado toast
Shit, how it took me to rap hard again
Why is it bougie just to emphasize the art again
You wanna make the team homie, work harder then
Lotta y'all's getting cut first like the barber friend
I finish school for the degree, left with a bachelors
Had to bring the funk on Flex to get my masters
Shit, I made cheers from a lot of laughter
I stand behind what I write but I'm never backwards
And I was raised up in Hell's Kitchen
I used to hoop uptown, I ain't do much missing
I hung with everyone from Ivey leaguers to gang bangers
Mathletes to 'caine slangers
And they was type different, but see like not really you dig
I mean the values be similar, but the system is rigged
I got to college where these herbs is all moving the blow
Out in the open, where I'm from you supposed to move on the low
So it ain't really 'bout your aptitude it's more geographical
Rules more unilateral than practical
It's more based on the tone of your skin than anything factual
A lot of folks entitled to what they ain't give no action to
Shit, and even these just words
I'm watching kids on twitter cryin', actin' all butt hurt
But in life they gentrifyin', lyin' and they willing
To even sacrifice one yearn, that shit be fake concern
I try to know a thing or two about what I speak about
I aiming for the pinnacle I'm bout to reach it now
I'm VIP but still rap like I'm in the bleachers now
Don't make me put your whole career up on a t-shirt now
And all these fucking rappers fear for love of feature now
The pretty women used to front but now they reaching out
Them haters try but can't stop me they doing reaching fouls
You can see my aura dangle from me like some sequins now
My region need me now, put me to the test
Fuck a regents now, you can't standardize greatest
Try to write off my bars you can't vandalize statements
Imma keep making noise 'til I get amplified payments

Look, I used to drown all in anxiety
I never thought that this many people would admire me
I used to cry and bump Man on the Moon in its entirety
I'm make a living now off of what ate me up privately
So don't you muhfuckers dare lie to me
Shit you better put some respect on my shit
Like I ain't tell you motherfuckers I had next in this shit
Now I'm on screens they wanna act like they projected this shit
Homie I play Texas hold 'em with the chips that's on my shoulder
Sometimes I wonder if I'm the only one getting older
A bunch of child egos in positions of power
Power don't make credibility you bitches is cowards
Out here trying to front like the appeal ain't massive
Like this emcee ain't coming up like Nasir name backwards, I'm risin'
The people Jonesin' for the real again, it's here family
Them lames, I beat em cause I love em that's that real family
Shit, I had to smack the fake out 'em
Then I keep it moving cause no one ever made a way poutin'
That's real, and they might not play this on playlists
But they ain't the only ones to make lists, I've been taking names
And when the tables turn, oh there be some used gum
The game was looking gruesome until I grew some
Cause they'll give you two options and be like choose one
Act like you deciding, that ain't a choice, homie use your voice
I tell the kids the world is oh so yours
Peep the musical progression in my vocal chords
We worry 'bout the life lesson, the photos more
My mind be almost full, like a four-on-four
Shit I be stressed, but I know that I'm gone no more
I know the sequel gone be better, cause my life ain't a movie yet
But people start like they love me when they ain't knew me yet
Up and coming but y'all I've got the soul of a gloomy vet
A lot of folks blind of who they are, Clayton Bigsby
I'm still broke but learned long ago that money can't fix me
They tryn' go viral, I'm tryn' make history
They all trolls and shit, I'm over, I'm like the bridge be
The door to the game is ajar, like where the tips be
I'm tryna tip toe through it and if you really made it through the
House with integrity, I'm trying to be your student
Like, how'd you find time to be so prudent
Cause these motherfuckers is shadier than my assumed mentor
My greatest fear's 'fore I blow up, I soon get bored
Cause I'm years ahead I send my messaging from other planets
I try to take shots, but all their messaging is underhanded
Rick Barry free throws, but they ain't as accurate
Never seen someone who spit savage, just with this acumen
All the shit they sweep under the rug now I'm vacuuming
I'm really gone put an end to this actin' shit
Look, and only future legends be a part the crew
My roots in this shit is deep like the man whose
Ideas a darker hue, he did ten minutes
Thought I needed 11 to prove I's best in it
Shit until I realized that I can't be Black Thought
Any more than he can be the kid from Hell's Kitchen
I'm a better me than him, so shout out to big homie
Hope he see this shit, yeah
My confidence is ambitious but not delusional
I've got more soul than half your faves in my cuticles
So apologies for what I had to do to y'all
But duty calls, the real is back bitch who are y'all