

Funk-N-Bock

Playa Fly

I'm callin shot after shot, whether you like it or not
its takes more than a plot, to knock this P from the top
as Flizy conquer this land, wit destiny in my hands
cause Minny Mae in demand, and mista stand with the plan
that's more efficient with others, most involving my brothers
the one who realla than killaz and down to dump on tha devil
upon the funkiest scrub, dump some slugs in they mug
and Flizy bucking so wild wit bubble wild in my cup
and Playa Fly nigga what, and I love what you like
but only if you like the right cause wrong ain't keeping me tight
and I'm gonna step on some toes, and I'm gonna bring me a load
a treal of Minny Mae members, who want some platinum and gold
we smooth the rockiest road, and take a pump to you chumps
and label all of my foes, as good as Willie lump, lumps
you laying under my posse, we full of vosse and crunk
and ain't no calming us down, so stop the passing the funk.

Chorus:

We come to get a nigga buck and we ain't givin a fuck
We get you buck, We get buck, and we ain't givin a fuck
(Repeat x4)

I put this here on the map, and they didn't like it from scratch
I lay this funk on the table and put beside it the facts
Fly sit deep in the snow wit big O'l Zeke on tha blow
we ever loving this dust and still controlling this hoe
you see me rolling wit Lou, South 51 with Peru
we ball from Mempho to N.O and lock it tight as a jew
I'm one the few on tha prowl, and Fly don't fuck wit a crowd
I like enjoying my drugs so listen close to my vout
this mister Playa Flyz you take this mighty wizhight
as Inbbins (IBN) lawfully with it until the end of my life
and never have it to hold, but love and cherish this snow
on through my sickness and health, until my death Fly gonna blow
you might not like me no mo, and Fly don't need a preacher,
for this here funk I got love
and indeed dope buying dubs, Fly smoke the prettiest bud
and wait and shake full of skunk
for this Fly live, i need to love, so pass this Playa tha funk.
(Repeat 4x)

I'm on it night after night, I'm catchin flight after flight
and Flizy landing ain't happy unless my candy is white
they call it yeahyo up north, and yeah for short in the south
I got my purr's on that pure, I put the funk in the house
back wit R.E.G in the day Lil Flizy could not get paid
to even speak or hit peak, and now I bump on that bay
I keep my habits intact, can't have them holding me back
won't see me showing no slack, might see me snowin a pack
you got the closet to full, a its so full of this bull
I never dwell in the place, but towards the real ones I pulled
wit salsa pure on the salsa hits
it cost a arm and a leg, and tie a torso and head
so boys its best you invest, before the party gets started
cause Flizy tootin wit hardin,
once the mission commence Lil Walter Lee won't be stopping it
and its so rarely we kick it, but I'm gonna handle this one
cause see I live for the funk and I love the funk.
(Repeat 4x)

The prince of Tee, Gangsta be , a funky crown on Lil E

and Tony crown Tony B. slick sport crown for the sneeze
and Pervis powder deserve it, Enerst P crown is dirty
my fellow funk in Kazeem, crown Gangsta Weaze in a hurry
on to, a crown on Lil Red, and Key, Pedé, Forty and Bled
I mean Phylicia, Ced & Ded and Dre be crownin the feds
got snow and Kings on the L, wit crowns that fit him so well
big Moss stay strapped wit some scar, Carlos P lock tight like jail
and fruity crown dirty Dud, on everything that Fly love, and CoCo crown Carl
os Moss
but he didn't do it that much, from Mr. Meme to Frost
from Blizo to Peter Paul, Fly didn't forget you Big Alta
Big Ice why crown for my dog, and its so many of y'all
and Fly ain't callin yo name, Fly ain't neglecting sniffas
I'm just so full of this cain, and done done this here wit you
and I ain't doin no junk
because I need the Funk so pass me the Funk.