

W.C. "Get Up On That Funk"

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[Coolio]

Get on up on that funk

And maybe you'll feel better

(repeat 2X)

I got the funk inside me, yes it guides me

The light in my eyes, is shinin brightly

Just give me some deep bass, a snare and a kick drum

Turn it up loud and listen to the rhythm run

Whenever I'm feelin bad, angry or upset

I grab a cassette, and pop it in the tape deck

Album or eight-track, as long as it ain't wack

Funk is addictive, but not like crack black

I'm hip to the old shit, the shit that still hit

The Louisiana chicken and homemade biscuits

is makin my feet move, it sure does feel good

My head is bouncin, cruisin through my neighborhood

But this ain't pop though, R&B or disco

Reggae or calypso, that's playin in my radio

It's that funk yes, won't settle for less

Sheeit, I must be blessed, now check it out

[W.C. and Coolio]

Get on up on that funk

And maybe you'll feel better

(repeat 2X)

[W.C.]

Check it out

Now turn up your radio, EQ the stereo

I'm glad that y'all could make it to rock with the Maad

Circle

And this is a preview, somethin to move to

Listen to groove to, I hope I don't lose you

Now I am the miracle, some say I'm spiritual

But I'm from the ghetto what? I live off Imperial

Dip dab smacked in the heart of South Central

I might make it out (why?) cause I got potential

I ain't livin by protocol, cross me you're sure to fall

Another sucker, sippin on some Eightball

Left by the wayside, run but you can't hide (yeah)

Call it foolish, but I got the funky ride

Now hear what I'm sayin (yup) You might think I'm

playin

Been rappin so long, some say I need a vacation

Emcees wanna be me, some girls wanna skeeze me
But I play the back, cause I'm scared of A-I-D, S
to the next paragraph I must move on
You might know my face (why) cause I made a funky
song

[W.C. and Coolio]

Get on up on that funk
And maybe you'll feel better
(repeat 2X)

..

"Coo, Coolio! Show em what's on the mic!"

[Coolio]

I love the funk, and the funk loves me so
I'm stuck to the funk and I won't let go
Ain't no mountain high or valley ever deep enough
to keep me away from the rhythm of the funky stuff
I know who I am, and Sam I ain't
I'll never fake the funk, I won't cause I cain't
Crazy Toones on the fader, kinda like Funk Vader
On tape like great, dominate the record player
So Dub (whattup?) Won't you step to the front
and give the real meanin of the word funk

[W.C.]

What's my meanin of the word funk?
Well let me give a demonstration
Minority Alliance of Anti Discrimination
In other words, an organization of my homeboys
stealin from the rich and famous
And givin back to the poor folks in the slums, yo
Cause neither one of us forgot where we came from
Cause when you sellout, you're out, and we don't want
ya back

Nigga playin both sides, I gotta peel his cap
Cause one thing the Circle ain't down with and that's
all these bourgeoisie negroes, better known as
COWARDS

Huh, sick of society, approval they try so hard
with your brand new cars
Try to fit in with the upper class, but the upper class
was a mask, and they LAUGHIN AT YO' ASS
That's why I'm down with the M.A.A.D. Circle
But still keepin it Low Pro, workin for the po' folks
So everybody watch your back

I'm like the spook who sat by the door with a gat yo
(I know you can funk these words to the letter
Get up on the funk and maybe you'll feel better, yo)

[W.C. and Coolio]

Get on up on that funk
And maybe you'll feel better
(repeat 4X)

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