

## **SWV, Babyface and Portrait**

### **"Why You Wanna Funk?"**

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Intro: (\*some dred woman\*)

Dere's no time for dem future  
Come short wit me 9 milimeter  
Body beater, doesn't pick up  
Fully automatic collar point beater, uhh  
\*repeat\*

Verse 1: Spice 1, E-40

Another whole fuckin clip and break down a nigga  
body, don't  
think I'm bad, no boxin and no karate  
Just a down ass nigga that you think you know  
But you don't know is that I like to see you die real slow  
So pull that motherfucker out and you'll be buried  
somewhere  
S-P-I-C-E-1 of niggas' worst nightmare  
I set the game from the killers I knew back in the past  
and I'm tellin you if you fuck with me it's a slug for your  
ass

Ain't no more pilin up your faeces  
cos niggas be actin like bitches  
Pull a strap and don't use it, nigga that ain't smart  
I know some niggas that'll take that kind of shit to heart  
like me, bring it back e'rybody die  
Spread fireworks make it look just like the 4th July  
Have a sit, leave it laminated on the shelf  
even though I'd rather do the shit by myself

Chorus:

Why you wanna funk when you ain't gotta chance  
Don't make me have to make that call, aah-aah  
Why you wanna go and pull a strap up out'cha pants  
when you know you ain't gon' shoot at all, no no

Verse 2: D-Shot, B-Legit, Suga-T

Things are kinda cruel on the streets

Shit, ain't nobody really tried to fake me  
But it seems nobody wants to fuck with me  
Why is that? I had no son enemies  
I got rid of every last motherfucker  
for the simple fact I can't trust a  
Nathan in this motherfuckin outfit  
You come my way so ya have to die bitch

I make em lay down, I gotta playground full of  
hardhead  
beanie-capped, triple fag goose wearin  
wanna catch me loose starin at a barrel  
Chances get narrow when I'm maskless, bearin thangs  
set to blast this  
Enemy provider, fool I'm a ridah wit a driver  
Keep the Uzi click switched on saliva  
Neither you or crew that you pumpin  
wanna see the Big Dogg about nuttin

Flow-a-matic automatic nigga to my 9  
Paper chasin, I'm heavy on the mine  
Every now and then a nut feels a bit dainty  
Hoes by the dozens they really can't stand me  
Swing my way you get your dome sprayed  
???? ???? fucked around and became my best friend  
Every now and then I yell "Get the urge to floggy!"  
like every now and then I yell "Call my daddy 'Boss'!"

Chorus

Verse 3: E-40, Spice 1

Eminate 'money over hoes', mistood a man named  
\*?"Xena spokes and vogues"?\*  
Go on a rampage, beanie, smokes and clothes  
Drunk as a funk, Wild Irish Rose  
Graveyard don't track, nigga might as well  
Put in some overtime, make that scrilla, get some el  
Late night, greedy gut, major clientel  
Money-hungry, same draw, same rapper will

Blaow! Biddy-bye-bye-bye-bye S-P-I-I-I-I-I  
love to do a d-d-d-drive-b-b-by  
Reach out, reach out and touch a motherfucker  
with my nickel plated chrome, have you foamin at the  
mouth  
When I fill your ass to the rim like brim  
I got slugs for you, one for you and one for all of them  
How could you play me like a bitch, I ain't no sucker  
I put slugs in nigga's arms, chests, legs motherfucker

Chorus

Why you wanna go and pull a strap up out'cha pants  
when you know that you ain't gon' shoot  
\*repeat\*

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