

## Wyclef Jean F/ Supreme C, Marie Antoinette, Hope "God Made Me Funky"

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One time for your mind

(Hey everybody)

[ VERSE 1 ]

You know it's gotta be funky if I'ma rhyme to it  
Pick up where the others left off, and I do it  
With so much soul, and so much self control  
I'm a smooth operator puttin rappers on hold  
Flowin like a stream, the rhyme scheme seems to  
gleam  
Like a flashlight beam, but it's no dream  
It's a real type thing. and it's happenin  
Caused by applause, and I'm forced to get rappin  
I'm rearrangin the lines, so I can change with the times  
Cockin rhymes like nines and blowin minds  
I glow and shine like a beacon when I'm speakin  
Skin is light, but I'm not white or Puertorican  
I'm an African descendant, very independent  
I make my own moneyÂ§ so don't worry how I spend it  
Rappers follow me, but I don't need another shadow  
Hollow MC's, don't even think about a battle  
Cause if you got the mic, and you ain't rockin it right  
I'll grab it, and drop the rhyme like a bad habit  
Hey, I wouldn't have it any other way  
So believe a brother when I say  
God made me funky

[ VERSE 2 ]

Now the way I kick a lyric you would think I play soccer  
Rhyme stays proper, get ill, I be a doctor  
Operate, like a well trained surgeon  
Take the competition, bust em out like virgins  
They get strung out, high dry, and hung out  
Without a word like a cat took their tongue out  
Their rhymes were frail, pale, weak, and stale  
But I'm deliverin a brand-new style like a mail  
Man, rain and hail, and sleet or snow  
No need to worry, cause I'm guaranteed to show  
Up, right on time with the rhyme to entertain ya  
On the microphone, and leave like the lone ranger

'Who was that stranger?' Shoulders be shruggin  
Everybody's buggin  
Rhymes are funky dope and keep the crowd want more  
Like a junkie hopin to make that score  
I'm a true soul brother, cause that's the way to be  
And only true soul brothers can dance for me  
Hey, I wouldn't have it any other way  
So believe a brother when I say  
God made me funky

[ VERSE 3 ]

You hear the rhymes on the radio, in the a.m.  
On the am, then in the p.m., on the fm  
Def Jef, and my rhymes'll stick witcha  
Verses say a thousand words, just like a picture  
And since I'm an artist, and my pen's a paintbrush  
When they admire and inquire, I say, "It ain't much"  
Rhymes flow natural like a second nature  
And if you wanna get on the mic, you gotta await your  
Turn, learn the fundamentals  
Grab some instrumentals  
Practice makes perfect, so rehearsing can pay off  
But for now lay off the mic  
And let a real pro show you how it's supposed to go  
But hold up, let me hang my coat up  
Let me clear my throat up  
Hm-hm, now turn my mic up  
Step right up, hurry, hurry, don't miss this  
Watch me light up the mic like a Christmas  
Tree, see, I mean business, I ain't effin around  
Put the needle on the record by Jef, and you found  
A new sound and you like the way the name sound  
Plus it ain't the same sound, cause it ain't James Brown  
No corny lyrics, I don't rhyme like that  
But when you think about comin correct - I'm like that  
I wouldn't have it any other way  
So believe a brother when I say  
God made me funky

(Got to be) (so funky)  
(Got to be)  
(Get down to the funky beat)

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