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2 Low"Funky Lil Brotha"

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[2 Low]

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You can call me T double o to the L-o-double - yo I'm 2 Low, that funky little brother, yo Comin back with a brand new cut And you can new jack swing on my -Cause I got this here so tight A young playa doin damage to the mic (you sho' right) I'm 13, but I ain't dumb So bring it on if you little bustas want some Cover your dome because it's on once again And I'm a young playa that's known to win I got my street sense from these hardcore streets, trick And I'm comin real, cause I ain't bumpin no weakin Pass me the mic and let me kick it for the old folks All the O.G.'s back in the hood that once sold dope Jammin 'Happy Feelings', I'm leavin on the next train Learnin the game, so when I'm grown I be set, mayn Got a bank account, so I can stack some g's And have nice things like Cutlass on d's Fresh candy paint, kickin it live And hit them switches before I'm old enough to drive My teachers can't stand me cause I give em no respect But I ain't sayin "M'am, yes M'am" until you're signin me a check So you can miss 2 Low with the bump rap I'm gettin paid, makin a's, forget the dumb crap You ain't my mother, so that means I'm not your son So in reality, miss, you gets none I'm gettin busy, gettin busy on this track for ya Funky - yeah, cause I'm the funky lil brotha

[CHORUS]

(I'm just your funky lil brotha) Cause I'm the funky little - brotha (I'm just your funky lil brotha) Cause I'm the funky little - brotha (I'm just your funky lil brotha)

[2Low]

Here we go once again with the real hits Throw your hands in the air if you can feel this I bring styles after styles after styles, dukes

I can't be faded with this here, cause I'm a young troop I sport them Nikes, not the Reeboks or K-Swiss And while I'm on the subject of feet, let me say this I beat your down like I'm Bruise Lot And let me squash this here: real gees do die Give it to me, baby, let me show you what my juice like Let me hit the switches, let me show you what my juice like Rippin up shop for '94 like a chainsaw Makin them say, "Oh man, little bro raw!" And I can square this here off right I'm straight from [Name] where these gees don't fistfight They got they 9mm ?????? Tust enough to get your punk butt licked up It's not 'bout the set I claim, cause I don't bang I'm just a gee from the hood who let em hang And that's word to the mother, your funky lil brotha (You'se the funky little what?) Cause I'm your funky lil - brotha

[CHORUS]

- [Scarface] Yeah man Yeah man! It's goin down right here Me and you What up
- [Scarface] Where is Cedric? Where is Cedric? [2 Low] Here I am [Scarface] Well, how are you today, Sir? [2 Low] Very fine, I thank you [Scarface] Well, smoke one, fool [2 Low] I don't do that, fool

[Scarface (2 Low)]

Well, it's Face rippin shop with my funky lil brotha (I'm the funky lil brotha, that's word to the mother) Pass the killer, lil brotha, let me hit me some dank (I ain't with that, homie, I'm tryin to make me a bank) I pass it over to my brother, now he's ready to flow (You crank it up, damn fool, cause I'm ready to go) I be the Face (I be the Low) and we the real deal Puttin bustas on they back like we Evander Holyfield (Flowin on the beat is what I'm known for) And the funky lil brotha is who this song for Once upon a time there lived Lucky But Lucky got bucked because Lucky tried to buck me (Tried to buck you how?) Hey yo, I gave that boy some scratch He came up short, that's when he got sidetracked Had to cut him up like a tractor With that pick-pick-pick, you little busta, I holler atcha (But you ain't gotta worry with that mark no mo') Why you say that, Low? (Cause I'm the funky lil brotha, yo)

You kinda right But you trippin, you trippin! Come on!

[CHORUS]

Yeah That's fat, that's fat In the house like that Come on, come on! Hey, hey [Name] Is that funky or what? What you gonna say about that, eh, Joe, Mike Dean? That's what's on? Aight Hey Hey, what's up Jay? I see you ??? on the horn We just gon' roll out with the track Come on

(I'm just your funky lil brotha)

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