

Champ M.C. "Funk House"

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[Intro: Champ M.C. talking faintly] [Champ M.C.] Niggaz don't know what they getting into I got tricks up my sleeve for bitch ass niggas like you, fuck it If you wanna come test me, call the cops to arrest me I pull the plug on my worst enemy My lyrics teach you how to leave a scar across your grill You better chill before you cause me to get real ill But first let me put an end to this discussion You get slapped with a two piece, knocked out with a concussion Fuck it, thats how I live it in the nineties Speaking real candid or get the ??? out the socket Don't mistake me for a sucka, a punk Or a bitch ass nigga like yo momma Thats how Im feeling what I'm dealing with I be chillin while ya'll niggas be on that bullshit How does it feel to ?squat a vein? on the next mans dick Fuckin and suckin every five dollar trick You on some bullshit [Interlude: Champ M.C.] Mic checka one two and like this and like this ya'll and that ya'll Mic check one two it's like this ya'll Ayo Champ, I want you to kick that flava flava shit Comin at you right now, right now, hit it [Champ M.C.] I know I be buggin sometimes but I want some more real shit Hip to the fullest, niggaz wish they could just Fuck with the bitch that got skills But still, I kill any nigga if I will Burn and torture that ass so I can see ya blood boil Dry your ass up and toil with your brain I'm insane and I can't maintain the pain I stick a knife in your kidney Should I hold in your hands so you know I'm thinkin ?? Fuck it, don't let it get to your head Any ??? my moms and you all can drop dead So get all your fuckin blunts And wish luck on the next motherfuck who who thinks they can test me My mind is all gone, far away as a ??? sheep Testin me, lyricaly, I'm not the one, you must be crazy Gimme the microphone, I heat it up and then I Swayzie [Interlude: Champ M.C.] Yeah, know what I'm sayin, check it, check it out This goes out either one, know what I'm sayin The real niggaz, the FTBs, the Buddha Bandits Know what I'm sayin, you know how the fuck we do Know what I'm sayin, nobody here lacking Cuz the Champ MC's cold macin Yo hit me with that ??? burst [Champ M.C.] Just watch how I flip it, tight shit, always make a smash hit Gimme the microphone and I'mma

rip it Take it, I always stay mad dip, heat the mic up real quick Don't gimme no lip, don't gimme no lip, niggaz be poppin mad shit I heard people say I have a split personality Who gives a fuck, see in reality, that's me G Who the hell are you to be minding mine? I got rhymes and tec nines to show bad rap the real time So you wanna be a gangsta? Walk around with a cellu' phone and a big ass saker You're played, and I know what you all about Yeah yeah, shout it out I gets down like a nigga and I'm pretty like a bitch And if you come up to bat, these rhymes will get pitched [Outro: Champ M.C.] Yeah, check it out, check it out Yo I wanna take this fly shit right here to the ??? Polygram representing like a mothafucka, know what I'm sayin? I got family up in Sant Nick Projects And they still know I'm representing in the ??? squad, most definatly Yo, smooth it out like this, check it out

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