

Chris Lowe**"Funny Fake Snakes"**

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So what's the deal man, you think real rap gon' come back or what?

[Lowe] Know them funny fakes and snakes got to go
I'm sayin, I like what you doin man, this is new revolution

[Lowe] Know them funny fakes and snakes got to go
Aight yo, dig it

[Chris Lowe]

Real quick, let's get intricate, deep dish
With sounds that get down through the speaker so clear
Crispy, y'all can't miss me
Catch me from the snare, trust the funk you just gon' hear

Now let's take the trip on the journey of beats
Past the crates of the beloved and cheapskates that dub it

This here funk was bred from the illest hip-hop head
You shellshocked, watch the bells rock
Trust me, the illest of the million dollar sellers won't hurt me

Now that's mos def and most certainly
So mi amigos with the million dollar egos
Frontin played out, that shit corny like Cheetohs
Act, straight up black, no fake scam make ya thick thin
This nigga full blooded, nuttin mixed in (mm)
Accept it, ignorant off point, you gon' catch beef
I put that on the gap up in my front teeth (damn)
I'm top gauge, on the next page
Advice to the players, y'all save the ace of spades
Chris Lowe with the routine reality check
Ain't no disrespect but I'm 'bout to cut the deck
What's the deal?

Yo I dare somebody y'knahmsayin to just wreck the style

[Lowe] Know them funny fakes and snakes got to go -
what's the deal?

I dare you to diss though, knahmsayin, come up with that real shit

[Lowe] Know them funny fakes and snakes got to go -
what's the deal?

Come up with the real joints, knamsayin, come up with
some real joints

[Lowe] Know them funny fakes and snakes got to go -
what's the deal man?

Real live, y'knahmsayin? Real live

[Lowe] Y'all know them funny fakes and snakes got to
go

[Chris Lowe]

Man, things ain't the same, now don't complain, I'm just
against the grain

See my brain'll put that lick-a-shot shit to shame

I think we need to stick to bein black

So the next generation'll step up right on track (why?)

We gon' need 'em, so tell the truth, man don't cheat

'em

If shorties is hungry for that knowledge man then feed

'em

See I'm into that (yeah) I threw that in there, thought I'd
mention that (huh)

Cause black knowledge is the scratch what we itchin at

Observe me, I hope a lot of y'all heard me

Cause every city, everywhere, niggaz is still dirty

Clean up your act, baby wash your back

Tell 'em soul brothers don't be really actin like that

It's just the weather, I'm thinkin precisely, whatever

Still lookin behind me (why?) cause some niggaz is

some-timey

While I'm still the same, year after year with the same
name

Forever steady, we'll get together when you ready

What's the deal?

Real rap y'knahmsayin? All the real MC's man, step up

[Lowe] Know them funny fakes and snakes got to go -
what's the deal?

Only the real beats man, only the real heads, real MC's,
real rhymes

[Lowe] Y'all know them funny fakes and snakes got to
go

[Chris Lowe]

My voice contain the downright dirty lyrics

Bout to get me pissed off and just squash the whole
spirit

of the raider raider, the crash test dummy data

Time for some change, the hip-hop influctuator

I'ma keep it simple, fat grooves that get you into

You gazin in space, so may the bass be wit'chu

Shoulders is shruggin, A&R's is like keep buggin
I'm beyond a thug, too deep to be dug
I'll be damned though, if I gots to pull the scandal
You lose your job, the business can't be handled (hah)
Ain't no breakin my back for contracts
and gettin disrespect (hell no) not for records (nah)
So what's the deal?

What's the deal, y'knahmsayin? You tell me
[Lowe] Y'all know them funny fakes and snakes got to
go - what's the deal?
Shit, you tell me, what's the deal baby
[Lowe] Y'all know them funny fakes and snakes got to
go - what's the deal?
{*fades out*}

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