

Tone-Loc f/ Kenyatta

"Funky Westside"

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(aw yeah, huh)

[Tone-Loc]

(UH!) One-two, one-two...

Oh my God! Tone-Loc, where you been?

Oh, he back in the studio! HO-OH-oh-oh [*laughs*]

..Ohhh shhhit....It's a miracle...

Hey, hey, whatcha gotta do, whatcha gotta do...

Check it out, holmes...

[Tone-Loc imitates a Jamaican rasta]

BO-BO...Ladies and gentlemon...it is time for me to
introduce to you

The grandmaster, the MC, that 'oes from coast to coast

The gggrandwizard, The Man, The Myth, Tone Smith

But {?} known as, Tone-Loc!

Yo LOCO....I wan you to rip it up for 'em, mon!

Tell us what it's all a-bout...rip it away from {?}

bloodclots...

and do it for the westsyyyde...

[Verse One]

I do believe the year was 1966

A young brother was brought up in the mix...

and ever since that day was born

like a mother from a baby, he could never be torn

From the neighborhood that ?tardy? so much

I'da hustle and chill, and surviving the clutch...

and if you didn't know, I'm talkin' 'bout the best side

Where the tribe reside on that Westside

This ain't Bed-Stuy, but it's like "Do or Die"

Contemplatin' suicide to ride by

homicides, and then it's ova... (ova, ova...)

No rabbits for the four-leaf clover

Everything is everything, just mind yo' buis-ness

and when I handle mine, I leave no witness

So when you're walkin', aim straight and keep goin'

The rhymes are ?gumblin'? and the tribe is still, flowin'

Fo'-deep in the G-ride... (G-ide, G-ride..)

Tryna make it, to the funky-ass Westside

To the funky-ass Westside (Westside, Westside...)

[Chorus- Kenyatta]

Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Na-na-na-naaa-ahhha-aahh

C'mon! Lemme hear you say

Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

Na-na-naa-naaahh-ahhhh

[Verse Two]

Ill remember the dayys, as a tee-ager

Before the hypeness, of a sky-pager...

It was +Happy Days,+ now +Who's The Boss?+

Instead of The Shuffle, we was doin' El Lacoss

and it was easy to catch a girl solo

Bust out the gigolo, but showed the polo

Before you thought we was coooold freakin'

BIG grindin', dancin' cheek to cheek and

Steal a kiss and you know I'm all excited!

Until the point where I can't even hide it

and when you know, someone stepped on my shoe

and why they do that? And I done had too many blues

I tried, real hard, to stay cool and calm

He didn't say, "Excuse me" so I had to BOMB

Lookin' at his {?}, I was only upset!

So I get, betta watch the step... (watch the step...)

On the funky-funky Westside... (Westside...)

It's a funky-funky Westside

[Chorus]

[Tone-Loc over chorus]

For the O.G.s' and dawgs, know what I'm sayin'?

Fo' the insanes...to ?all the rocks?

To all the Locs'...

[Kenyatta]

I-I-I-IIIII shot the sher-IFF (Yeah I did...)

But I did not shoot no deputy... (Nah...)

Ohhh no, NOOOOOOOO (I didn't chalk him)

I said, Ill shot the sher-IFF (yeah, I shot him)

But I did not shoot, no deputy (ain't shoot no deputy)

Ohhh no, NOOOOOOOOO

[Verse Three]

Illusions of the world and my mind begin to twirl

Thinkin' 'bout a wife, a lil' boy and a girl

You can do this when your pockets are fat, not skinny

and at this point of time, I ain't makin' a penny

Hard times of it, so I gotta get my slang on

Back on The Ave., where I used to get my bang on
Homies all around, still ?pullin'? licks
Ain't worry 'bout a thang from Officer Dick
Yo they get theirs, so I gotta get mine
Knowin' damn well the risks of doin' time
to run this city, was the master plan
Yo I breathed the Aves., the block, the streets like a
diaphragm
Times have changed, but I still scrap for mine (MINE)
That's how I'm livin' on the Westside

That's how I'm livin' on the Westside (Westside)

on the West....side

To the funky-ass Westside (Westside, Westside...)

[Chorus]

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