

Bootsy Collins

"Spreading Hope Like Dope"

Visit "[Spreading Hope Like Dope](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

In the beginning
There was total darkness
And out of this darkness
There came a word called funk
From the high trinity of funk
Three undeniable geniuses
The godfather himself, James Brown
The funk master, George Clinton
And the funk teacher, Bootsy Collins
Just that word funk
Represented all that was funky
And funk'd up in the world
So it was kept out of the mainstream
Of the so-called civilized or deoderized world
The one looked down upon us
And saw sir nose
BE void of funk and said

"This is not good for humans to be funkless
And separated from the one
You see, one is not a lonely number
When it contains the essence of all that is"
The one said "I will send
The spirit of the funk on down
In the flesh of George Clinton
To triumph over this funkless
Invader of organized chaos"
Then with a blast from his funk gun
George reached out his hand and began to speak
In an unknown funk'd up tone
No one on Earth understood this P. Funk language
No one except his personal funk'd up disciples
And they were sent out all
Around the world for the funk
"Who me? I'm yo' brother and funk man
Cornell West, yes, bringing you the good funk'n' news"

Visit [Bootsy Collins](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.