

Carpenters

"Funky Rhythms"

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Chorus:

Funky rhythms on my mind, day and night (Listen, I hear a beat) (Repeat 6x)

[Dred Scott]

So watch the kid fly through the atmosphere
When I'm rocking up a party, yo, I feel no fear
I be the one with the funk I kick
Yo I gets on the mic and says something sick
I give a "la-di-da-di yes yes y'all"
I seen your granny doing backflips at the mall
And at the party I'm the killa dilla jerk a fool and blast
Like a pissed off post office worker
But you must understand that I'm just having fun
Like Sanford and Son cause I feel swell
When I bust my nut off when I'm on the DL
A fucking midget with his legs cut off
Can't get lower than me when I shake my funk
A brother with style and I ain't no punk
Like Nat, I'm a king that's Cole as ice
Double teaming me because you know I'm twice as nice
So check it out y'all

Chorus

[Tragedy]

Rappers be selling out like tickets to a championship fight
But hold tight, I'm the motivator with the right
Stuff, I keep it rough while you huff and puff, so save the bluff
Cause I ain't even trying to hear that stuff
I kick black facts over fat tracks that Dred packs
Peace to Freaknasty and the rest of my cats
Where's the axe? I want to cut a rapper in half
And laugh, dissect his whole steelo
Used to be high, so I chopped him down to be low
Put him to the side like a cop does a kilo
I'm raw, I funk you up and down like a see saw
To be more than a racist pig named Limbaugh
You see, cause I be the mad verbal doctor

Check my resume, I'm at the top of the roster
For your listening pleasure...

Chorus

[Dred Scott & Tragedy]

I gots to be the prodigy, you know I be vocalizing
Earlying in the morning while you're yawning
Here comes the pain, let it rain like thunder
Cause I be the true overlord of the under
Breaking chumps like old Tupperware
Stepping up smooth Dred with my savoir fare
Imperial funklord, cause I be the freaker
So funky you think I farted down your speaker
Like a dozen rotten eggs, kid, I'm taking no shorts
Not even for my skinny legs
The renegade with the ill vernacular, I bring the drama
I get loose just like the lips on Madonna
My flow is all around, and yours is like a
Bucket over there that broke down
I would have given you a ride if you had let me know
That you had to hitchhike
Just like I'm going to pass you the mic right now
Awww, bitch, sike

Chorus

[Dred Scott]

With the beat kicking back, yo I like that snare
On the microphone cause my style is rare
And the rest of the world ain't heard that shit before
I'm on the microphone, I slam just like a door
BOOM! And it shuts while I kick the dust
I'm on the microphone flowing and I can't... (fades out)

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