

Beatnuts "Get Funky"

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Hook:

"Get Funky" "That's right" (x4)

Juju:

It's the crook with the shit little cords and mass danger
Torturing crew like Jews in gas chambers
Danger the angel of death street smart lyric arranger
Complicated my style change I get stranger
Freak flows let opponents know
That I combat the stats and defeat the foes
Gots to get money kid you know how it goes
And I'm still livin' fowl even stickin' up hoes

Psycho Les:

Equipped with the Beatnuts funk
Ain't another brother kickin' phat beats with spunk
Duck tried to test me but his ass flunked
I rolled him in some Bambu and threw him right in my
truck punk
I told you once and I won't tell you twice
I freak the stunks and I won't pay the price
For stickin' in hun paradise cause it's all good
I know you wish you could

Hook (x8)

Fashion aka Al Tariq:

You got the brews but the cool is just save ya
Down and just daze ya, Beatnuts wanna blaze ya
Raise ya give you junky juice that was major
(And you don't stop) comin' from the soul
cause the heart is the funk spot
Diggin' through shit that I found out in the park lot
Talk not, bustin' crazy shots at the don't squeeze

Ju come down spray these niggas with the funk please

Juju:

Somebody said you were looking for static G
Those who try to play me close could die tragically
I got a merciless flow that's infatically fatal
That attacks the brain automatically

Unleashing lyrical wrath to leave you open
Crew that choose to bite might find yourself toking
Dirty alone I never do what the pope says
I'm tryin' to get money like Felipe Lopez

Hook

Psycho Les:

With a 1-2-3, 3 and 2-1 only type ? preacher could be
this nun
Hun don't it sound sweet to the drum?
Drum trip as I flip till it's done
Son act like you recognize dad
Run to poppa come get what you never had
I'm (superbad) and ducks get mad cause it's all good
I know you wish you could (get funky)

Fashion aka Al Tariq:

We got you wanna more puff from the Nut
Go on take a hit from my shit but it's a rough one
Bust one, remeber what they said never trust one
Use to be two in the crew now it's plus one
I kick that old cool style got ya fiendin'
Blowin' ya mind just like that red light beepin'
I'm a get buck a blast a shot in ya eye
Make way motherfucks it's the real superfly

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