

Clear

"Gone Funky"

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(Cledus T. Judd/Bruce Burch/Bob McDill)

She's been playin' them low life honky tonks for thirty
years in Texas.
She's sick and tired of all them Reba songs they keep
requestin'.
She's about to lose her voice, her hair's fallin' out and
ain't nobody clappin'.
So she think's she'll shape her head, buy a boom box
and just turn to rappin'.
She can't keep up, with them country healthers,
Gonna learn to shake her boobies, just like Salt N'
Peppa.

She done gone funky, a brand new tattoo.
She done gone funky, a big nose ring too.
She done gone funky, her favouite rap song's "Shoop".
She done gone funky,
Hah, you go girl!

Well, he never was good at suckin' up to all them
country disc jockeys.
It seemed like dag-blammed week, then some new hat
act bumped him off the Opry.
He had to sell his bus, his house, his cows: ain't had a
hit since the sixties.
Well he's fed with hearin' about: Travis, Garth, Tim
McGraw, Collin Raye, Billy Ray Cyrus, John Michael
Montgomery, and Joe Diffie.
He saw Johnny Cash on MTV,
Bought a new new toupee, said: "That's the place for
me."

He done gone funky, too ahead for his boots.
He done gone funky, burned his cowboy boots.
He done gone funky, wearin' platform shoes.
He done gone funky!
Oh, Suki.

Oh well, he moved up to Nashville, had big dreams of
being a songwriter.

Ha ha, 'bout the only things he's written down lately are
some orders down at Brown's diner.
If everybody's gone country, like Ali Jackson says,
Gonna move to Los Angeles and buy him a drum
machine.

He done gone funky, hangin' out with old Sloop.
Doggy Dog, sippin' on gin and juice
He done gone funky, do wets for two live crew.
He done gone funky.

I feel good.
He done gone funky.
He done gone funky.
He done gone funky.
Fun, fun, fun, fun, fun, funky.
He done gone funky.
She done gone funky.

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