

Digital Underground "Tales Of The Funky"

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Funk is my mother, George is my father
Obsessed with creating another author
Now I remember back when everything was On the One
(Nah, they couldn't get none)

Let me take you back a little further than that
The Mothership connection and the rest of the pack
But think back, when Bootsy's Rubber Band hit the
stage
With the star-shaped bass, he'd send the crowd into a
rage

Stop, look up, and what do you see?
The Mothership landing in DC
So, yo, thank God for Parliament
Everybody funky knows that they was heaven sent

There's Michael Hampton at one end of the stage
Banging out Maggot Brain with Eddie Hazel
Yo, I remember that and you do too
He would always call the Mothership down for you

Ga-ga goo-ga, ga-ga goo-ga, ga-ga goo-ga
Yeah, you can do it, Humpty, don't be shy
But Shock G, come and reminisce with Shorty B
You know that I was born one of the Funkentelechy
Humpty-Hump and the Horny Horns why don't you blow
for me

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She said, I know the drummer can you let me in?
Tell the guitar player that I brought my friends
She was fine, sweet with a touch of class

No head, no backstage Pass

Funk used to be a bad word to you
I couldn't stop myself writing a funky rap or two
So free your dull-ass mind your funky ass will follow
Your funk is watered down, in other words it's kinda shallow

Get up to get down, I said I'd rather be with you
George and Bootsy, what a hell of a crew
But since you've been lost, yo, I've been so lost too
So Flash your lights in the air

And don't forget that the funk Mob is everywhere
Don't be standing on the verge of gettin' it on
And George'll be the first to tell you when the funk's gone
There's funk in everything you do so don't be stupid

You might imagine me funky though like Cupid
What is this? This is a tribute to the Mob
Devoid of funk so my set don't slop
I'm kind of cosmic like Vernon

I rap around the mic like Fuzzy
And like Starchild and Grady
I grab the funk by the neck and let it take me
To the Aqua boogie, with a giggle and squirm

And if you ain't funky you will learn
I confess you've got to clean your chest
And don't forget that everything is on the one

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So would you, could you funk, do you wanna
And if I ask to funk are you gonna
Get stopped, cream always rises to the top
See pop ain't where I'm coming from

So haul to the left and don't forget to bring your Bop
Gun
Do that stuff like you knew

(Shorty B)

And if you're down with the funk, that's me and you
And now that I just took you back to the future

It's time to wake you up so I begin to suture
Stitch you up, and then I mend your wounds
But red hot lover's got the loose booty
My lyrics amaze the vital juices, wanna do me

Like Too Short, too many funky words sooth me
(Yo, I'm tripping)
Trojan on my tip and won't trip
About the articulation from my lips
So here we go, I'm about to show

All the homies in the hood that I can flow
With the Underground, with the P-funk in the sound
And if it ain't got the P it ain't down
I'm like Al Capone on the microphone

I'm blasting lyrics through your dome, all through your
home
But like Ice Cube said, once again it's on
I won't bite though just to write a funky rhyme
I go platinum, for the very first time I wrote my rhyme

With the Parker, not Paisley
And if Prince is on my tip it don't phase me
I'm from the old school of funk
Yo, I got Knee-Deep bumping in my trunk
This is not a trivia or a quiz
I just put the funk back in showbiz, y'all

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Ain't nothing but a party, y'all, haha
Haha, once again, 1991, Shorty B
Hitting you off with mfstbc [unverified]
Still kicking it for the Acorn posse

Yeah, Jerry Hodge is in the booth kicking it
Yeah, wanna send a shout out to Shock G
'Cause without him there would be no me

And that's M E, and I'm O U T

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