

Doyle Lawson And Quicksilver

"Funky Flute"

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Intro:

Yeahwhattupthis is Dr. Dre

The party's goin on

Thank God it's Friday

["Buck buck buck buck booyaka shan!" KRS One"

repeat 4X]

Chorus:

Keep their headz ringin (ding ding dong

Ring gading ding ding dong) / repeat 2X

Verse One:

[Hey yousittin over there] Say what?

[You better get up out of your chair] That's right

[And work your body down] Yeahhh...

[No time to funk aroundcause we gon....]

Funk, you, right on up

So get up, get a move on, and get your groove on

It's the D-R-E the spectacular

In a party I go for your neck so call me Blackula

As I drain a niggaz jugular vein

And maintain to leave blood stains so don't complain

Just chill, listen to the beats I spill

Keepin it real, enables me to make another meal

Still, niggaz run up and try to kill at will

I wipe niggaz off the face of the Earth since birth

But get popped like a pimple, so call me Clearasil

I been a bad nigga, now let me tell you what I'm worth

More than a Stealth bomber, I cause drama

The enforcer, music flows like a flying saucer

Or a 747 jet, never forget

I'm that nigga that keeps the hoes panties wet

The mic gets smoked, once you hear the beat kick

With grooves so funky, they come with a Speed Stick

So check the flavor that I'm bringin

The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin

headz ringin

Chorus

Verse Two:

One-two for the crew, three-fo' for the dough

Five for the hoe, six-seven-eight for Death Row

So I can collect respect, plus a check

Now I fin' to, get into to, my mental

Mad niggaz about to feel the full effect of intellect
Will take care of this business I need to attend to,
'cause my rent's due
And this rap shit's my meal ticket
So you god damn right I'm gonna kick it, or get evicted
A black Casanova, runnin niggaz over like Christine
When I rock the spot with the flavor I got
I bring terror like Stephen King
I kick plenty of ass, so call me an astronaut
As I blast past another nigga's ass that thought he was
strong
But I smoke him like grass, just like Cheech and Chong
When I flow, niggaz know, it's time to take a hike
Cause I grab the mic and flip my tongue like a dyke
I got rhymes to keep you enchanted
Produce a smokesscreen with the funky green to keep
your eyes slanted
So check the flavor that I'm bringin
The motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their motherfuckin
headz ringin
Chorus
Verse Three:
Debonairre with flair, I scare wear and tear
Without a care, runnin shit as if I was a mayor
But I ain't no politician, no competition
Sendin all opposition to see a mortician
I'm up front, never in the back drop
Step on stage and get faded just like a flat top
Dre came to wax you so, just call me Mop N Glow
Many tried to, but just can't rock with
Your rhyme sounds like you bought em at Stop N Go
I'm 6-1, 225, a pure chocolate
Your chances of jackin me are slim G
Ho ho ho, and so, as I continue to flow
Cause I rock from summer til Santa comes down the
chimney
Cause yo, I'm just a fly negro
So, check the flavor that I'm bringin
ChorusThe motherfuckin D-R-E, will keep their
motherfuckin headz ringin

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