

Everlast

"Funky Beat Feat Casual and Sadat X"

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Yo Whitey Ford's the name

The Hunchback of Notre Dame

Couldn't get more bent

When it's time to represent

I control it like rent

In a slum tenement

Life's hard like some men

In the concrete jungle

I don't smoke jumbo

So whatcha knockin' for

There's locks on my door

We rock from the floor

To the ceilin'

Ain't no drug dealin'

Ain't no gat peelin'

You can't fight this feelin'

Casual:

Weeeell, My style's golden

Hot like molten rock

Niggers come bold

But leave here holdin' jock

High roll patrol

Roll through the set on fifth

Arm's solo

Sippin' momo with a chick

Niggers take the penitentiary

Chances at the dances

Lettin' off shots

Lit off the lanterns

Mad 'cause a nigga can't test with no access

To phatness like this

Sadat X:

From one story the cowboy was founded

I'm surrounded by Casual and Whitey Ford

The whole world and your girl

From the Bay to LA

To my blue end while

I ain't tryin' to die

I'm tryin' to live

While I cool out

And pick up my daughter

When the bell says the school out

Who the hell brought tools

In this peaceful event

Now I can love you

Front you

Or we could hunt you

You played too close

Take a hit of this dose

A yes, yes, y'all

Sadat X:A freak, freak, yo

Casual: So fresh y'all

To the beat y'all

Sadat X:A yes yes y'all

Casual: We don't stop dog

We keep it rockin' till the panties drop, yo

Casual: Uh huh, ha

I see the rappers bein' ruined

By you and whoever's doin' that

Crap, they got me booin'

In fact, I'm gettin' to 'em

May an electrical poetical surge

Give me the urge

To, consume, the tomb

And submerge

The depths of adverbs

Keep it sickAnalytical

You pitiful trick

I'm the pinnacle and the prodigal

Rhyme style's

Hip nautical

Fuck the artical

The artist is hardest
To harvest the hard shit
Sadat X:
I slave till all my work is done
I'm cashin' in
Stack up my money for a grand set
I like them all house parties rockin'
Plus I'm up in your cozy
Bitch turn your head and keep your eyes
Where they supposed to be
Supposedly I was seen with something lean, huh
Brown skin
I keep it bouncin'
I say loungin'
On the side with red wine
I know that shit on my floor ain't swine
Now back it up
Stack it up
And hit me one more time
It might be your phone call
But check it, it's my dime
And I know she's fine
But get off my line
Or I'll break that spine
And then maybe your face

You all up in my space

Like with Puffy and Mase

But that's just not the case'

Cause I'm settin' the pace

While you followin' and swallowin'

Savorin' the flavor

In your audio for now

Quick suckin' my style

I'll be the man

With the large amounts of savoir-faire

Rock on

To the break of dawn

Just freak it

Ah yeah baby

Rock on

To the break of dawn

Just freak it

Ah yeah baby

'Cause it's the funky beat'

Cause it's the funky beat

'Cause it's the funk, the funk, the funk, funky beat
(beat)

Sadat X:

I'll leave a piece of my style

Flyin' high up in the air

And you'll say to yourself

Damn I'm glad I was there

This is as rare as me frickin' share

You people stare

But behind closed doors

You will take it there

Casual: Yeah I be the extraordinare

Judge from Bayfare

To Albee Square

Tell me where the party at

I'll be there

Let her hit the coney at

Show her where to rock the pony at

I be the man

With the large amounts of sapphire fare

I'm about to cut loose

My dog so you all best beware

You can dance with flare

And get out of your chair

We be smarter than your average boo boo bear

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