Everlast "Funky Beat"

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Check Uh huh Check check, y'all

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:

Well, 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 sick Analytical You pitiful trick I'm the pinnacle and the prodigal Rhyme style's Hip nautical Fuck the artical The artist is hardest

Sadat X:

To harvest the hard shit

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

CHORUS 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

CHORUS II (X2)

Sadat X:

'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

CHORUS
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

CHORYS II (X4)

Sadat X:

'Cause it's the funky beat

'Cause it's the funky beat

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

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