

Fisher**"God Made Me Funky"**

Visit "[God Made Me Funky](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"God made me funky!" (4X) - unknown sample

[Intro: Poetic]

You just made contact wit Too Poetic

[Poetic]

I'm 5 foot 4, that's small for some of those
That don't step, are dumb-di-dum-dumb
Other them are bigger than ordinary brother figures
Flip 'em on a solo tip, and trigga vowels and
consonants
Flow 'em wit confidence, makin MC's, solid as a
monument
As I comence to dent their intelligence
The mic's a tool and the stage is a work bench
So rappers better, stand back and let a
Brother like me press on, instead a
Searchin for tricks that try to aim static
On like an automatic, word to Roger Rabbit
I remain in the same frame of mind
Blowin the cause of those who keep tryin
To rip or snatch tax, mix or match poem
That an actual fact, they don't own
First as I right, recite and ignite
It's original type hype that light's ya insight
Showin off a superior being
My criteria is made for me and
You ain't Jack, see, Jack's in the box
I burn a sucker wit a billion watts
That's enough to light New York up
I kick the power on foes who walk up
To get wit this swiftness is just a gifted
Quick wit mix wit the lifted
Mic for total, vocal enhancement
You wanna battle Too Poetic, throw up ya hands
And I only can waste it, and paste it, and baste it
Victory is sweat as I taste it
Hah, the effect as I rip you to ribbons
Wreck it and let's just see how I'm livin

[Chorus]

"God made me funky!"
"Oh yeah"
"God made me funky!"
Throw ya hands in the air
"God made me funky!"
"Oh yeah!"
"God made me - God made me-"
"Now on the - on the- "

[Poetic]

When I'm loose, I'm two times as wild
Versatile styles compile stretch for miles
Extend to the endin, leave MC's foldin
My breaker make a Papermate pen explode
Then, sloppy biters and copywritin's
Seen the jet on just step-a-siders
I totally capsized rap guys that's why
Rap wise'll say, my mic is baptized
Cloverleaf all day, to never be borin
Wether we home or alone or we tourin
People respond and it seems that we made a
Born a man machine a spectator
For what to care, Poetic, to get thru to you
Make a tape of this break and pump it through
Speakers, radios, cars, vans, stereos
Eat your Cheerios, then prepare to go
Into the zone, that's dangerous
Unless you prones are arranged to bust
Any obstacles, mines unstoppable
All weak rhymes I lick like popsicles
Snakes are boltin, and the mix is dopin
Two DJ's, three picks, one slogan
Two heads to plan, four hands to mix wit
Too Poetic is musically gifted, yeah

[Chorus]

"God made me funky!"
Throw ya hands in the air
"Oh yeah!"
"God made me funky!"
I said yea
"Oh yeah!"
Throw ya hands in the air
"Oh yeah!"
"God made me funky!"
"On now!"
"Oh yeah!"

[Poetic]

I'm mentally meant to be kickin the dope shit
And incidentally yes, I wrote this

Extraordinary, commentary
Send to bury many MC's, use a cemetery
Once you there on a one way fare
Just remember the brother who killed your career
Poetic, the mellow MC and I wreck more deep
Than a beat in effect wit a deep blow
Give me a mic and an MC contest
Send me my next victim for a conquest
I bet ya all on the strength, I whip his
Voice til it calls for some Halls Metholiptis
After that, the aftermath, you have to ask
Do you wanna spark my wrath
And yo, the answer ya have to come up wit
It's Too Poetic, ain't nothin to fuck wit
No type of joke whatsoever, hyper than ever
Clever, way beyond measure
Wit musical antics and it's amazin
The plan is just free on the stage and
Who do you think that it could be
But Capital K, Woody Wood, plus me, yo
A combination to entertain
Keep ya cooler than bottles and Janes, yeah

[Chorus]

[Outro: Poetic]

Woody Wood, signin off
Capital K, signin off
Mellow T, signin off
Also known as Poetic, is signin off
Too Poetic, signin off
Haha, J Nice signin off...

Visit [Fisher](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.