

## **Five Fingers Of Funk "Comin' Out The Cellar"**

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One two let me tell you we're comin' out the cellar  
(repeated endlessly)  
So get me on the mic I'll be the I'll funk fella  
Here comes the fingers on the I'll funk flow  
Pete freaks the beat just so everybody knows  
I'm coming correct and cathing wreck just like a drunk  
driver  
'Cause ain't nobody liver than the Mr. Mad Miser  
With the Fingers I'll bring you something new to scoop  
up  
From ballers to the poop-butts we never need to loop  
up

Old funk grooves 'cause we'll move you with the live  
shit  
So peace to the crew one two you don't quit  
Oh shit we keep it going on the Fingers never going  
wrong  
Rhymes dripping off the lip it's like I'm singing the  
lemon song  
Pete out the cellar got to drop the bomb  
'Cause I'll be getting funky like your mom's under arms  
Repeat chorus a bunch, listen to Mac  
Then repeat chorus again

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