

Five Fingers Of Funk "Funky 97"

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Funky fresh tracks I'm strapped with a pack
Pump the real rap false crap to the back
I stay true to the vibe and the flavor the old school
Gave you what all others lacked
Integrity contained in the grain of the lines
Artistic expression conveyed in the rhymes
Critics dismissed it and dissed it and wished it would die
But it lifted and strengthened the mind
Now the nineties are here so have fear it's getting washed out
All the original vibes are being tossed out
Taken from the streets and jacked for the beats
These companies are weak their songs incomplete
They seek to sell hip hop but instead they disrespect it
Dissect it use what they can sell and then neglect it
Everywhere I turn I find a sucker with a rhyme
Not an M.C. 'cause an M.C. knows the time
Rap is popping up like toast from coast to coast
They try to boast that their style is so dope
But it won't last a round when the real sound macks
"For all the pioneers I'm going way back"
Go back... to the Funky 97
Lyrics have been kicking hard from day one
I wake around noon I squint at the sun
Consider all my chores each day I catch more
Throw on my drawers before I get the job done
I step out the apt. without delay
Walkman pumping "It's a brand new day"
I'm gonna meet the keen-one when suddenly I see some
Ducks in a truck playing "Ice Ice Babe"
Down upon my ears my worst fears had ascended
I guess I must admit that at the shit I was offended

They proceeded to park stepped in the minute-mart
I thought to myself "The situation is splendid"
I stepped up to it and began to analyze the
Scene in green I tagged my name "Pete Miser"
Wide strokes in green dripping down the hood while
I'm flipping
The pilot in my pocket is my duty to advise a

Bandwagon buster not to dis hip hop
The shit they hit it makes me wonder how they get
props
As if you didn't know it takes the skills to flow
Go back to the lab 'cause if you step you'll get dropped
Go back... to the Funky 97
Go back to that rack of wax and two twelves
'Cause back then we'd rap when caps sent the
braincells
Flying toys dying many punks sunk denying
Their fronting ain't it something fluffing nothings still
trying
To come off but the drums lost their weak minds
I cultivate a great state of thought caught between
lines
These toys nowadays employ the sound waves
To get paid and laid but still played the proud ways
Don't understand the plan the man or my reasons
Wack rhyme's a crime and I'm trying you for treason
You're a goner if I catch you on a corner in a freestyle
But I never will you lack skills that's why you're on trial
Go back to the basics or face it your fake shit
Wastes airspace it's a disgrace when you make it
If it don't sell well tell me would you do it?
If not then hot shot you'd better not pursue it
Go back... to the Funky 97

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