

## Funkoars

### "And Now for Something Completely Different"

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"And now for something completely different"

[Verse 1: Trials]

Hey fuck you we crush crews the oar way  
I'm sicker then using period blood for war paint  
Fans rush the stage then half these ladies  
Got fucked, got dressed, and left with bastard babies  
These days I never chase women  
'cause thats like playing rock-paper-scissors, Limbless  
No use and thats an easy mistake  
I treat a rapper like a habit, both easy to break  
I say take one look your dealing with a heavy weight  
Suffa got a bed but I gotta bitch in every state  
Strap the latex I'm the pin prick between safe sex  
and having to take an aids test  
I can say Cdub is holding em' back  
The only thing holding em' back is being overly wack  
Hey messing with the oars of funk  
You get crushed like you gave Big Pun the top bunk

[Chorus]

So shut the fuck up.  
Funkoars pound the stage until the floor breaks  
So get the fuck out.  
Yeah we drink the rum until its out the bail  
So what the fucks up.  
To my crew in the front row we ain't never gonna fall  
off  
Fuck no!, fuck no!, fuck no!, fuck no!, fuck no!, fuck  
that!

[Hook]

Now you left in a daze  
Never step on stage  
Now you left in a daze  
Mic weapons engaged

[Verse 2: Sesta]

I'm coming in and on em anonymously, not  
monogamously  
Get off the top and then they're leaving with their

novelty  
Honestly got no property  
Thats a problem for someone dumb enough we want  
ya company  
Fucking me dont mean loving me, fuck it  
I dont want no bun in the oven so face fuck em  
Say she love it but she makes her weight to the bucket  
Chuck it, but I ain't the greatest of nothing  
But shes on her fucking knees like she's praying or  
something  
Eight in the door rushing, gatecrashing the floor  
It's nothing but oars and their mates and they may take  
it all  
Praise the lord for the drunks and the town of drunks  
With the town slut doing an in and out when they found  
us  
Or see me kicking it drinking with village idiots  
Screaming their innocent while spewing up bile into em  
Or getting violent and swinging nine irons  
At bystanders and fans at random on the land

[Chorus]

[Hook]

[Verse 3: Hons]

Check it out now I'mma tell you what the oars about  
We about to milk this scene dry and take the carcass to  
the slaughter house  
Shit you ain't thought about the crew that cats talk  
about  
On stage in your city until the mic cords start shorting  
out  
Turn the heat up, Semi x turn the beat up  
Flux fresh on the scratch like a car thats just been  
keyed up  
And you need more then luck if your ripping Honz  
The punchlines that I deliver hit harder then Whitney  
was  
Work a shitty job, 5 days and 50 bob  
And after debt collectors I got just enough to get  
written off  
My crew the dirtiest, Funkoars you heard of us  
Second album down by now you know our purpose is  
To take this scene over - who the fucks gonna stop us  
When half the cats that enter battles these days are  
fucking soft cocks  
We get you open like a fresh beer  
So ahead of our time we the number one crew of next  
year

[Chorus]

[Hook]

Tell your team I bring harm and never take that risk  
Put the scene in my palm and then I make that fist

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