

## Funkoars

### "Hurro"

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[Sample]

Let me say something about language  
We're discussing sexuality  
Not everyone is comfortable talking about the sex  
We'll use words you may not be accustomed to  
But we do this to clarify, not to shock  
We hope that our openness with permission given for  
you  
We hope to help you to open the lines of sexual  
communication  
Between you and your partner

[Verse 1: Trials]

Alright listen you're better committed, the lyricism is  
insane  
Suck a dick vien like Venom leaving em in pain  
Quit the laying I been sayin I'm feelin like Rick James  
These fingers itching to get at ya click, face slap!  
You cant better the rapper that had a speech  
inpediment  
Now he's better then Mike Jack-son with someone's son  
Getting him drunk feeling him up feeling generous,  
give him a fuck  
Yeh I lost it my rap here's still so so  
Posing in promo photos fuckin homo's  
Into chicks over dosing getting close n  
Then I'm leaving em looser than popes clothing  
I poke her face with a poker face  
On the first date talking about your supposed to wait  
Fuck that I'mma Funkoar, hopeless waste of space  
Toast to Ses the eight breakin great

[Verse 2: Hons]

Now we a hard act to follow  
Ask ya girl I got a hard cock to swallow  
While I swipe half ya bottle and we back for round 2  
So let the speaker sound booth  
Polute everybody in the club thats around you  
Meet Mr. E grade celebrity thats sick of dog cunts  
posing as a pedigree  
Fuck them I should open scars

Like the Funkoars loose at an open bar  
And that only rap about tits and arse for sure  
Cos if a oar in your bitch then that bitch in awe  
Yeh so check it, this shits become too effortless  
My rhyme books pages like that of the New Testament  
I been charmin since Bush been after Bin Laden  
Ghetto pimpin in the club with rip garments  
And she still cop the stage dick  
And sex sells thats the reason oars always make the A-  
list

[Verse 3: Sesta]

Ay, well let me set it straight then come n twist up the  
weather vein  
24 of the 5th 83 set a date, Mr. T's name deep in the  
streets  
Beef with me is like a three week lease on your teeth  
In a few years trust me nothing has changed  
Besides the fact bitches never use my government  
name  
Stand rank and god damn fuck I'm handsome  
If the hat leak seed then the skeeze hand standin  
Women want a piece of the beast, rappers want a piece  
of the beats  
and faggots want peace in the streets  
'Til the cops kick the door, Funkoars  
Pockets sworn raise hell like Robert Fawn with dumb  
borns  
A good man is hard to find  
Says who? take another look at sister she and there's  
two  
How dare you compare you to F-U-N-K oars  
southboard the sound board

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