

Gavin Rossdale**"The Phuncky Feel One"**

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Are you ready?
Ladies and gentlemen
Bout ready to get down?
(repeat 2x)

Ladies and gentlemen

Verse One: B-Real

Well I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One
Cypress Hill has come, any quest/just ask them
Cause we are answerin, any brothers that've been
On the dick swingin, and straight gatherin
Enter da info, cause yo what you're in fo'
Is a crazy day, strapped in a pimp mode
Trapped like a prophet, but I still profit
Even when you're off it, bank's in my pocket
Cause of my music, what you call me chumpy?
In my trade, the Tribe is known to get funky
Hif is here to hack you sown, Son is here to buck you
down
Joke's on you, if you're the biggest duck in town
You got to relax, we got to kick back
Brothers just sit back, enjoy me like a six pack
As I let the rhyme flow, into the hook
Yo where you gettin took, but that's another story black

Chorus: B-Real

Cause I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One
I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One
I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One
You know I'm the Real one, yes the Phuncky Feel One

Verse Two: Sen Dog, B-Real

Night in a stiff block, hangin up the pimp's jock
Used to call me Pimp Poppa, cause I likes to hip-hop
Cause I'm down with Cypress, illin well I might
Begin to take your girl, your girl she's the flyest
Flyer than the other broad, workin off the pitched rod

Isn't that odd, instead of sayin my dick's hard
It's not about knockin you, do you feel like clockin loot?
Forget it act stupid little sucker I'll be clockin you

With the right or left hand, duck they was still stand
Troopers on the side step, bucks him down to death
man

With the greater lyric, if you can spare it
Just an ass kickin, is what you inherit
So don't try to snake off, you know I can't be shook off
Why the suckers took off? Well that's another story
black

Chorus

Verse Three: B-Real, Sen Dog

Standin on the corner, close to the real estate
Clones they really pull stickin brothers try to imitate
Meaning when they simulate, but they can't stimulate
Like a faded joint, stiff from the breath I take
Make me act loco, they switchin up my vocal
Out to catch you so-called, MC's with a roll call
Then you gotta close your eyes, you can't stand the
sunlight
There is just one light, the Tribe's buckin heads
tonigght
Buck buck buck ya head! Sorry that red is dead
Deader than a doornail, someone cold made his bed
Didn't just break out, the sucker got cracked out
Hit the pipe and blacked out, with the shit from back
down
So much more integrity, greatest deal I hook up
Was a funky looker
But that's another story black

Chorus: (together)

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