

## Imagin

### "Funky Lil Brotha"

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[ 2 Low ]

You can call me T double o to the L-o-double - yo  
I'm 2 Low, that funky little brother, yo  
Comin back with a brand new cut  
And you can new jack swing on my -  
Cause I got this here so tight  
A young playa doin damage to the mic (you sho' right)  
I'm 13, but I ain't dumb  
So bring it on if you little bustas want some  
Cover your dome because it's on once again  
And I'm a young playa that's known to win  
I got my street sense from these hardcore streets, trick  
And I'm comin real, cause I ain't bumpin no weakin  
Pass me the mic and let me kick it for the old folks  
All the O.G.'s back in the hood that once sold dope  
Jammin 'Happy Feelings', I'm leavin on the next train  
Learnin the game, so when I'm grown I be set, mayn  
Got a bank account, so I can stack some g's  
And have nice things like Cutlass on d's  
Fresh candy paint, kickin it live  
And hit them switches before I'm old enough to drive  
My teachers can't stand me cause I give em no respect  
But I ain't sayin "M'am, yes M'am" until you're signin  
me a check  
So you can miss 2 Low with the bump rap  
I'm gettin paid, makin a's, forget the dumb crap  
You ain't my mother, so that means I'm not your son  
So in reality, miss, you gets none  
I'm gettin busy, gettin busy on this track for ya  
Funky - yeah, cause I'm the funky lil brotha

[ CHORUS ]

(I'm just your funky lil brotha)  
Cause I'm the funky little - brotha  
(I'm just your funky lil brotha)  
Cause I'm the funky little - brotha  
(I'm just your funky lil brotha)

[ 2Low ]

Here we go once again with the real hits  
Throw your hands in the air if you can feel this

I bring styles after styles after styles, dukes  
I can't be faded with this here, cause I'm a young troop  
I sport them Nikes, not the Reeboks or K-Swiss  
And while I'm on the subject of feet, let me say this  
I beat your down like I'm Bruise Lot  
And let me squash this here: real gees do die  
Give it to me, baby, let me show you what my juice like  
Let me hit the switches, let me show you what my juice  
like  
Rippin up shop for '94 like a chainsaw  
Makin them say, "Oh man, little bro raw!"  
And I can square this here off right  
I'm straight from [Name] where these gees don't fist-  
fight  
They got they 9mm ??????  
Tust enough to get your punk butt licked up  
It's not 'bout the set I claim, cause I don't bang  
I'm just a gee from the hood who let em hang  
And that's word to the mother, your funky lil brotha  
(You'se the funky little what?)  
Cause I'm your funky lil - brotha

[ CHORUS ]

[ Scarface ]  
Yeah man  
Yeah man!  
It's goin down right here  
Me and you  
What up

[ Scarface ]  
Where is Cedric?  
Where is Cedric?  
[ 2 Low ]  
Here I am  
Here I am  
[ Scarface ]  
Well, how are you today, Sir?  
[ 2 Low ]  
Very fine, I thank you  
[ Scarface ]  
Well, smoke one, fool  
[ 2 Low ]  
I don't do that, fool

[ Scarface, (2 Low) ]  
Well, it's Face rippin shop with my funky lil brotha  
(I'm the funky lil brotha, that's word to the mother)  
Pass the killer, lil brotha, let me hit me some dank  
(I ain't with that, homie, I'm tryin to make me a bank)

I pass it over to my brother, now he's ready to flow  
(You crank it up, damn fool, cause I'm ready to go)  
I be the Face (I be the Low) and we the real deal  
Puttin bustas on they back like we Evander Holyfield  
(Flowin on the beat is what I'm known for)  
And the funky lil brotha is who this song for  
Once upon a time there lived Lucky  
But Lucky got bucked because Lucky tried to buck me  
(Tried to buck you how?) Hey yo, I gave that boy some  
scratch  
He came up short, that's when he got sidetracked  
Had to cut him up like a tractor  
With that pick-pick-pick, you little busta, I holler atcha  
(But you ain't gotta worry with that mark no mo')  
Why you say that, Low? (Cause I'm the funky lil brotha,  
yo)

You kinda right  
But you trippin, you trippin!  
Come on!

[ CHORUS ]

Yeah  
That's fat, that's fat  
In the house like that  
Come on, come on!  
Hey, hey [Name]  
Is that funky or what?  
What you gonna say about that, eh, Joe, Mike Dean?  
That's what's on?  
Aight  
Hey  
Hey, what's up Jay?  
I see you ??? on the horn  
We just gon' roll out with the track  
Come on

(I'm just your funky lil brotha)

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