

James Brown

"Funky Drummer"

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Come back, cover

Shades, good God

It's a raid

Cut off the lights

And call the law

Cut off the lights

And call the law

Standing over there

The devil's on his way

Call the law

Call the law

The devil's on his way

Bring on the juice

Bring on the juice

Bring on the juice

Bring on the juice

Make me sweat

Still good

It's still good

Still good

It's still good

Turn over

Turn over

Turn over

Take me in the chain

Take me in the chain

Take me in the chain

Tall women

Is all I need

Tall women

Is what I want

One more time

I wanna give the drummer

Some of this funky soul

We got here

You don't have to do

No song, brother

Just keep what you got

Don't turn it loose

Cause it's a mother

When I count to four

I want everybody to lay off

Let the drummer go

When I count to four

I want you to come back in

I got to holler

I said it's in my feet

Feels so sweet

It's in my shake, good God

About to work me to death

It's in my shake

About to work me to death

It's in my shake

I'm about to blow

I'm about to blow

One, two, three, four

Get it

Ain't it funky

Ain't it funky

Ain't it funky

Ain't it funky

One, two, three, four

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