

## Camouflage

### "Funky Rhythms"

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Chorus:

Funky rhythms on my mind, day and night (Listen, I hear a beat) (Repeat 6x)

[Dred Scott]

So watch the kid fly through the atmosphere  
When I'm rocking up a party, yo, I feel no fear  
I be the one with the funk I kick  
Yo I gets on the mic and says something sick  
I give a "la-di-da-di yes yes y'all"  
I seen your granny doing backflips at the mall  
And at the party I'm the killa dilla jerk a fool and blast  
Like a pissed off post office worker  
But you must understand that I'm just having fun  
Like Sanford and Son cause I feel swell  
When I bust my nut off when I'm on the DL  
A fucking midget with his legs cut off  
Can't get lower than me when I shake my funk  
A brother with style and I ain't no punk  
Like Nat, I'm a king that's Cole as ice  
Double teaming me because you know I'm twice as nice  
So check it out y'all

Chorus

[Tragedy]

Rappers be selling out like tickets to a championship fight  
But hold tight, I'm the motivator with the right  
Stuff, I keep it rough while you huff and puff, so save the bluff  
Cause I ain't even trying to hear that stuff  
I kick black facts over fat tracks that Dred packs  
Peace to Freaknasty and the rest of my cats  
Where's the axe? I want to cut a rapper in half  
And laugh, dissect his whole steelo  
Used to be high, so I chopped him down to be low  
Put him to the side like a cop does a kilo  
I'm raw, I funk you up and down like a see saw  
To be more than a racist pig named Limbaugh  
You see, cause I be the mad verbal doctor

Check my resume, I'm at the top of the roster  
For your listening pleasure...

Chorus

[Dred Scott & Tragedy]

I gots to be the prodigy, you know I be vocalizing  
Earlying in the morning while you're yawning  
Here comes the pain, let it rain like thunder  
Cause I be the true overlord of the under  
Breaking chumps like old Tupperware  
Stepping up smooth Dred with my savoir fare  
Imperial funklord, cause I be the freaker  
So funky you think I farted down your speaker  
Like a dozen rotten eggs, kid, I'm taking no shorts  
Not even for my skinny legs  
The renegade with the ill vernacular, I bring the drama  
I get loose just like the lips on Madonna  
My flow is all around, and yours is like a  
Bucket over there that broke down  
I would have given you a ride if you had let me know  
That you had to hitchhike  
Just like I'm going to pass you the mic right now  
Awww, bitch, sike

Chorus

[Dred Scott]

With the beat kicking back, yo I like that snare  
On the microphone cause my style is rare  
And the rest of the world ain't heard that shit before  
I'm on the microphone, I slam just like a door  
BOOM! And it shuts while I kick the dust  
I'm on the microphone flowing and I can't... (fades out)

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