

Casual "Follow The Funk"

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Why don't you follow it?
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Why don't you follow it?

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Follow the funk

Coolin' just like the man's supposed to
You know the most who respect a fool and a post crew
I often catch static brother's beef and they tellin' me
Jealousy, let it be 'cuz I got funk with my melon
Now it's time to rhyme and tell a G, this fella be

Movin' steadily ahead of me is a void
Emptiness you're less than best, you're just wimpiest
I decapitate a rapper's fate with my niftiness
And I slip the fresh shit under your nose

I get the mess hall rockin', all jockin'
A fly brother, a poet, slow it down to enrich my pitch
Ask Mike P, is it likely we can switch a bitch?
Affirmative and now I learn to live trifling
When a skin pretends, it's the end, who she stifling

She ain't stopping me, I leave her
She receive a goodbye and I would try hittin' some
beaver
That's because a dog is only out for a bone
After I get it I quit it, leave me alone

Back up off me, we agreed that we won't argue
That's what you get for fuckin' with a hard crew
A group of trooper buckin' shit, your luck can get
snatched
And utilized the crew that tries, dies

Eyes are awakened, necks are choked, I take
Extra tokes of a spliff and if you want it, bring it

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Why don't you follow the funk?
Tag along

A clever one to spin men to the surface of
Rap plateau with crap that go pop
I never knew men doing my music
Get confused with, used shit and crews bit

But they get the butter spread over bread
What it said is, "We made the dough, so go ahead"
Damn, damn I am, I stop a flow
Before I go, why don't you tell me who wit me? No

Subliminal, fin to go, low, low, low
And then I send a flow to the Joe who don't know
Mr. Nope, I'll turn a hoe down in her drawers
But men, I'm cutting flows short like menopause

Then I 'cause mass confusion as you're choosing
Break beats that are broken from too much using
Who's in effect, bruising the neck
Of a fly G, I get in more dips than corn chips

I scorn lips, the warning is the keen idealist
'Cause I feel this threat coming

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The funk rebel will rebel and tell and
Spit shit to the click of a metronome
And get a better tone, hyper letter mon
Get a hit or two from Domino, I'ma go find a binder

And combine the mind to rearrange the strange
And flip a dip like a reciprocal
Get the hoe because you know the choice is upon me
John be, similar to Fonzie

Thumbs up and they comes up to ask the
Ask for the slow flow that's smooth with movin' faster

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There it is

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