

Kool Moe Dee

"God Made Me Funke"

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(Fun-) (fun-) (funky)

(Got to be funky)--> James Brown

(Funky enough)--> The D.O.C.

[VERSE 1]

Look, look, look, look...

Look at me, cool as I wanna be

Fly as they come beside of some wanna-be

One of the chosen, if you're chosen, then go into

Rhymes that change the time, as it grows into

Riches, itches, switches your whole lifestyle

You're in the spotlight, over night flyin miles

Away, today I'm flyin high

So I give thanks to the Man in the sky

I remember a time whenever a rhyme

Left your lips, it only could get nickels and dimes

But nickels and dimes wasn't enough to eat

So I guess you could say I was saved by the beat

On the street, surrounded by sin

I never sell out, and I wouldn't give in

God said: you can win, look within

See your skin, you're my kin

And I made you funke

God made me funke

F-u-n-k-e

[VERSE 2]

Esoteric, non-generic, potent lyrics

Only those with ears will hear it

As above so below

Lucky 7-7, heaven, have been blown

Back and forth

South to north

Right to left

Life to death

East to west

Knowledge step, 33 degrees

327 left to see

So God created a light in which I shine

With sublime rhymes that inclines the mind
Define ancient segments, seek it, speak it, teach it
Keep it, peep it, we get stronger and reap its
Benefits, but then it gets more intricate
As you get deeper into it
To open the door, the power of God's the one key
And I opened it, and God made me funke

(Is it funky enough?)
(Funky enough)
God made me funke
(Is it funky enough?)
F-u-n-k-e

(Funky) is the way God made me
(Funky) is the power He gave me
(Funky) like the fans that pay me
(Funky) like the stations that play me
(Funky) is how I made it through the '80s
(Funky) connected to the ladies
(Funky) you know a devil can't faze me
(Funky) I ain't afraid, bee
(Funky) cause God made me
Funke

[VERSE 3]

I'm over, over like a fat rat
The blind see what I got, and others see how I got that
Position with vision
Precision, decision
's like a livin prism
I'm shinin light on the money I made
And the rhymes parlayed
And you can see I'm paid
I condemn them that focus on the ends
As opposed to the means, killin machines men
I'm the real 'high roller', cause I'm rollin with God
Save the children - that's my job
Workin overtime, goin over-rhyme
Mind over matter, spirit over mind
I sympathize with the brothers on the street
Cause it's genocide, and we all gotta eat
But do the right thing, and you'll never be hungry
I kept the faith and God made me funke

God made me funke

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