

Letters To Cleo

"Follow the Funk"

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Why don't you follow it (6X)
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 brothers 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
Emptyness 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 trifiling
When a skin pretends it's the end, who she stifiling
She ain't stopping me I leave her
She receive a goodbye, and I would try, hit some
beaver
That's because a dog is only out for a bone
After I get it I quit it leave me a-lone
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 slpiff, and if you want it, bring it

Why don't you follow the funk (7X)
Take 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
Butt men I'm cutting flows short, like menopause
Then I cause mass confusion as you're choosing
Breakbeats 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

Why don't you follow the funk (7X)
Tag along

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 goe, 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

Why don't you follow the funk (7X)
There it is

Why don't you follow the funk (6X)
...there it is

Hahah, ahhh, whooo!
Haha

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