

Live

"Wuditlooklike"

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Intro:

Eeeyeahh
Wuditlooklike, to all you trick bitches
and you punk ass niggaz out there
I'm talkin to you live from WFDS
We're From the DarkSide radio
It's about two thousand degrees down this
motherfucker
But the funk just don't stop
As we take y'all fat roly-poly asses on another journey
To the darkside...

Verse One:

Wuditlooklike? When I wipe off my sweat
Verbally I'm Untouchable like Elliot Ness
To the best of my ability I rock any facility
And fuck the yellow cabs I smoke buddha out deliveries
I'm just as high as the fuckin friendly skies
When I'm, open, you can't even see my chinky eyes
Cause the buddha I smoke, is no joke, when I'm loc'ed
Then I wet it, then you be like -- that shit be soaked!!
I'm saggin my.... Karl Kani...
and Two Black Guys when I get busy like the L.I.
Well I, swing it back and forth like a leaf
Without traffic I flow like the B.Q.E.
But I can pass niggaz straight out of first-class
Then leave em huffin and puffin like first day at
Lemans class
PPP, got the glocks and techs
And Def Squad always got some fly shit on deck

Chorus: repeat 4X

I said wuditlooklike (wuditlooklike)
Wuditlooklike (wuditlooklike)

Verse Two:

A-hem...

The Funk Doctor Spock blow the watt through your box
I come hotter than Treach, you bet about callin the cops
Because (this type of funk you don't hear on the
regular)
Rock six seven eight nine ten (to eleven ta)
Knew my style got more powers than Cocoon
Zoom your focus, I drop the mic and leave it smokin
When I'm vexed, my concepts Wreck like Effect
Verbal communications blow to the next ep
I'm robbin your brains with antilogical, phenomical
Suicidal with lethal type funk spread your nodules
Straight up the weight up plus I max like a Beta
Boy I fuck your head up like a blunt that's laced up
The boogie verbalist, vocalist
I get open with, puttin scannings on the fake soloist
My style reachin down like Ike, switch up like dykes and
You'll be tellin your psychologist wuditlooklike

Chorus

Verse Three:

Wuditlooklike suckers, punk motherfuckers
Bitches be actin funny, don't wanna show me no love
cuz
They think I'm crazy and like mentally sick
Ahhh, give em the dick then they quiver like fish, then I
Smoke a pound of herb a day, and yo
Some bitches say, I'm the Mack like Maceo
I don't be that I just beez the funk disease
that leave MC's, recognizing like Sam Sneed
The funkindominal, I bring drama to any rendezvous
Rock three-sixty-five, twenty-four, Monday through
That other shit, makes them other ship, flip
funk ridiculous, inconspicuous with lyrics
A-uhhm, oh-seven-one-oh-three's where I from
Been gettin dumb, every since Harlem World used to
jump
And that's for all them hardrock niggaz that's comin in
flocks
I bust off the glock for the hood and the block

Chorus

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