

## Luniz

# "Funkin Over Nuthin"

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\*(Radio personality talking)\*

Really hasn't been brought up too clearly.  
The Luniz an Too \$hort everything has been squashed.

\*(Too \$hort talking)\*

Yeah we want everybody to know, that it's, you know,  
the Oak-Town ain't  
About this.

\*(Yukmouth talking)\*

The media hypes up things when they're wrong, but  
doesn't give enough  
Praise when everything is going good.

\*(Too \$hort talking)\*

We should juss do a cut, don't even mention no beef or  
nothing, juss  
Drop it on 'em.

\*(Numskull talking)\*

You know it's politics, that made it sound like that. But  
it's all  
Unified you see it's all Jesus.

\*(Too \$hort)\*

BEEATCH!! BEEATCH!! BEEATCH!! BEEATCH!!  
BEEATCH!!

\*(Too \$hort talking)\*

Man what's it all about? Ain't about shit. Nigga call me  
up talking  
About, man it's on. Your niggaz fucking wit my niggaz  
an it's on. Nigga  
What we fronting for? If it ain't about this money, ain't  
about this

Life an death nigga, shit, what's really going on?

Verse 1 \*(Too \$hort)\*

Jumped all in a niggaz face front him on tha spot,  
Don't cross the game, unless ya wanna get shot,  
But who made the rules do you recall?,  
Who's the judge when it comes to this street law?,  
Is it me?,  
You?,  
Or is it my crew?,  
My niggaz get down, yo niggaz do too,  
Mutha fuckaz try to tell me don't fuck my life,  
'cause ain't nuthin nice,  
Ya gotta pay the price,  
Ya know them dudes,  
Walkin in them same shoes,  
It's brand new to you,  
But the game is used,  
I got it from them old niggaz,  
They so cool,  
Now we juss roll through,  
All the hoes know who,  
Ball in yo town,  
Don't front, it's too little,  
'cause fake ass niggaz get punked fo your riddles,  
So what's it all about,  
Think about it later,  
To all you real gangstaz,  
An all you perpitrators.

Chorus \*(Harm)\* x2

You've,  
Got me funkin,(funkin)  
Over nuthin man,(funkin man)  
Why ya wanna funk wit me??

(Speak on it boy!)

Verse 2 \*(Yukmouth)\*

Uh.  
Sometimes you step in some shit you can't get out of,  
Niggaz who talk hella shit,  
Is who I'm quick to sock the shit out of,  
Sniff powder, wit all yo hoes off my door,  
Got em froze like pocino,  
Ya spendin all yo doe,  
On the average ass,  
Stanky ass,

Run a gank ass, fuck everybody fast,  
Juss an Oakland ass hoe,  
Now I know why niggaz wanna knock you out like glass  
Joe,  
All that playa hatin shit, ain't asked fo,  
You must got problems wit niggaz makin they cash  
flow,  
You baffled,  
You mutha fuckin youngstaz,  
So go wit your old ass flow,  
I gots ta have jaw-jacked hoe,  
'cause some of niggaz wonder,  
Why us playaz do this,  
I'm under,  
Caught up in some shit I didn't have nuthin to do wit,  
The truth is,  
You know my funk is through,  
Fuckin ride fo a nigga,  
If that nigga ain't gonna do shit,  
Ya wanna be ass pimp,  
Gettin yo ass whipped is like an every year event.  
BITCH!!  
Dig it.

Chorus \*(x2)\*

Verse 3 \*(Numskull)\*

I'm too mutha fuckin much fo myself,  
So funkin wit niggaz close to home is sumpthin else,  
If you ain't gonna blow a nigga head off,  
Then that's the end of it,  
Concentrate on makin mill an start spendin,  
Now this is where my do it for myself begins,  
'cause in '97,  
I ain't makin no new mutha fuckin friends,  
Now I got no enemies,  
I hold no grudges,  
From now on I'm overseein my own budget,  
(fo real!!)  
We all did our dirt nigga,  
But now that's all forgivin,  
Chris you my nigga til the ending,  
An,  
I started wit Dru,  
I started wit Smoke-A-Lot,  
Hangin wit me, so I gives a fuck,  
Nummy-Num gonna go ahead an drink his self to  
death,  
Nigga you wanna chop it up wit me,  
Go through death yoself,

I ain't tryin to hear nuthin,  
Stead of throwin away skrillion,  
Nigga,  
I'd rather be fuckin.  
Uh.

Chorus \*(x2)\*

Verse 4 \*(Too \$hort)\*

I signed my name on the dotted line,  
Niggaz know I did it first,  
An when you first,  
You know you get it worse,  
I suck the game up,  
I try to pass it on,  
Niggaz from the Bay,  
Gettin they cash on,  
From Frisco,  
To Vallejo,  
To the Big "O",  
Fuck that yeh-yo,  
Hundred thousand units,  
Make a nigga half a million dollaz,  
If you sittin on a grip,  
I have to holla at yo later,  
You can get rich in a minute,  
Two words,  
Distribution,  
Independent,  
Make an accapella you can hear every word,  
I spit this game you never ever heard,  
You know how you be quick to pop niggaz,  
These record companies be quick to rob niggaz,  
I say "\$hort Dogg",  
An now they pay me,  
Don't pay these youngstaz,  
An watch 'em get crazy.

Chorus \*(til end)\*

\*(Too \$hort talking during chorus)\*

Fuck around an run up in yo shit. Yeah. That's the new  
thing goin baby,  
We runnin up in record companies writin our own  
mutha fuckin checks.  
Sign on the dotted line nigga. What ya really gettin?  
What's really goin  
On? Watch out. Niggaz in the town, bout to unite, we  
goin nationwide.

Oakland style, BITCH! Oh you really thought that wasn't  
gonna happen?  
Shit. Come on now

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