

Mtume

"Machine Gun Funk"

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Verse One:

So you wanna be hardcore
With your hat to the back, talkin bout the gats in your
raps
But I can't feel that hardcore appeal
that you're screamin, baby I'm dreamin
This ain't Christopher Williams, still some
MC's got to feel one, caps I got to peel some
To let niggaz know... that if you fuck with Big-and-
Heavy
I get up in that ass like a wedgie
Says who? Says me, the lyrical
Niggaz sayin, "Biggie off the street, it's a miracle"
Left the drugs alone, took the thugs along with me
Just for niggaz actin shifty
Sticks and stones break bones, but the gat'll kill you
quicker
Especially when I'm drunk off the liquor
Smokin funk by the boxes, packin glocks is
natural to eat you niggaz like chocolates
The funk baby

Chorus (repeats 8X)

"I live for the funk, I'll die for the funk" (LOTUG, Chief
Rocka)

Verse Two:

All I want is bitches, big booty bitches
Used to sell crack, so I could stack my riches
Now I pack gats, to stop all the snitches
from stayin in my business, what is this? Relentless
approach, to know if I'm broke or not
Just cause I joke and smoke a lot
Don't mean I don't tote the glock
Sixteen shots for my niggaz in the pen
Until we motherfuckin meet again
Huh, I'm doin rhymes now, fuck the crimes now
Come on the ave, I'm real hard to find now

Cause I'm knee deep in the beats
In the Land Cruiser Jeep with the Mac-10 by the seats
For the jackers, the jealous ass crackers in the (car
sirens)
I'll make you prove that it's bulletproof
Hold ya head, cause when you hit the bricks
I got gin, mad blunts, and bitches suckin dick
The funk baby

Repeat chorus

Verse Three:

So I guess you know the story, the rap-side, crack-side
How I smoked funk, smacked bitches on the backside
Bed-Stuy, the place where my head rests
Fifty shot clip if a nigga wan' test
The rocket launcher, Biggie stomped ya
High as a motherfuckin helicopter
That's why I pack a nina, fuck a misdeameanor
Beatin motherfuckers like Ike beat Tina
[What's Love, Got to Do]
when I'm rippin all through your whole crew
Strapped like bamboo, but I don't sling guns
I got bags of funk, and it's sellin by the tons
Niggaz wanna know, how I live the mack life
Making money smoking mics like crack pipes
It's type simple and plain to maintain
I add a little funk to the brain
The funk baby

Repeat chorus

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