

## Nikka Costa

# "Funkier Than A Mosquito's Tweeter"

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You're nothing but a dirty, dirty old man  
You do your thinkin' with a one track mind  
Keep talking 'bout heaven's glory  
But on your face is a different story

Clean up your act, your story's gettin' dusty  
Wash out your mouth, your lies are getting rusty  
Can't believe nothin' you say  
'Cause I'm around and I see what you do

You know you're funkier than a mosquito's tweeter  
You got a mouth like a herd of bowl weavers  
Same old thing, same old game, you never change  
Always rappin' 'bout the same old thing

Blowing minds is a thing of the past  
You blew your chance, that's why you'll never last  
You wanna be a graduated lover  
But in reality you're just another brother

You think you're slick but you could stand a lot of  
greasin'  
The things you do ain't never really pleasin'  
You think you're slick but you could stand a lot of  
greasin'  
The things you do ain't never really pleasin'

Can't believe nothin' you say  
'Cause I'm around and I see what you do  
You know you're funkier than a mosquito's tweeter  
You got a mouth like a herd of bowl weavers

Same old thing, same old game, you never change  
Always rappin' 'bout the same, same, same old thing,  
oh

Can't believe nothin' you say  
'Cause I'm around and I see what you do  
You know you're funkier than a mosquito's tweeter  
You got a mouth like a herd of bowl weavers

Same old thing, same old game, you never change

Always rappin' 'bout the same, same, same old thing,  
oh, oh yeah

Oh, oh yeah  
Oh, oh yeah  
Come on  
No, no, no

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