

Prince "Funk"

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Ahhh Yea!
Drop it now
Don't stop it now
Come and get it now

Here he comes again
He's gonna try and ruin my day
Never had a reason to dog me
They'll never make him do what they say
9 times out of 10
I ask him if he did he say no
"I'll never be a turn coat never be the one to sell your
name at the grocery store"
You come around funny stuff be going down ask him
how it happened
Yo, he don't know

But I don't care what people may say
I ain't gonna let it ruin my day
The best remedie for a basket full of lies is F.U.N.K
Ain't nothin like funky music
Start me on my day
Gotta give me some of that music

Here she comes again
She got to tell a story her way
What you call a girl that's doing something she don't
wanna
Taking money when crime don't pay
Every now and then
I'll hear a lil' something-something that they said
One man's justice is another man's fears
Don't you wish that you could sleep in my bed?
The only reason to say my name is to get your 15 secs
of fame nobody's even sure what you do

But I don't care what people may say
I ain't gonna let it ruin my day
The best remedie for a basket full of lies is F.U.N.K
Ain't nothin like funky music
Let the music play

I'm crazy for cover rock

Well it might not be the Grand Progression but it sho' is
funky

How you gon' cap and be gone
I hate to let you know but it's on
You may not like the taste but I'm still gonna stick your
face in this F.U.N.K
Stick your face in it

Gossip again, ho hum
Listen to my drum
(Scat Talk)
Digital music disappears in the daytime
Fer' sure, your face
Listen to my bass
(bass break)
Time will tell who we are
Listen to my guitar
(guitar break)

We don't care what people may say
It ain't gonna ruin our day
The best remedy for a big fat punk is
F.U.N.K
Ain't nothing like funky music
Turn the music up

You talkin' to me?
Somebody call 9-1-1

Ya'll trippin'

Come here weave-a-licious
let me talk to you
Bring your boyfriend too
Rght now
Ever run up on me again with words or otherwise...
(words fade)

Now thats funky...

There you have it world that is passing away
We don't care where you go
But you've got to get out of here
ok?

Craps, cronic fatigue, ugly or just plain cold
I love all ya'lls

Don't you ever mess with me no more
Hoo! What time is it?
Aight then, that's it ya'll
I'm out like the Wolves in the first
Oh, but we gonna get it together though
Pookie, the limo warm?
Aight cool, peace ya'll
Mm, stay funky
Right on, right on

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