

## Thalia

### "Food for Funk"

Visit "[Food for Funk](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Common:

What, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Yo, yo yo yo, yo, yo, yo, yo

Check it, yo

You say a one for the trouble, two for the time

Come on y'all, let's rock that, uh

(I can feel the funk)(x4)

Check it

I come to grips with mics

I come to grips that a lot of mic users is dikes

I come to grips with the likes of Fred Hampton

Cold, so I'm lampin, with no need for spotlight

When I got light like an intersection, you talk

But you came to my town with protection

Election year, had the block hot

I scream "fuck the world" for having a baby girl sorta  
cock block

I write rhymes like I come from the windy city

With my crew, I click like simply, stand midi with reality

Casually, I walk through these war games

Some claim say but then they take on whore names

If that's the way your sex drives, stay in your lane

If you're a man, I can't tell like if the door rang now

Chorus:

Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in the  
place

It ain't a bunch of niggaz all up in your face

The music is thumpin and you're feelin the bass

What you wanna do girl(wanna shout)

To the brothas when you come in a jam, it ain't a bunch  
of niggaz

It ain't high tech and ain't got free liquor

You jackin his name and stick to make you jones get  
thicker

What you wanna do man?(let go)

Yo, check it

Some niggaz be on the mic, sounding like dikes

Allow me to get on and bust like Spike(uh)

Lee, I'm in the majors with no rotation  
Through stations of bullshit, I see through like a pager  
In the age of Aquarius, various things  
Is gonna carry us in intellect and what have you  
Street astrologists interpret point stars and half moons  
Then end up on garages or walls in bathrooms  
Every black moon, a rap tune move me  
The rap sun, I rain more than Rudy, that unruly shit is  
played  
It don't stop  
It's time to get it, get it made  
I got my mind made up like Foxy Brown's face  
I know how the underground tastes  
I want a crib from the ground up, rooms spin at a round  
pace  
Get down based on true story, through Corey, came  
close to the teachers  
Colder as the Iceman, posted before it start wrinklin  
Linkin with cats, who don't react to change in the years  
Fulfill prophesies in rooms full of emptiness, now

Chorus:

I can feel the funk(x8)  
Yo, check it, check it

I came through the corridor, with the aura  
Raw Chicago mora, scope the horror  
Read between the lines and know the border  
Some pop wines for juice, I wait in the water  
Waitin for you Big Willie niggaz to have a show at The  
Crib  
We gon get with your glamour, long as we know where  
it is  
Tell you ain't a player by your sweater doused with  
wack feather  
The Crib got the gangsta playa shit patent like black  
leather  
I rap better than you, you, or maybe him  
But I am like a tree and every lyric is a timb  
Spilled brews and greasy foods got my car smelly  
Some be so high, they believe they fly like R. Kelly  
But then they fall off, dusted niggaz is gettin sawed off  
They fall soft, my mental lift is for me to haul off  
I kick ass

Chorus:

(scratching)

I can feel the funk(x16)(makes me wanna shout, wanna  
shout)(x4)

(scratching)Wanna shout

Visit [Thalia](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.