

Midtown

"Funk Radio"

Visit "[Funk Radio](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[TR Love]

Yeah

Smooth in the groove

Yo whassup man, what's up, what's goin on man,
what's happenin'?

[Kool Keith]

Yo whassup this is the one, Rhythm X, X-Calibur

One two, funk ignitor plus (yeah)

Comin at ya at thirty degrees.. farenheight (ha ha)

The heat is on your ears

Right now we gettin ready to get busy on W-K-R-Funk

Radio live!

(We'll burn ya!) with TR Love (and Moe Love on the set)

And we talkin to y'all from Los Angeles

Live, on W-K-R-Funk Radio, our own station

See rappers don't know, I snatch a beat

I hear a beat, I catch a beat

The Rhythm X roll up, my style gets critical

Brain connects, computer rhymes get phsyical

I walk low, and howl with no afro

X with a bald head, like Fidel Castro

Walk in a jam, with the mic and my girlfriend

while two girls are buggin, sayin, "Keith is my
boyfriend!"

But I come back though, start the attack though

Add up some points, like I'm playin Nintendo

Now look at the game, I move step in first place

Leave em all blind for hard times and third base

Back to bake em more, fizzle and burn though

But you can't see the record sizzle and turn though

Hittin the top like a hot 45

Like, "Ahh - ahh - ahh - ahh - STAYIN ALIVE, STAYIN
ALIVE"

Yeah, gettin back into business

Rappers get back and do some physical fitness

Jumpin jacks, situps and pushups

Now pick up your brain, and come and lift up some
heavy weights

Stupid you're dumb, standin still with dead weight

Rappers try to plex, I mark X
I stamp X, and throw em another X
X-tra Rhythm flow, X-tra metaphor
X-tra hype and dope, X-tra Cupid feet
X-tra body heat, X-tra brain power
X-tra cash flow, you soft cauliflower
But I do get swift, change the pitch if
you got the rhymes and Hammer foots to dance with
Yo, let's get the dead party jumpin
Rappers are crazy wack, and ain't sayin nothin
While people are steady, sweaty tired and boring
Let me go on, steppin to and flow on
and so on, turn the mic in my show on
Please the crowd with some super dope hype stuff
Lyrical metaphor, and some of that right stuff
Shakin your brain up, wakin your brain up
Confusin your mind like a block or Rubik's Cube
Think about it, you probably don't understand
With a lower IQ, a weak brain my man
So listen up, and go on back to school
Fool.. you ain't jack

Yeah that's comin live from W-K-R-Funk
with DJ Moe Love, TR Love
We gon', bring it out, by special request
for TR Funky Love

[TR Love]

Yeah, thanks a lot for that funky introduction Rhythm X
I appreciate it
Yeah the phones are lightin up crazy
We want the 103rd caller to come in
and win them disco pants in the contest
Now if you ready for some more live hype stuff
So here it is..

Some rappers can flow and, rock off the slow jam
Stay hype, continously, cause I know I can
rock off tempo, fast or even hyper
Just like a sniper, pied microphone piper
Smooth rough and ready, hardcore stanyin steady
In the lane, rock'n'roll ready
on, any, MC type wannabe like
had to sound like, gots to be like
wants to look like, has to act like
Now you feel like.. hmm
You know you're perpetrating? Yeah right
C'mon face it, and then chase it
You can taste it, cause I placed it
smack in your face, with five million lbs of bass
Boomin systems ads can't replace

In fact all, the rhythm is packed on tightly
+Days of Thunder+? Not likely
Fact or fiction, while I got you schemin
You ain't ready boy, I caught you sleepin
and searchin for a dope style, combine to watch our
freestyle, straight from the penile
Buckwild, runnin wild with the golden mic
I'm like a flash, first you see, then you lose sight
of the master TR, plan in hand
Destroyin a foe, who's not in demand
So act now, and for the fact now
There's no doubt in my mind, I'll be rap now
C'mon on man, c'mon!
Yo, MC's, you say you're comin back?
Huh, yo, you ain't jack.. jack.. jack.. jack.. jack..

[Kool Keith]
Jack.. Jack.. Jack.. Jack..

[TR Love]
Yeah, ha hah, ha hah, ha hah..

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