

Midtown

"Funky"

Visit "[Funky](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Keith] Yo whattup Ced? This beat is funky
[C.Gee] Word up Kool Keith you know why this beat is
funky?

Cause I ain't havin it no other way

[Keith] Word

[C.Gee] So bust this, yo Keith

I want you to rip this beat apart, it's on you

[Kool Keith]

I keep stamina, for a beat that's rocketable

For you wack MC's, it's jocketable

Bite the notes and quotes, analysis

Home pissed as I disrespect you obedients

But my rhymes correct you like a switch

to a small mistake

I wax all of you, and leave your ears to ache

You need Excedrin, Anacin, medicine

And for your brain, what better sin stupid

Now you picked your choice

You didn't win now you're seein my voice

in the flesh, step out your radio

No illusions, back in stereo

So here we go as I step on to you

I never knew you but my rhymes go through you

like acid, I burn your whole suit off

I'm Heat Miser, and you're Rudolph

For any date and time you wanna square off

My rhymes are clippers, they cut your hair off

the back the sides the top above your brain

below your skull, I step to you

cause you're plastic, my mind is solid steel

I make your domepiece spin like a windmill

Slow, I think it's time to go

I'm not havin it

Whattup Trev? I'm not havin it

I'm runnin the universe about right now

[TR Love]

Yeah? Yo Ced Gee, what you got to add to that?

[Ced Gee]

I tell a crowd of rappers, I need a whole stadium
The Kingdome, an arena or palladium
Step off, while I walk on stage
with the rhyme missile, cold blowin your ass up
For better safety, leave your mask up
Musically, I'm like lye in your face
I drown meters with tons of bass
You can't take it, the funkier I make it
With brick walls, you can't break it
Toy boy, you beat the Noyd
I be a Jetson, smooth like Elroy
Blastoff, I pull your cells out a socket
A twelve gauge with rhymes I gotta cock it
I'm deep fryin, chicken MC's who fell off
Recruited as a boy scout
And now the sissy, becomes a girl scout
Tryin to rip and lift and shift style to mines
on the wack-ass beat
I get unique, write rhymes for your feet
to shuffle, watch your shoes scuffle on down
to the funky rhythm that I give em
Ced Gee on the mic, I'm not havin it
Word up, I'm not havin it man
I'm fed up with all this nonsense goin on

[TR Love]

Yeah I see a lot of things gettin out of hand out here
So Keith, get it off your chest

[Kool Keith]

I'm not that average rapper, nobody's equal
And for the biter, his beat will
grow and grow and grow, til he finds out
He's not a pro-fessionally,
up to par, with myself
No comp', I like to battle myself
by myself, compete again myself
Score myself, on these weak ass charts
How can a fool say he's on the top?
Eight million rappers, my rhymes stop
with lyric bombs, the wack ones drop
like snowflakes, they turn to cornflakes
My voice shakes, causin earthquakes in Michigan
parts of New York
For local rappers, ducks who tryo to hawk
on the avenue, my rhymes are international
Covering, worldly smothering
I'm brain bustin, so take a Bufferin quick
until your knots start to heal
and go down, and feel OK

But like my son, you still obey
certain laws, a major is a factor
I pull your skull out, move it with a tractor
Diesel power, crushin MC's who try to
talk and mix and change and bite the lyrics
of a master, I'm Kool Keith, I'm not havin it

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

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