

Van Halen

"Funky Beat"

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Check
Uh huh
Check check, y'all

Yo Whitey Ford's the name
The Hunchback of Notre Dame
Couldn't get more bent
When it's time to represent
I control it like rent
In a slum tenement
Life's hard like some men
In the concrete jungle
I don't smoke jumbo
So whatcha knockin' for
There's locks on my door
We rock from the floor
To the ceilin'
Ain't no drug dealin'
Ain't no gat peelin'
You can't fight this feelin'

Casual:
Well, My style's golden
Hot like molten rock
Niggers come bold
But leave here holdin' jock
High roll patrol
Roll through the set on fifth
Arm's solo
Sippin' momo with a chick
Niggers take the penitentiary
Chances at the dances
Lettin' off shots
Lit off the lanterns
Mad 'cause a nigga can't test with no access
To phatness like this

Sadat X:
>From one story the cowboy was founded
I'm surrounded by Casual and Whitey Ford
The whole world and your girl

>From the Bay to LA
To my blue end while
I ain't tryin' to die
I'm tryin' to live
While I cool out
And pick up my daughter
When the bell says the school out
Who the hell brought tools
In this peaceful event
Now I can love you
Front you
Or we could hunt you
You played too close
Take a hit of this dose

A yes, yes, y'all
Sadat X: A freak, freak, yo
Casual: So fresh y'all
To the beat y'all
Sadat X: A yes yes y'all
Casual: We don't stop dog
We keep it rockin' till the panties drop, yo

Casual:
Uh huh, ha
I see the rappers bein' ruined
By you and whoever's doin' that
Crap, they got me booin'
In fact, I'm gettin' to 'em
May an electrical poetical surge
Give me the urge
To, consume, the tomb
And submerge
The depths of adverbs
Keep it sick
Analytical
You pitiful trick
I'm the pinnacle and the prodigal
Rhyme style's
Hip nautical
Fuck the artical
The artist is hardest
To harvest the hard shit

Sadat X:
I slave till all my work is done
I'm cashin' in
Stack up my money for a grand set
I like them all house parties rockin'
Plus I'm up in your cozy
Bitch turn your head and keep your eyes

Where they supposed to be
Supposedly I was seen with something lean, huh
Brown skin
I keep it bouncin'
I say loungin'
On the side with red wine
I know that shit on my floor ain't swine

Now back it up
Stack it up
And hit me one more time
It might be your phone call
But check it, it's my dime
And I know she's fine
But get off my line
Or I'll break that spine
And then maybe your face
You all up in my space
Like with Puffy and Mase
But that's just not the case
'Cause I'm settin' the pace
While you followin' and swallowin'
Savorin' the flavor
In your audio for now
Quick suckin' my style
I'll be the man
With the large amounts of savoir-faire

CHORUS

Rock on
To the break of dawn
Just freak it
Ah yeah baby
Rock on
To the break of dawn
Just freak it
Ah yeah baby

CHORUS II (X2)

Sadat X:
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funk, the funk, the funk, funky beat
(beat)

Sadat X:
I'll leave a piece of my style
Flyin' high up in the air
And you'll say to yourself
Damn I'm glad I was there
This is as rare as me frickin' share

You people stare
But behind closed doors
You will take it there

Casual:
Yeah I be the extraordinare
Judge from Bayfare
To Albee Square
Tell me where the party at
I'll be there
Let her hit the coney at
Show her where to rock the pony at

I be the man
With the large amounts of sapphire fare
I'm about to cut loose
My dog so you all best beware
You can dance with flare
And get out of your chair
We be smarter than your average boo boo bear

CHORUS
Rock on
To the break of dawn
Just freak it
Ah yeah baby
Rock on
To the break of dawn
Just freak it
Ah yeah baby

CHORYS II (X4)
Sadat X:
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funk, the funk, the funk, funky beat
(beat)

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