

Boo-Yaa TRIBE

"T.R.I.B.E."

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(*conversation while Sicilian music plays in the background*)

[The Godfather Rock TE]

I want you to take this funk to America

[Ganxta R?dd]

But Godfather, James Brown said it gots to be funky!

[The Godfather Rock TE]

Well, take O.M.B. with you

[VERSE 1: Ganxta R?dd]

I'm a B.G., too young to be an O.G.

But all the O.G.'s who know me respect me

MC's be slippin, I should be sittin

And now I be hittin cause they just keep trippin

(Trippin) (trippin) (trippin)

We catch you trippin, trippin in the hood

You think your rap could hit me from the bottle

I think you have nothin to say but to follow

Follow the leader, I drink a liter

Of Miller, still be standin with the rap fever

Turn up the level, bust on the devil

This is your spot, pass me a shovel

Turn up the stereo, this is your burial

8 feet under, turn off the radio

In your tombstone you lay down alone

Like me, but I spray them on the microphone

Rappers, I ????, they try to bomb on us

Radios fear us, we're too predominant

It's for the culture, it's for the culture

It's for the culture, it's for the culture

It's for the culture, your lyrics, I told ya

I brings it to ya, a Boo-Yaa sculpture

Cause I know what a MC don't know

My lyrics locked down in the rap ????

[all]

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.

[The Godfather Rock TE]

Ain't we funky now?
Ain't we funky now?

[VERSE 2: Ganxta R?dd]

They threw away the key that unlocks my cell
But they failed, unloaded two shells, my record still sell
I ??? MC as if I was a swordsman
I got out, I was huntin for the warden
That's the way it is, that's the way I be
And if you didn't know, prison guards feel me
I'm Riddler [initial], my pen was behind bars
And when I get out you're gonna boom me in your car
Pump up the woofer, turn up the tweeter
O.M.B., bring on the bass beater

[all]

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.

[The Godfather Rock TE]

Ain't we funky now?

Ain't we funky now?

[VERSE 3: Ganxta R?dd]

Flip a u-turn, check out what I learned
The punk judge sentenced me a short term
In the pen again, rappin from the lock-in
And it's the lock-in messin up my head again
That's why servin time got me smokin punks
(To all you posses) 187 with the riot pump
I'm packin it, click-clackin it
If it's too long, then I sow the front off it
Don't like to show off, we might just let off
Check out the T.R.I.B.E., watch my boys go off
What a big mess, unfinished business
Riddler did it, who played the witness?
My old crimey sittin at the witness stand
He still the homie? Be a snitcher, smoke him, man
No mistakes allowed in the Boo-Yaa crowd
This is the streets, so referee, go on with the foul
You know what I'm sayin?
And with these lyrics I be sprayin
Turned state evidence, changed his identity
He got away, 187 to his family

[all]

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

T.R.I.B.E.

B-Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.

[Ganxta R?dd]

Let's go home

[The Godfather Rock TE]

Ain't we funky now?

(Hell yeah!)

(Hell yeah!)

Ain't we funky now?

(Hell yeah!)

(Hell yeah!)

Told you my boys was funky (funky) (funky)

[all]

Hell yeah!

Hell yeah!

Hell yeah!

Hell yeah!

Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell yeah!

Hell yeah!

Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell yeah!

Hell yeah!

Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell yeah!

Hell yeah!

Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell to the muthafuckas

Hell to them other bustas

(*laughter*)

Hell yeah!

Bustas!

Yeah!

Boo-Yaa in the house

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