

Dred Scott

"Funky Rhythms"

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

featuring Tragedy

Chorus:

Funky rhythms on my mind day and night (Listen I hear
a beat) (Repeat 6x)

[Dred Scott]

So watch the kid fly through the atmosphere

When I'm rocking up a party yo I feel no fear

I be the one with the funk I kick

Yo I gets on the mic and says something sick

I give a "la di da di yes yes y'all"

I seen your granny doing backflips at the mall

And at the party I'm the killa dilla jerk a fool and blast

Like a pissed off post office worker

But you must understand that I'm just having fun

Like Sanford and Son cause I feel swell

When I bust my nut off when I'm on the DL

A fucking midget with his legs cut off

Can't get lower than me when I shake my funk

A brother with style and I ain't no punk

Like Nat, I'm a king that's Cole as ice

Double teaming me because you know I'm twice as nice

So check it out y'all

Chorus

[Tragedy]

Rappers be selling out like tickets to a championship
fight

But hold tight, I'm the motivator with the right

Stuff, I keep it rough while you huff and puff, so save
the bluff

Cause I ain't even trying to hear that stuff

I kick black facts over fat tracks that Dred packs

Peace to Freaknasty and the rest of my cats

Where's the axe? I want to cut a rapper in half

And laugh, dissect his whole steelo

Used to be high, so I chopped him down to be low

Put him to the side like a cop does a kilo

I'm raw, I funk you up and down like a see saw

To be more than a racist pig named Limbaugh

You see, cause I be the mad verbal doctor

Check my resume, I'm at the top of the roster

For your listening pleasure...

Chorus

[Dred Scott & Tragedy]

I gots to be the prodigy, you know I be vocalizing

Earlying in the morning while you're yawning

Here comes the pain, let it rain like thunder

Cause I be the true overlord of the under

Breaking chumps like old Tupperware

Stepping up smooth Dred with my savoir fare
Imperial funklord, cause I be the freaker
So funky you think I farted down your speaker
Like a dozen rotten eggs, kid, I'm taking no shorts
Not even for my skinny legs
The renegade with the ill vernacular, I bring the drama
I get loose just like the lips on Madonna
My flow is all around, and yours is like a
Bucket over there that broke down
I would have given you a ride if you had let me know
That you had to hitchhike
Just like I'm going to pass you the mic right now
Awww, bitch, sike
Chorus
[Dred Scott]
With the beat kicking back, yo I like that snare
On the microphone cause my style is rare
And the rest of the world ain't heard that shit before
I'm on the microphone, I slam just like a door
BOOM! And it shuts while I kick the dust
I'm on the microphone flowing and I can't... (fades out

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