

## Chappo

### "Yo Yo Funk"

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(Chorus)

That Yo Yo funk, that's what it is

(You gotta put me on) (Damn Yo Yo)

Givin' it to you (Oh Yeah)

(Slam the D's on the Benzo, pancake by the gate)

(Verse 1)

Because of my funk, niggas wanna wax me and tax me

Got me feelin' uncomfortable like my Maxi

People tend to ask me, Yo Yo is your shit ???

Smooth like a baby's ass, the kinda funk that make Lo-Lo's crass

Smash up the street, stash on my heat

Ridin' in my hood deep bumpin' battlecat's beats

I'm on a regular, all on my celular phone

Cause the fleas won't leave me alone

Many high to the hips, that freak mamma shit lips

Glossy, lookin' hella saucy and flossin'

I got that vibe, hat cocked to the side

Representing, ain't that right?

You know me, I know you, you know the flavour I be bringin'

A little funky song, can't you sing it, yeah...

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Now fellas say my funk is the bomb

I'm a beautiful black girl but my hair is blonde

Very special like Hennessey

And all the fly funky nigga rolls wanna freak with me

It is I... Y-O-Y-O

So fly, skirt to the thigh, am I...

Flava so sweet you could eat

You'd probably need a toothpick to pick out your teeth

Because I told ya my flava was the bomb

And now you got... flava on your tongue

Left sprung, hung by one lady, nothing but a fly girl  
thing big baby

Let it begin for the nine, feel

Me and Ruff Dogg getting bent off Hen'

It's all gravy so let the beat bump

And get used to this Yo Yo Funk!

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Well it's Yo Yo, high as a missile

And I just love a fistful of fuckin' c-notes

And I'm glad I didn't grow to be no material ass chick

To jock a young brother for his rich

We bout to do this funk my way

We bout to hit the highway sideways out the driveway

It ain't no sense in playing games  
I roll with that true D-Funk, Battlecat's the name  
You know me, you know I'm mobbin' heads bobbin'  
That Yo Yo Funk'll keep 'em rockin'  
Fresh out the jam, looking hella trim  
Suit tight and right, hittin' the show tonight, yeah  
It ain't no sense in makin' faces  
Ain't no chick in the street takin' places, face it  
Don't stop the rock, keep it movin'  
Yo Yo's in the house with that ghetto style, keep  
groovin'  
(Chorus till fade...)

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