

Lyrics Born

"Funky Hit Records"

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[Chorus] Well it's one AM and I'm ready to rock I got a million dollar record that I'm ready to drop I'm 'bout to get it goin on, baby, ready or not I make the FUNKY, FUNKY, FUNKY, FUNKY, funky hit records! Well it's two AM and I'm ready to roll I already got paid, now I'm out the do' The Cadillac's in the back and it's ready to go I make the FUNKY, FUNKY, FUNKY, FUNKY, funky hit records! [Verse 1ne] I've been a cocky dude ever since 17 Every chance I get, I practice my acceptance speech Thank you Grammys, Academy, the MTV Just give me this award and let's not make it everything I do it huge, I'm just the cleanest that ya care to meet In foreign sneakers, foreign whips and foreign denim jeans From Honolulu off to Bonnaroo in Tennessee What I'm about to do you cockatoos won't repeat You think I'm playin, son, I'm +Serious+ as Steady B I'm so hot I'm like a barbecue in leather jeans I'm so hot I've got your girl doin' the centipede I'm cuttin' deep just like the Stones, baby, +Let it Bleed+ [Chorus] [Verse 2wo] I ain't changed or strayed away from what I told ya I still stand behind everything I ever sold ya Spendin all your time waitin for me to fall don't you You gonna be waitin hella long, partnuh, bring Sudoku These writers won't fuck with me cuz I'm Japanese If they don't touch me, you know what? Fuck these magazines! I'm breaded up already plus I got my legacy It ain't nuttin stoppin' me from makin history It ain't nuttin stoppin' me from gettin chedda cheese Even after lawyers, managers and agencies Even after Uncle Sam and them take a piece Now I see how Gary Coleman ain't got anything I'm so funky like Arnold and Dudley, man I'm so funky like Chunky Soup and Hungry Man I'm so funky, somethin like Booty's rubberband Y'all so unfunky, y'all just a Bootsy coverband [Chorus] {D} D-Sharp cuts and scratches} [Verse 3hree] You mighta had a chance, girl, but I'm murried now You have no idea how much I be turnin down You might ask what do I do when girls be flirtin now I see ya comin, and I just turn around and bounce I used to do the Kama Sutra in my Momma's Sentra Like she used to do it in my father's Continental And I do believe that moment was monumental That's

how I was conceived, let's keep that confidential I'm old school like herringbones and nugget rings My old school's on Pirelli's on Custom D's I'm old school, give me mayonaisse and mustard, please Ya flow's cool but now you ain't sayin nuttin deep It's gon' be funk deluxe if it comes from me It's gon' be top NOTCH to the umpth degree Or at the very least it's gon' be a masterpiece 'Cause from me? That's what y'all accustomed to seein (One AM...) (I'm 'bout to get it...) (FUNKY, FUNKY, FUNKY) (Two AM...) (That's right y'all, brand new!) (Hit records!) (Something to keep y'all contained, you feel me?) (STEP BACK!!!)

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