

## **Rick Derringer**

### **"Urban Rapsody"**

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Rick James featuring Rappin 4-Tay

Come on, come on, come on with the funk thang  
Come on, come on, come on with the funk thang  
Come on, come on, come on with the funk thang  
Come on, come on, come on with the funk thang

Urban Rapsody (Yeah)  
Just the sound (Just the sound)  
Sound of the ghetto

Even if you came through the party with some ass  
Don't need no cash with the VIP pass  
In your pocket or your purse, be my first verse  
Raps an addiction such as Pulp Fiction  
I represent the west, the number one, we be the best  
No walking with no limping, no, I don't do no simpin  
Sticking to my player script suckas keep trippin slippin  
Spread a lot of game, that's what the people want me

??With the??  
That you act that player hatin copycat  
Same little trip, you talk down on a player track  
If you wonder how I got the boss game  
Smokin on Mary Jane, listenin to Rick James  
Uh, bring the funk (Bring the funk)

Urban Rapsody (Yeah)  
Just the sound (Just the sound)  
Sound of the ghetto (What you say)

Urban Rapsody (Yeah)  
Yeah, just the sound

Eenie meenie miny moe, no matter what hood  
That you come from, you get out if you just could  
Pimps, players and pushers on the corner block  
You should see all the money that you can clock  
In the ghetto, you can hear a rapsody  
And the melody is written just for you and me  
Call it folk, call it rhythm and blues

It aint nothin but a feelin that we choose

Urban Rapsody (Yeah)  
Just the sound (Just the sound)  
Sound of the ghetto (What you say)

Urban Rapsody (Yeah)  
Yeah, just the sound (Just the sound)  
Sound of the ghetto (Bring it 4-Tay)

Aint no funk like funk this way in the Bay  
Where all the real players parlay  
Stone City Band, 4-Tay and Rick James  
Late night, clubbin, game recognizin game  
Toast the ass not the glass and we outie  
All day, every day, players keep it cloudy  
Mocha Almond, caramel, chocolate  
One you got em started, man, it really aint no stoppin  
Pimps, players, pushers, aint nothin like the ghetto  
The partys on again, holler at a player, dough  
Just like mafioso, so just bring a toast  
Boss Hogs, shot callers and Im the force  
Passports for a scrapper it goes nation wide  
And about that root of all evil it might just cost your life  
Bring on the funk, Rick, we got the party pack  
With all these freaks and hoes, man, I gots to mack

I can't stay 4-Tay  
I got to go check out that West Coast thang

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