

Rick James

"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
Dont 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 dont do no simpin
Sticking to my player script suckas keep trippin slippin
Spread a lot of game, thats 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 cant stay 4-Tay
I got to go check out that West Coast thang

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