

Low Profile "Funky Song"

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[VERSE 1: W.C.]

Yo Aladdin, make sure my microphone is on

No wait a minute - hm-hm, now let me check my tone

(Before I start rockin) Yo, what we're callin this homes?

(Ain't nothin goin on...) word

Well, if it ain't nothin but a funky song, I'm in it to win it

Properly fitted, so let's get with it

My lyrical format breaks and bends the rules

For those of you who wanna battle my crew

I come from the family down with Priority

Peace to N.W.A and Eazy-E

And to the homies everywhere that's down with Low Pro

Y'all want funk? Yo, yo, now here we go

Can I come on, or should I come off smooth and dope?

Spectacular, I make a amateur choke

You see, it's gotta be funky, doper than the average
funk song

That's why I didn't come off strong

I chose a laid back jack and watched the others swoop
and holler

They try to kick funk, but yo, why did they bother

This is pure funk, so y'all sing along

(Ain't nothin goin on but a funky song)

[VERSE 2: W.C.]

Funk - the word for the day that I speak upon

It's like a drug, you could say that I'm sprung

Every time that I speak I pertain to a funky crowd

Turn up the radio, make sure that it's loud

The woofers are bumpin, the tweeders and tweetin

The bass is kickin, Doub's about to start rippin

All these MC's sound alike screamin off of funky tracks

Got the nerve to put the garbage on wax

Artificial MC's, I break em with ease, they get dunked

They all lack the true meanin of funk

A street hardcore sample with a positive tip

This here is so funky, all I need is a mothership

A pair of twelves and a mic in my hand, see

So I can get busy for those down with me

Have you yellin my name while I pertain to the brain

Cause when it comes to funk, I'm leavin permanent stains

So change arrange and yo, I ain't a new jack, gee

Aladdin gave me the mic, so I could speak my piece

Funk, the universal language, now can you swing it?

Some tried, but came softer than a Danish

Dunkenhein rappers is soft, they can't compete

Now here's a dope record taken out of the backstreets

Y'all know the words, so yo, sing along

(Ain't nothin goin on but a funky song)

[VERSE 3: W.C.]

So now we come to the final verse of the song

I came to short-circuit, so go and clap along

Wave your hands in the air while you shout and go off

But keep away from the stage, because you might get
tossed

Yo, now here's somethin that I know that you like

Somethin funky, but yet though, it's gotta be hype

So sing along, even though when I'm gone

(Ain't nothin goin on...)

Peace

(...but a funky song)

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