

Phunk Junkeez

"Join In"

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When I came out of my momma I was check one, two'n
it
Nowadays when I blaze everybody's feelin' it
Feelin' it, feelin' what?
Feel my energy flowin I got these people going nuts
It's like a family affair I got cousins with no teeth
I make a Phunkee stew if you got beef
Roll up a spleef and get chiefed with your uncle
Got beer and fireworks and I brought them by the truck
Full
In a bus, in a van, in Japan in a rickshaw
Gimme the mic and a stage and I can get raw
15 deep, go check the stats
And when you do that add 10 more to that
It's like we're all in ready to win this championship
You think we been canned but we've been revamping
this
Shit
From the bars, to the pubs, to all the night clubs
To people in our church you know we got love

Come on everybody let's join in
You can bring your family or your good friends
We're gonna make you boogie til your body bends
And we won't start the show til your all in
Come on everybody let's join in
You can bring your family or your good friends
We're gonna make you boogie til your body bends
And we won't start the party til your all in

How many times we got to drop to make the spot hot?
Ain't no second, third, fourth guessin' 'bout the
Skills that we got
Shit hittin' hard like a buck shot
And it's the Phunkiest damn shit you ever done did pop
Out the box like above-the-ground swimming pools
Fresh like your daddy's Sears Craftsman tools
Ain't no fakin', always shakin' when we come to rock
Still kick your monkey ass up and down the block
Check the stats perhaps and shuffle it around
Tracked like a nickel bag plus a pound

Everybody put your hands up, can't nobody hide
Tonight like every other night we ready to ride

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Boone, Danny bringin' the hootenanny
Take the party all the way to the podium, scoop a
Grammy
If not then fuck it, my mother's thunder
My father's lightening, no fuckin' wonder
I'm high performance, my mind's enormous with a
Hemi,
Hear me?
Hell no you don't, but you will even if I have to drill
A hole, instill this skill in your skull
I got a turd in a skillet it's the hot shit, smell me?
Russia been trippin' since NASA rebuilt me
Outta spare parts stored in Area 51
I'm the Ichiban, get ya guns, where ya gonna run?
I'll rhyme ya back in time my slime is lava
I spit on Pompeii my flow is the cold water
In 1912, they swallowed the unsinkable
Froze those with no life boats
I make ya holler

Backyard wrestlin' session, no aggression
We're all equal here, no matter the profession
Granny got her teeth out suckin' on a red one
Hand on the bottle and the other's on a grip
Daddy rolled a fatty that's he's tryin' to hide
And Aunt Shirley's on the dance floor electric slidin'
Uncle Ron has one hits in the tool she'd
Milky Dog shootin' bottle rockets over our heads
Next door neighbor had a daughter with a favor
So she gave me a little hit of that flavor
Family trees I'm smokin' in the breeze
Pop tunes and flippin' burgers, Yo' gimme some
cheese!
My dudes smokin' cigars sittin' on the porch
WD40 and a lighter for a torch
Double wide, dope ride, nothing to hide
The doors is always open so come on inside

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