

Body & Style

"Funkbox"

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CHORUS (x2):

Funk, it's gotcha bumpin', makes ya jump
so pump the song for me
Thumpin' cuz it's somethin' thatcha lovin'
shake your rump for me

God made me funky, each and every single day I pump
beats
Hip-hop is my favourite but I'm a music junkie
Trust me, my whole life, rhythm in my head
At night before I sleep I tap beats on my bed
Ask my friends 'bout my habit that seems never endin'
Use my fingers to scratch on any nylon or denim
Pretendin' I'm a DJ in a DMC battle
That'll dazzle onlookers while the speakers snap and
rattle
It don't matter where I'm at, where readin' or chillin'
I be rhymin' in my head, whether eatin' or shittin'
I be chillin' with a chick and I'm about to hit it yo
I imagine that it be happenin' in a video
Really though, everything is a song I got a trick
Make beats clickin' my teeth, internally it's sick
Cuz if you love music, then you know it's oxygen
Ain't got a heart, my chest is where my funkbox is in!

[Chorus]

My funkbox is not only my heart, it's my soul
Funk pours from my pores and my follicles and holes
I was told that during my mother's pregnancy
Is the time period in which the funk entered me
She would party, big belly and all, feelin' no ways
'Till I was born, holdin' a mic, sportin' some shades
I was cool daddy, never shy to be an attraction
Had early visions of becoming the next Michael Jackson
If your askin' what I did as a kid to get licks
Broke my mom's wooden spoons usin' 'em as
drumsticks
I wasn't a dumb kid, I got good report cards
My dad would buy me a record awarding me for the job
See, toys came second and T.V. it came third

Always knowin' one day, through music I would be
heard
It's obvious to me why God put me on this place
Ain't got a mouth, a funkbox is found on my face!

[BRIDGE]

The funk is all up in me, the only way it can be
I don't know what I'd do without music in my life, oh
I simply cannot believe, how some people can conceive
Living from day to day without feelin' the vibe, oh

[Chorus]

My funkbox is not only my soul, it's my mind
No exaggeration, it's creating music all the time
If you could find wires that could connect to me
You would hear music made better than any MPC
From elementary throughout university
Built a savings all spent on creating my first CD
Do you love music like me? Well, ask yourself a
question:
Would you tell your future wife that to it, she came
second?
Break up and find solace in making a slammin' record
Knowin' that as an artist is how you're truly respected
My reason for breathin' is cuz music is my bride
Don't live on earth, a funkbox is where I reside!

[Chorus]

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