

## White Boys

### "Play That Funky Music"

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( \*human beat box by Essence\* )

[ Precise ]

Goin back in my mind

Another place, another time

Not now, 3 years ago

I was tryin to go to the show

I had money, but no dice

Bein too young I paid the price

So I left with my head hangin down

Went around back, heard the sound

Comin from the place into my face

Yo, you shoulda heard that bass

Thumpin, the beat was pumpin

Without a doubt the joint was jumpin

Hard, I jumped on a crate

Looked at my watch, it was 12:08

So I hurried and looked in the window

Man, what a show

[ CHORUS ]

They were dancin and singin

And movin to the groovin

And just when it hit me  
Somebody turned around and shouted  
Play that funky music white boy  
Play that funky music right  
Play that funky music white boy  
Lay down the boogie  
And play that funky music till you die  
Till you die  
Till you die  
Till you die  
[ Exact ]  
Time passed, we developed a style  
Went back to the club, not crackin a smile  
Not time to joke or time to jerk  
Just time for the Boys to cold do work  
The man at the door said, "Come on in"  
Announced to the crowd we would soon begin  
Backstage we all got ready  
To move the crowd and to cold rock steady  
To boldly go where no man had gone before  
Leave the crowd still beggin for more  
Preparations now over, party people in a rage  
When the White Boys took the stage  
Cold gettin loose, not poppin abuse  
The three they could see now had the juice

Non-stop hip-hop in every song

Guess what was goin on

[ CHORUS ]

[ both ]

No way can I explain

What goes on inside my brain

The bass drum drops, the swing beat rocks

And the crowd just comes in flocks

Payin and stayin to see us rhyme

Wonder why? Go back in time

When we saw the light and the way to go

At the club, long ago

[ CHORUS ]

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