

**Dessiree Johnson****"Yo Yo Funk"**

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(Chorus)

That Yo Yo funk, that's what it is  
(You gotta put me on) (Damn Yo Yo)  
Givin' it to you (Oh Yeah)  
(Slam the D's on the Benzo, pancake by the gate)

(Verse 1)

Because of my funk, niggas wanna wax me and tax me  
Got me feelin' uncomfortable like my Maxi  
People tend to ask me, Yo Yo is your shit ???  
Smooth like a baby's ass, the kinda funk that make Lo-  
Lo's crass  
Smash up the street, stash on my heat  
Ridin' in my hood deep bumpin' battlecat's beats  
I'm on a regular, all on my celular phone  
Cause the fleas won't leave me alone  
Many high to the hips, that freak mamma shit lips  
Glossy, lookin' hella saucy and flossin'  
I got that vibe, hat cocked to the side  
Representing, ain't that right?  
You know me, I know you, you know the flavour I be  
bringin'  
A little funky song, can't you sing it, yeah...

(Chorus)

(Verse 2)

Now fellas say my funk is the bomb  
I'm a beatiful black girl but my hair is blonde  
Very special like Hennasy  
And all the fly funky nigga rolls wanna freak with me  
It is I... Y-O-Y-O  
So fly, skirt to the thigh, am I...  
Flava so sweet you could eat  
You'd probably need a toothpick to pick out your teeth  
Because I told ya my flava was the bomb  
And now you got... flava on your tongue  
Left sprung, hung by one lady, nothing but a fly girl  
thing big baby  
Let it begin for the nine, feel  
Me and Ruff Dogg getting bent off Hen'

It's all gravy so let the beat bump  
And get used to this Yo Yo Funk!

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

Well it's Yo Yo, high as a missile  
And I just love a fistful of fuckin' c-notes  
And I'm glad I didn't grow to be no material ass chick  
To jock a young brother for his rich  
We bout to do this funk my way  
We bout to hit the highway sideways out the driveway  
It ain't no sense in playing games  
I roll with that true D-Funk, Battlecat's the name  
You know me, you know I'm mobbin' heads bobbin'  
That Yo Yo Funk'll keep 'em rockin'  
Fresh out the jam, looking hella trim  
Suit tight and right, hittin' the show tonight, yeah  
It ain't no sense in makin' faces  
Ain't no chick in the street takin' places, face it  
Don't stop the rock, keep it movin'  
Yo Yo's in the house with that ghetto style, keep  
groovin'

(Chorus till fade...)

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