

Disturbing Tha Peace F/ Keon Bryce, Scarface

"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 developped 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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