

Faith Evans F/ Mary J. Blige, LaTonya Blige, Gordo "Comin' Out the Cellar"

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One two let me tell you we're comin' out the cellar
(repeated endlessly)
So get me on the mic I'll be the ill-funk fella

Here comes the fingers on the ill-funk flow
Pete freaks the beat just so everybody knows
I'm coming correct and cathing wreck just like a drunk
driver
'Cause ain't nobody liver than the Mr. Mad-Miser

With the Fingers I'll bring you something new to scoop
up
From ballers to the poop-butts we never need to loop
up
Old funk grooves 'cause we'll move you with the live
shit
So peace to the crew one two you don't quit

Oh shit we keep it going on the Fingers never going
wrong
Rhymes dripping off the lip it's like I'm singing the
lemon song
Pete out the cellar got to drop the bomb
'Cause I'll be getting funky like your mom's under arms

Repeat chorus a bunch, listen to Mac
Then repeat chorus again

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