

## Faith Evans F/ Mary J. Blige, LaTonya Blige, Gordo "Funky 97"

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Funky fresh tracks I'm strapped with a pack  
Pump the real rap false crap to the back  
I stay true to the vibe and the flavor the old school  
Gave you what all others lacked

Integrity contained in the grain of the lines  
Artistic expression conveyed in the rhymes  
Critics dismissed it and dissed it and wished it would  
die  
But it lifted and strengthened the mind

Now the nineties are here so have fear it's getting  
washed out  
All the original vibes are being tossed out  
Taken from the streets and jacked for the beats  
These companies are weak their songs incomplete

They seek to sell hip hop but instead they disrespect it  
Dissect it use what they can sell and then neglect it  
Everywhere I turn I find a sucker with a rhyme  
Not an M.C. 'cause an M.C. knows the time

Rap is popping up like toast from coast to coast  
They try to boast that their style is so dope  
But it won't last a round when the real sound macks  
"For all the pioneers I'm going way back"

Go back... to the Funky 97

Lyrics have been kicking hard from day one  
I wake around noon I squint at the sun  
Consider all my chores each day I catch more  
Throw on my drawers before I get the job done

I step out the apt. without delay  
Walkman pumping "It's a brand new day"  
I'm gonna meet the keen-one when suddenly I see  
some  
Ducks in a truck playing "Ice Ice Babe"

Down upon my ears my worst fears had ascended

I guess I must admit that at the shit I was offended  
They proceeded to park stepped in the minute-mart  
I thought to myself "The situation is splendid"

I stepped up to it and began to analyze the  
Scene in green I tagged my name "Pete Miser"  
Wide strokes in green dripping down the hood while  
I'm flipping  
The pilot in my pocket is my duty to advise a

Bandwagon buster not to dis hip hop  
The shit they hit it makes me wonder how they get  
props  
As if you didn't know it takes the skills to flow  
Go back to the lab 'cause if you step you'll get dropped

Go back... to the Funky 97

Go back to that rack of wax and two twelves  
'Cause back then we'd rap when caps sent the  
braincells  
Flying toys dying many punks sunk denying  
Their fronting ain't it something fluffing nothings still  
trying

To come off but the drums lost their weak minds  
I cultivate a great state of thought caught between  
lines  
These toys nowadays employ the sound waves  
To get paid and laid but still played the proud ways

Don't understand the plan the man or my reasons  
Wack rhyme's a crime and I'm trying you for treason  
You're a goner if I catch you on a corner in a freestyle  
But I never will you lack skills that's why you're on trial

Go back to the basics or face it your fake shit  
Wastes airspace it's a disgrace when you make it  
If it don't sell well tell me would you do it?  
If not then hot shot you'd better not pursue it

Go back... to the Funky 97

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