

Forty-two

"Funky White Guy"

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(FUNKY LATIN BEAT)

(MAIN MELODY)

White Boy says he's gonna make it big someday,
Gonna be a point guard in the NBA,
He plays basketball at the YMCA,
He eats his Wheaties every day,
(Slowed pace)

But he sighs and he cries,
In his bed with dismay.

Because. . .

(Drum solo)

(CHORUS)

He's just a funky white guy,
He's just a funky white guy,
He's just a funky white guy,
He's just a funky white guy,
(Drum solo)

He buys some spiffy Air Jordan shoes,
He gets a nose ring, and dyes his hair blue,
He climbs in his Geo; to the ghetto he flew,
He jumped from the car and screamed "What's up,
foo!"

(Slowed pace)

All the ghetto G's asked "Who ARE YOU?"
He said. . .

(CHORUS)

I'm just a funky white guy,
I'm just a funky white guy,
I'm just a funky white guy,
I'm just a funky white guy.
(Drum solo)

He dribbled the ball to the hardwood,
He fired up a three; it fell no good,
He told 'em he'd beat 'em, if only he could,
They said "Get some practice, you really should!"
(Slowed pace)

He promised never to return to the hood,
Because. . .

(CHORUS)

(16-MEASURE TRUMPET SOLO)
(CHORUS)

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