

**Funkoars f/ Hunter****"Still Drunk"**

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[Hook/Scratches] "Funkoars" "Drunk mother fuckers"  
[Verse One: Hunter] Up the creek without a paddle but  
we got Funkoars Where's my beer? Cunt we drunk  
yours! Sons of wars, I'm breaking tons of laws It's  
fucking Hunts of course putting runs on the board Like  
Langer at a test match, I'm taking the best catch I  
check out the face, the tits, and then snatch I always  
wear a rubber so the eggs don't hatch I needed some  
funk and Oar's had a new batch I scored well for it and  
got amphetimized then crossed the Nullarbor to hang  
with Certified Wise Losing sanity on a thirty hour drive  
Hip hop's the only reason that I'm still alive [Verse 2:  
Trials] I'm that dude in the back of the club, slashed  
like fuck With my head nearly touching my gut,  
throwing shit up It's the Oars of funk and we just  
started getting drunk Blowing chunks, hooded up like a  
Gregorian Monk The Funkorian's buff so keep rubbing  
if you're feeling me Mr T, fat enough to claim a  
disability Ain't a cat alive dumb enough to test us I  
serve you the two round two through John Edwards My  
style is wrecking mics and stylists My rhyme moves the  
hearts of tarts like Saconian diamonds These tracks  
turn heads like Linda Blair naked I say a lot of dumb  
shit but never try to take it back like a face lift,  
mistaken if you fake it Face it, we rock the place like  
sumo weigh ins We rock spots like chicken pox and  
savages Massacres, breaking shit down like bad  
marriages [Hook/Scratches] "Funkoars" "Drunk mother  
fuckers" (And what if Hons was one of us?) [Verse 3:  
Hons] Well there then we'd have a world full of perverts  
and verse plus beat precision Hons will pull your car  
like a fucking street magician Think that's dope? Well  
here's the best part Raps are that fat my punchlines  
develop fucking stretch marks It's the Oars and Hunter  
Full of drunk mother fuckers, down the pints 'til we  
chunder Sucker, we bust through and crush crews The  
Funkoars get rotation like we released a bus loop  
Sketchy Hons a certified trend setter Never sell out cos  
underground groupies give head better So make way  
for the mad sketchy cunt I'm the type of guy that buys a  
sports car just to fuck a empty(?) slut I'll test your luck

when I'm gripping a mic And I ain't a fan of red so paint  
your town Certified [Verse 4: Sesta] Never brag, never  
had to Never boast cos I know the show is over once we  
get off the stage between me and the bar and then you  
best get out the way After a bottle of Johnny couldn't  
stop me Putting the barricade of hottie boddies in line  
until they told me whether I rap here or Perth,  
Melbourne or Sydney Never rap for the attention, I'm  
here to get her tipsy See, I'm gonna need a hand in  
Canberra and I don't even want to be able to stand up  
Drunk with drinks and they're gone and hell will have to  
fill me like a sober Funkoar Don't aim when I piss but I  
rap when I'm pissed Slight laminated lyrics but I'm still  
able to rip it up You need a lesson in rap, I'll show you  
how Oars keep it raw Only sell out here's the crowd  
[Hook/Scratches] "Funkoars" "Drunk mother fuckers"

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