

Helen Gibson "Funky As I Wanna Be"

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Something kinda smooth, on the mellow tip Seeking deeper and deeper, you just might slip Into a trance, mind going slow Didn't wanna curse so they'll pump it on the radio Called up Banks on the GTE mobil Well it's about 9:00, yo Ant I'll be over Searching through some records from way back when Found something smooth, and yo Ant give it a spin Thought of something cool, rhymes definitely pumpin' Bassline groove and kick drum thumpin' Using my mind like a Webster encylcopedia Pooh-Man is selling out and this is for the media A little something, from the Mack to the Oaktown To the papers who keep putting our names down Short Short but Funky, Dangerous Dame En Vouge and the Toni's just to add some names Can't forget Pebbles, Sly and Larry Graham And yours truly, MC Pooh-Man Oaktown is on the rise, and I knew you'd ever see We just funky as ahhhhh, we wanna be

First rhyme, just on the PG Going through history and fools can't get with me Looking fake, perpetrating rappers every day Misguided brothers without nothing to say All kind of critic say we diss mentality But don't they know that "Rated R" is "Reality?" My other homeboy said "Kill At Will" That's the way we live and we know it's real My boy from the east said "Fear of a Black Planet" I know a certain race that couldn't understand it To see a black man clocking fat grands To a grafted devil, it's hard to understand But I'm an artist, begging your pardon Used to be small, but my pockets are enlarging Straight from the streets, I use game as a weapon You ask "What is game?" But fool keep stepping But I'm a keep rolling, Ant Banks and me And I'm a come, Funky as I Wanna Be

Rap's going, I be flowing something different

Something mellow, cool with an accent
Kind of tender like Ant Banks' girlfriend
I changed the style, something they couldn't
comprehend
Ant said "Pooh, let's make it kind of serious"
Not funny, just to make the money
Say I'm a pro and I can flow with the best of 'em
Then say "I be damn" to the rest of 'em
See you're caught up in my rapture cause it's been so
long
Let me stop using the bitches' songs
Baby don't like rap, but I like soul
She might listen to my lyrics and lose control
See I'm hard as hell and it could ever be
See I'm F-U-N-K-Y as I wanna be

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