

Kelly Price F/ Gerald Levert, K-Ci Haley

"Let the Funk Flow"

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[Parrish Smith]

Relax while I tax, or you can just max
It really doesn't matter, just stay the hell back
Poppin much junk, now the time has arose-n
I pick your card and your name has been chosen
Not all about ?line-opin? or the stick up scene
"Let it flow!", you know what I mean
I'm the PMD, in the place to be
Clock rhymin and I lock ya, around the tick-tocker
Suckers steady clockin at the same time jockin
So a brother like MD takes a chill and lay low
Hypnotize your girl, while the funk flow

[Erick Sermon]

I got my girls to keep me pumpin, just like Getti
Use the same fuel as Mario Andretti
Kickin butt in the beginning all the way to the end
He drives, I rhyme no matter what we win
I come fully equipped, with the mic on my hip
So if you real, it's no time to slip
Cause when it's time for some action, check on the Mic-
hael Jackson
Do a spin grab my nuts, and start taxin
Let the MC's know that I shock like lightning
They mess with the E-Double-E, I sounds frightening

[Parrish] So let the funk flow

"Let it flow!"

[Erick Sermon]

Blastoff, and off you go
We usually take off fast, but now we take up slow
I would say ?bamba yards?, but I'm not leavin
I don't wanna go, but the girlies keep screamin
So I will stay, if that's fine wit you
But I won't leave, until the party is through
So while I'm here, let me get funky
Fiendin for the rhyme (like a four-deuce junkie)
Put the pep in your step, the stride in your glide
EPMD them goin nationwide

[Parrish Smith]

While the bass is steady pumpin and the beat be like
thumpin

You lose your cool, then you start jumpin

You're out of control, and I'm right on track

In seconds later I work the bone out your back

To mess with the two is to mess with hot water

We like to hang, torture then slaughter

All sucker MC's, who proceed to intrude

E said (let em slide), say what but I'm in the mood
for dishin and dismissin, all those who don't listen

Reel the ones whose in, as if we was fishin

So in eighty-eight, no wait I think it's too late

Cause in eighty-seven, you bit on the old bait

[Erick] So let the funk flow

"Let it flow!"

[Parrish Smith]

Lounge homeboy you in the danger zone

When the brother PMD is on the microphone

The slow momentum of my rhymes are divine and
combined

to go off beat, and come back on time

To maintain and explain, but never sound the same

And when it comes to do this, very few remain

People on my jock for the rhymes I invent

Dip in a phone booth just like Clark Kent

Step out dressed to impress, with no intention to fess

Chillin HARD, with the P on my chest

Rhymin on the mic, while the beat rocks steady

Throw a funky fresh rhyme and MC's fetch it like

Freddy

[Erick Sermon]

Listen to heavy metal, hardcore rock n roll

Drink a six-pack, maybe Miller or Stroh

That's not the move, it's about hip-hop

The love that y'all playin and screamin had to stop

Let's get it straight for nineteen eighty-eight

For it can sound fine for nineteen eighty-nine

I hear the girls out there sayin E is hot

That only shows you what juice I got

And if you don't like me, and you yellin boo

There's nothin wrong wit me, it's somethin wrong with
you

So let the funk flow

"Let it flow!"

[Parrish] So let the funk flow

"Let it flow!"

[Parrish] Yo, this beat is sort of funky
[Sermon] Man, I ain't worried about it, I know it's funky
"Let it flow!"

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