

LL Cool J w/ DJ Enuff, DJ Kay Slay

"Givin up the Funk"

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MC Breed:

- Hell yeah
- We got Ant Banks in the house, Peewee in the house, Goldie in the house
- And we damn sure got Short Dawg in the house
- And I am the forever lastin Breed hahaha

Chorus:(Repeat 2X)
Ohhhh, givin up the funk

Short Dawg:

Now I'm about to get with this funk shit
And talk real bad to a punk bitch
Cause I'm that nigga she'll dream about
Stickin my dick all in her mouth
Cause that pussy don't last and i'm on the hunt
Bitches like that is all I want
But you playin that roll and can't say why
Bitch get wit it lets fuck tonight
It ain't cool, don't come with that shit
I'll fuck that fat ass from the back bitch
Tappin that ass like Gregory Hines
You can have this dick, but them legs is mine
Bitch, the pimp game is the motto
I'll put you in the back of my El Dorado
Make that money so the story goes
Ride that bitch like a set of vols
Dip in dip out of that traffic jam
Freaky little bitch gotta have it man
She like to get that money from all you tricks
Shit sound better than Parliament
I heard you was a hoe
Where's ya pimp?
Bitch chose me and quit fuckin with him
Old once a month funky cock bleedin bitch
Can't do shit except make me rich
Yep

Chorus:

Peewee:

You love to fuck around for free
But now you fuckin round with Peewee
And being fine just ain't enough hoe you's a diamond
in the rough
So I'm sendin yo ass to D.C.
Get me some cash to get my ?indica?
Make my cd's, you tossin senators
You can't get crossed up with the pd's
They payin a cost to get g'd
You got frost on your knees
Fuckin and suckin them d's
They usually be havin you cheesin
I got the hook up for suckers
Skeezin for fees and you just send me them duckets
I'm buying beatin disease
You tellim me what you want bitch
You givin up the funk
But you gotta pay a lump
To this nigga name Peewee
From the R-I-C-H-M-O-N-D
Bitch you can't hang with me cause yo ass is
scandalous
Bitch fuck it damn, that's the end
These bitches want these inches off the dick, cause I'm
with the Dangerous
Crew
Motherfucker you's a punk and I can't hang with you

Ant Banks:

Yo, be comin straight out the pussy
Holdin my nut sack, quick let me bust that rap
How hoes get cussed at
Rashy, you was a warthog, now you's a muskrat
So tramp, I ?? your tramp to much bleedin
Tryin to pursue me, screw me do me
Wanted to do me, started to chew me, then she blew
me
Ya'll stay off my level six
You can't proceed I'm like a rebel kid
Makin the devil get
Mad, when the bass and treble hit
So wise up
Keepin yo eyes up
I'm lookin for bitches and bitches to size up
I bust one and thumps one
I bust two and rise up
I'm ready to slide my dick in something hot as wet as

you
I bet its you
I'm with the Dangerous Crew, so let us through
Give up the pussy, give up the head
Drop yo panties and rub your clit
Do the splits, rub your tits
Yeah, I like the freaky shit
So give it up to me straggla
Fuck the cheese and bragger
Before I knock her out, beat her down and drag her
Cause niggas be takin the pussy
Just give it up to me bitch
Don't fight it
The last bitch that tried it, don't fight it
I'm just like a bloodhound
You lick my balls and give me a rub down
You want me to eat your pussy, but you stank bitch
Go scrub down
I get up inside the pussy, spend my day in it
Lay in it, play in it
Wake up and go to sleep and still stay in it
Imagine my dick's the basketball
Yo pussy is the basket
I'm a dunk, smell the room you stank bitch
Cause you gave up the funk

Chorus:

M.C. Breed

Now as I slide on this track, I won't be dissin no bitches
I'll just be clockin my riches
Now bare witness as I spit this
Shit that give you the mumps, cause it bumps so
tremendously
And niggas be knowin they flowin up tigh as they
pretend to be
Some shit that they ain't
Some niggas front, but I can't
I'm sippin tough on the drink
And makin barrels of bank
Yeah, so niggas save that punk shit
I'm comin with that funk shit
See that's how i was raised and my real niggas want
this
So nut up or keep walkin
And shut the fuck up when grown folks is talkin nigga
Before you get your back broke
Now what you wanna fuck with a Oakland city mack for?
The place you can trip on
Where the niggas be mackin, stealin, killin and pimpin

to get they crip on
And take it to the next phase
We goin city to city, leavin hoes in a daze
That's why they call me bad ass
Cause I be puttin boogers on bitches and fartin loud
with my fat ass
But yo, I gets paid for that
And its a fact I was strictly just made to mack
So what the fuck you know about me
A loked out, funky ass pimpin OG
Fool, you can open your eyes but you can't see
I just gave up the funk, now I'm O-U-T

Chorus

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