

## Travis Barker

### "Funky Shit"

Visit "[Funky Shit](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

4 x

Sitting in the back (Oh my god)  
S-Sitting the back (f-f-f-funky shit)  
Peanut jelly box, sitting in the carport  
808 crack, and I'm open like a barndoor  
Beer bottle cap, put 'em in the floor  
Set 'em in the floor, what a metaphor is this?  
Kind of like ? with Travis  
Eat it up, beat it up ? atlas  
Where should I go? Put 'em in a cereal bowl  
In Alabama, then I holler out "Cheerio"  
Look at that shit, ? like elastic  
And let it go like a mac ?  
S-Sipping on the green, feeling like I'm seeing Patrick  
Got beans in the mattress, magic  
Make you want to jump on a fat bitch  
Ooo got to have it  
(boss) Send the wolf, pick a thing  
On a pekingese bitch, go go gadget  
(Owh) I'm all the way from the gutter  
Flick a cigarette butt from a Chevrolet pickup  
Geeked up on 7 Up  
Got a centimeter? Wall up on a run like a cheetah  
? well, that'd be the day  
Put you up shit creek  
Paddle be away, hat to the side  
Holler at you homie  
What's the matter with you babe?  
Hook:  
Sitting in the back with the bass on boom  
Trunk gon shake, and the wheels on zoom  
American classic, trashy tunes  
L.A. to Alabama, from noon to noon  
They saying, (oh my god, that's some funky shit)  
(Oh my god, that's some funky shit)  
(Oh my god, that's some funky shit)  
Oh my god, that's some funky shit  
And I'm a Beastie Boy  
? and a bowl cut  
Skater when a skater wasn't cool  
When it was just, "so what? Fuck you dude"

Well fuck you too  
? with a backpack  
I'll bust your fruit  
I'm all about constructing my paper  
Kind of like a pocket full of Elmer's Glue  
Squeeze the bottle, turn the milk  
Churn the butter, get the cheese tomorrow  
I got a lock on my profit  
No exits, no keys tomorrow  
But I got steeze to borrow  
Some Famous kicks to match  
If I got a big sign, I'll rap  
As long as TV got sticks to crack  
So hit a drumroll, I'll jump in like a jump rope  
Watch  
Acapella like an elevator ?  
While the operator labeled my fucking high tops  
Rhythm like a clock, I'm scotch  
You would've thought, it was written  
But it's not  
Rag hanging out them ? jeans  
Not a gangbanger but a banger who sings  
And momma don't you worry about a single thing  
Really though, cause daddy brought charcoal, and  
gasoline  
And we cooking up tonight, t-bones, pinto beans  
[Hook:]  
Yeah, why stop now?  
Put 'em in the trunk  
Let 'em feel the sound  
That they don't pop it  
Let 'em feel the rhyme till he finds the locket  
808 weighs a ton, so drop it  
Watch your feet, while I rock the beat  
Going all out, no private seat  
I don't walk if I can ride the beat  
But wouldn't you though? Don't lie to me  
Of course you would, catapult syllables  
Got up on my horse in the woods, whoa  
Magical, sorcerer goods  
Steal from the rich put more in the hood  
Natural, born with a wood  
Fuck 'em all, I'm right above 'em all  
But you could butt talk, if a ? fall  
Out with a motherfucker with a sluggish crawl  
Chug till I can't chug at all  
Not a frat boy, I'm a rap boy  
In Hollywood, like Aykroyd  
But I read my script with a southern drawl  
I run home when mother calls  
Cause mother's got a switch

Yeah, she's a wolf too  
That makes me a son of a bitch  
[Hook:]

Visit [Travis Barker](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.