Funky Beat

Everlast

Check, uh, uh
Check, check, y'all
Yo, Whitey Ford's the name the Hunchback of Notre Dame
Couldn't get more bent when it's time to represent
I control it like rent in a slum tenement
Life's hard like some men in the concrete jungle
I don't smoke jumbo so whatcha knockin' for
There's locks on my door we rock from the floor
To the ceilin' ain't no drug dealin'
Ain't no gat peelin' you can't fight this feelin'
Well, my style's golden hot like molten rock
Niggers come bold but leave here holdin' jock
High roll patrol roll through the set on fifth
Arm's solo sippin' momo with a chick
Niggers take the penitentiary chances at the dances
Lettin' off shots lit off the lanterns
Mad 'cause a nigga can't test with no access
To phatness like this
From one story the cowboy was founded
I'm surrounded by Casual and Whitey Ford
The whole world and your girl from the Bay to L.A.
To my blue end while I ain't tryin' to die
I'm tryin' to live while I cool out
And pick up my daughter when the bell says the school out
Who the hell brought tools in this peaceful event
Now I can love you, front you or we could hunt you
You played too close take a hit of this dose
A yes, yes, y'all
A freak, freak, yo
So fresh y'all
To the beat y'all
A yes, yes, y'all
We don't stop dog
We keep it rockin' till the panties drop, yo
Uh, uh, ha, I see the rappers bein' ruined
By you and whoever is doin' that crap, they got me booin'
In fact, I'm gettin' to 'em may an electrical poetical surge
Give me the urge to consume, the tomb and submerge
The depths of adverbs

Keep it sick analytical, you pitiful trick
I'm the pinnacle and the prodigal
Rhyme style's, hip nautical fuck the artical
The artist is hardest to harvest the hard shit
I slave till all my work is done I'm cashin' in
Stack up my money for a grand set
I like them all house parties rockin'
Plus, I'm up in your cozy
Bitch turn your head and keep your eyes
Where they supposed to be
Supposedly I was seen with something lean, uh
Brown skin, I keep it bouncin', I say loungin'
On the side with red wine, I know that shit on my floor ain't swine
Now back it up, stack it up and hit me one more time
It might be your phone call but check it, it's my dime
And I know she's fine but get off my line
Or I'll break that spine and then maybe your face
You all up in my space like with Puffy and Mase
But that's just not the case 'cause I'm settin' the pace
While you followin' and swallowin' savorin' the flavor
In your audio for now quick suckin' my style
Rock on, to the break of dawn
Just freak it, ah yeah, baby
Rock on, to the break of dawn
Just freak it, ah yeah, baby
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funky beat
'Cause it's the funk, the funk
The funk, funky beat
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'Cause it's the funk, the funk
The funk, funky beat
I'll leave a piece of my style flyin' high up in the air
And you'll say to yourself damn I'm glad I was there
This is as rare as me frickin' share you people stare
But behind closed doors you will take it there
Yeah, I be the extraordinary judge from Bay fare
To Albee Square, tell me where the party at?
I'll be there let her hit the convey at
Show her where to rock the pony at
I be the man with the large amounts of sapphire fare
I'm about to cut loose my dog so you all best beware
You can dance with flare and get out of your chair
We be smarter than your average boo, boo, bear

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