The Devil Gets Funky

Esham

When I was born broke I was a joke to many
But then I said gimme that respect now your on my jimmy
The Unholy, bumpin out your system
My kinda music'll make ya go get a exorcism
I took a journey in ya mind and then I came out
And when I said I'm out your mind I blew your brain out
Some think I'm voodoo, but still I'm funky like doo doo
Unholy's in the house with the whole kit and kaboodle
Microphone mysterious, some say I'm delirious
But if you bite my rhyme then you'll die and this is serious
The seventh sign of death is the groove so lemme groove ya
My flow is just to funky for you its time for me to move ya soul
The I rock n roll to the next phase
I'll make ya ears bleed blood on the air waves
I think the rythym died, I tried to resurrect it
But if my shit wasn't def then you'd eject it
Disconnect it, uncorrected, as you selected
As the devil gets funky(CHORUS)
More Bounce... Hold it now, that's PLAYED OUT!
What the fuck is that funky smell?Now is the Unholy sacrifice
You'll pay the price crucified like Christ on the mic
Some wonder the evil that men do
I dont pretend to, 'cause I'm fin to
Get wicket for the sake of my own soul
Sold my soul to the highest bidda, now I'm finna
Drop juice, or should I say Acid
Get loose and try ta diss you'll getcha ass kicked
I got a knife and I'll cut cha throat
And I'm stabbin any mothafucka who said I wasn't dope
Now you see me, now you dont
Now you wanna be me, I wonder what fo'
Is it 'cause, Esham's far from a fuckin ho
Fuck with me and I'll end up on death row
You'll get broken in just like a pair of slacks
I break ho's, break hearts, and break backs
Killer tracks on wax attack
'cause my mouth is so dirty they wanna wash it with Ajax
My nine rhymes go bang it aint no thang
All ya'll pussies cant hang as the devil gets funky(CHORUS)

What the fuck is that funky smell?
The devil's just actin' a motherfuckin fool
What the fuck is that funky smell?
The Devil get's funky...Well as I, get funky in the disco
And take your mind for a spin like Sisco
On stage I'm still packin my pistol
I take all my ho's to the Bristol
My Acid Rap ya gonna smoke it like cocaine
And if ya dont really like it aint no thang
I made this for my homies aint shit changed
Just the price on the bird and the Night Train
Ya say blind milly chilly got glasses
I got 20/20 vision just to peep out the asses
In the house for the nineteen nine O's
And my crew is fuckin nothin but fine ho's
So when you see us better give up the monkey
'cause I'ma get in that ass and let the devil get funkyWhat the fuck is that funky smell?
The Devil get's funky...

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