Five Minutes Of Funk

Whodini

Now the party didn't start till I walked in
And I probably won't leave until the thing ends
But in the mean time, the in between time
If you work your thing, then I'll work mine
We came here together so we could have fun
Me and you baby, goin one on one
Now this is the last chance for us to get off
So either get loose, or you aught to get lost
Cause I'm just about ready to do my thing
Cause I'm the stone cold, New York, Rap Machine
I'm 'a give you what I got, and baby that's plenty
You'll never have one that rocks so many
I'm 'a make you wet and make you sweat
Just to see how funky you can get
Now when I'm on the mic, I do serve well
And I go by the name of the Rapper Jalil*Four minutes left*Now sit back, relax, put on your head gear
Get ready for a trip through the Atmosphere
Gonna take you for a ride through the Twighlight Zone
I don't need a space ship, I use my microphone
So hold on tight, with all your might
Cause Ill be rappin like this for the rest of the night
Its Jalil y'all, your master rapper
And when I'm on the mic its a sheer disaster
Cause MC's crumble when we rumble
Some think I'm soft just because I'm humble
So all you MC's, I hope you're real good listeners
Cause in this battle, I'm takin no prisoners
I'm slayin MC's right on the spot
Cause I'm the the master of the Rap, the doctor of the Rock
The Jack of all Trades, The Master of One
And the thing I'm at, is called havin fun
We got three minutes left to rock this funk
To separate the good stuff from the junk, so
Get in the groove, and feel the sound
And once you're inside, spread yourself around
From the bottom to the top, the top to the bottom
Come on Master Dee, get funky while we got em*three minutes left*Me and my partner, from the start
We usually get together, after dark
Sometimes to rap, Sometimes to sing

In the Summer or the Winter cause it ain't no thing
And ever since I first came round
Side by Side, We'd throw down
We came here to this here place
To serve you all right to your face
Because this jam here is our show stopper
We didn't want to do it but I guess we gotta
We're the men of the hour, makin the ladies scream and holler
To hot to trot, To sweet to be sour
I'm gonna set the record straight
And I hope that it is not too late
If you want the best, I won't settle for less
Put your money on me, I'm your best bet
Come on,
One for the treble
Two for the Bass
Three for the ladies
Four for the plaid
Five, minutes of funk, this ain't no junk
So pull your bottom, off the tree stump
Ladies real pretty, from city to city
But now we're gettin down to the nitty gritty
From the bottom to the top, the top to the bottom
I'm gonna rock em, while I still got em
Our rappin shower has style and power
And this, is our disco hour
I don't know what all of you have heard
So its up to me to spread the word
About the man that we feel has got to be real
Our crowned Prince on the wheels of steel
He goes by the name of Grandmaster Dee
So if its alright with you, its alright with me
We gonna rock you people's minds with ease
With some help from the Maestro, if you please*one minute left**Im sorry, your five minutes are up, please begin your ending, or your volume
will be terminated*

Songwriters
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