

Down South Funk (ft. Erick Sermon & Keith Murray)

Redman

Featuring def squad All the way to motherfuckin Georgia
To Tennessee
To motherfuckin Texas
To north motherfuckin Carolina
Yeah south fuckin Carolina
Yeah deep down gritty Alabama
Funk for your funkin' ass nigga
Ha ha barefoot walkin' motherfuckers Yo guess who's bout to stomp tonight?
Three seniors rockin the mic catchin misdemeanors
So charge us with what what-ever you feel
Balls of steel, clappin those with rap deals
Fuck hot, I'm lukewarm and still perform like a champ
Battle bout, airing your ass out So who's dropping shit on what day? My click's the greatest
Chill, or feel the effect of hi-atus
Shit shuts down when the squad's around
It gets _thinner_, it's hexed like white man from town
Three the hard way can't be touched
My style's too faraway, to capture, even with help from nasa
I'm what they call, a living legend, sha-pow
That's what they call, a mac-11, sha-pow
There's two on the way down, blaow blaow
Here's two more, blaow blaow nigga! Is y'all niggaz down to ride? (Man listen)
Would you kill for your life? (Man listen)
Can you get busy all night? (Man listen)
(Hah hah) (man listen) Yo-yo-yo yo, yo yo!
I got the down south funk when I clown out punk-ass
Police want to call dogs and sound off pumps
I short your blaupunkts if you thump my tape
Yo dial funk if you're mo' stiff than riker's isle bunks
Get out your seat, e, spit out the beat
The tracks plow underground concrete out the streets
From baldies to fades, when I rock mc's wave
More flags than puerto rican day parade
And give up, I got the rare footage, of fiends walkin
Barefooted off my rhyme don't dare cook it
You might fall in to intervene And new jacks and they girl become pookie and that, prom queen
That bodybag won't fit you tonight
You want to blow up? Drop the mic, stick to the pipe
Hand to hand my crew'll cripple your click in a fight

Take my tapes way down south and triple the price
Step up on the scene like whazzup? Hey suga'
Before you cock-tease doc, how that cash put up?
And only way I stop til your click say when
They had enough, cause I could bump to six a.M. Is y'all niggaz down to ride? (Man listen)
Would you kill for your life? (Man listen)
Can you get busy all night? (Man listen)
(Yo, yo-yo) (man listen) My life is a rap, each song is a flashback
Of antagonizing anxiety attacks
The beat hits the ground and the earth cracks
Niggaz be like, "oh no not them!" yeah we back
With rhythmic articulation, god-forsaken
Sick manifestations, pump pump in your face then
The lyrical force that I put in a rhyme
Will hit you with more power than a molecule enzyme
No matter who what when where how I'll lay you down
With a sick illed out fictitious style Yo, we all represent the hood -- the only difference
Between us is that we make the shit look good!
Programmable annual slammable
You lyte as a rock and I cram to understand you
So for niggaz on a mission kissin ass and dissin'
We get even like an ambixdeterous, man listen Is y'all niggaz down to ride? (Man listen)
Would you kill for your life? (Man listen)
Can you get busy all night? (Man listen)
(Man listen) Is y'all niggaz down to ride? (Man listen)
Would you kill for your life? (Man listen)
Can you get busy all night? (Man listen)
(Man listen)

Songwriters

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