

# Psycho

## Lords of the Underground

The year is 1971. Now comes the first of the children of Roton  
Lords of the Underground witness the birth of the funky child  
Doitall hit 'em Born with the funk from the womb of Brenda  
See I likes the Lords but you used to dig The Spinners  
First with the style from the birth canal  
And now I got the flav to make the crowd go wild  
Do dig it (screams) Ooh watch me kick it  
I'm taking no shorts unless this ?girl from my midget?  
I packs the piece more than chicken packed grease  
I'm nearly knocking boots, but if not I'll knock teeth  
Wahh! Gaga, ooh cries the baby  
Smacked on the ass now the Doitall's crazy  
No rattles or playpens, the crowds what I'm rapping  
And yes I do Reruns, as if this boy was happening  
Now January 14th has birthed the funk one  
The D-Day for Dupree and yes I'm funk-ay  
I got you bobbing to the funky style

K-Def let 'em know here comes the funky child Yeah, born in the underground of Newark, now witness the birth  
of Mr. Funkee The fifth of the terror, it's the return of Funky Kreuger  
A.K. Anger, but yo that's Mr. Funkee Wallbanger  
Concieved in the fire by you warned through disaters  
The funky child was taught to the ways of the masters  
Mr. Funkee, yes girl the black mack is back  
Here to kick my funky style, funky this and funky that  
You can work kid you know, you could practice all your life  
But I still take the show and then I go home with the wife  
Oh my God, funky with the style, Lord have mercy  
I hurdle over rappers just like Jackie Joyner-Kersee  
Watch me flip the script, let me show you what the funk do  
Make you call me uncle (What?) Uncle (What?) Uncle (Who?)  
When I was younger I used to sing with my sister  
Now I kick the ill styles you have to call me mister  
Cooling in the House of Hits, time to buckwild  
Raised in the ways of the funky child (Funky child) (Funky funky style) (Funky child) (Funky funky  
style) (Funky child) (Funky funky style) (Funky child) (Funky funky style) (Funky child) (Funky funky  
style) (Funky child) (Funky funky style) Well um, back up baby, here come the schooler  
We're hit when we dry crawl and hit rock 'n' roller  
I'm caught in the swinging, hear no ties by the Pendulum  
Just?, so this is how I'm killing them

K is on the M.P., Jazz is on the Technique  
Marley's on the mix and now the Lords have a hit like POW  
Now it's time to get buckwild  
And watch my funky brothers freak the underground  
In a second, or minute, in no times flat  
(Flatline noise) Bring it back  
And go grab the album to give the Lords money  
Take it home to mom to say "Ain't they funky?" We gone psycho and everybody thought they did was styles  
They didn't affect me, I said "So what?" I kept on writing rhymes  
I keep my funky style perfected so no one can stop my flow  
I fear no man, cause if it's on fool, then it's on (And it's on)  
Don't worry not for other crews selling out  
As long as Lords of the Underground stay underground  
The brothers of LOTUG will keep the lyrical fitness  
Don't worry about me selling out, mind your business  
You might say "Damn, Mr. Funkee's throwing out"  
But if you listen to the words then you'll know what I'm about  
Any props you receive are the props that you earn  
I'm off till the funky child returns

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