Funky Child

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
Do it all hit 'emBorn with the fuckers from the womb of Brenda
She now likes the Lords but she used to dig The Spinners
First with the style from the birth canal
And now I got the flav to make the crowd go wildSo dig it, don't 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 babySmacked 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 fourteenth has birthed the funk one
The D-Day for Dupree and yes I'm funky
I got you bobbing to the funky style
K-Def let 'em know here comes the funky childYeah, born in the underground of Newark
Now witness the birth of Mr. FunkeeThe fifth of the terror, it's the return of Funky Kreuger
A.K. Anger, but yo that's Mr. Funkee Wallbanger
Conceived in the fire by you warned through disasters
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 wifeOh 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 my House of Hits, time to buck wild
Raised in the ways of the funky childFunky child, funky, funky style
Funky child, funky, funky style
Funky child, funky, funky style
Funky child, funky, funky style
Funky child, funky child
Funky child, funky childBack up baby, 'cuz here comes the schooler
We're hit when we dry crawl and hit rock n' roller
I'm caught in the swinging, hypnotized by the pendulum

[Incomprehensible], 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 powNow it's time to get buck wild
And watch my funky brothers freak the underground
In a second, or minute, in no times flat
Bring it back
And go grab the album to bring 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, 'cuz 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 undergroundThe 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/