

Funkadelic Relic

LL Cool J

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah
(Bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
Yeah, and it's the funkadelic relic
(Bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
Yeah, and it's the funkadelic relic
(Bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it) James Todd Smith when nine years old
When 'Sugarhill' was in control
I'm listenin' to cold-crushed tapes to get sold
I set my demo in a Silvia treated me cold
Time flew 'cause I was gettin' my shit off
Sixteen now, it's about the time to set my first hit off 'I Need A Beat', it was a smash on the DL
But every time I did a show my name was misspelled
'Can't Live Without My Radio' drops
I'm kickin' down the door-crushed cool box
'Rockin' the bells' like a madman dissin' me
Event-flippin' the script-but then I made my first 50 grand All I wanted was a pencil, a little gold
A little money in my pocket and a Phillie to roll
I'm makin' records, now alla the girls are on my tip
I'm sleepin' late, no money damn, I'm late for school, shit Todd, get upstairs and take out that garbage And it's
the funkadelic relic, yeah
(Bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
And it's the funkadelic relic, yeah
(Bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
It's the funkadelic relic, yeah
(Bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it) I wasn't tryin' to hear it 'cause I'm bad
When I'm alone in my room, I pick up a pen and start to get mad
I need love, that means I need a girl to love me down
I dropped the pretty style 'cause rap was gettin' ugly
I waited a year for the results, I'm triple platinum
We know the presidents are flowin' by who's sackin' 'em I'm that type of guy when poppa wasn't happy with it
Trippin' 'em up, that was my style, but everybody bit it
Yo Marley, hit the remix, make it fresh with flavor

Another power move, I'll switch my hat, the shit is major
Puttin' out till da break of dawn', tell me what sucker?
Cops harass me illegal search motherfucker I'm just a brother makin' jams now I got a name
I still remember chillin' with my pistol on the train
I'm sayin' two to this I'm representin' hip hop
Admit that I'm the man, it's time for me to get my props Yeah, and it's the funkadelic relic
(Bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
Yeah, and it's the funkadelic relic
(Bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic, yeah
(Bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)
Come on man Mama said to knock 'em out' I knocked 'em out the box
I got a rhyme to wake, you're sloppin' up and down the blocks
There never was a time when I was down to meetin' by myself
When all the punks on top of everybody else, but In '92 and '93 I'm makin' history
The largest motherfuckin' street, that ain't no mystery
The baddest rapper ever born, you think I'm crazy?
I heard your albums' kinda warm, that shit don't phase me
I'm too rough, too rugged, now that doesn't sound so easy does it
Thought I was going back to Cali' where I knew I wasn't I sent a 'Murder Gram', solo in a black van
I'm claimin' knuckle game, stomp you with my Timberland
'Mr. Goodbar' lickin' all the rough stuff
I'm kickin' down your door with condoms in a rudder-put
You wanna find me come to Farmers Boulevard
And you can hear me, eat 'em up, just ask for Todd Uh, and I'm the funkadelic relic
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic
(Bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)
Yeah, and it's the funkadelic relic
(Bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic
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