Funky Drummer

A. Skillz

Come back, cover
Shades, good God
It's a raid

Cut off the lights
And call the law
Cut off the lights
And call the law

Standing over there
The devil's on his way

Call the law
Call the law
The devil's on his way

Bring on the juice
Bring on the juice
Bring on the juice
Bring on the juice
Make me sweat

Still good
It's still good
Still good
It's still good

Turn over
Turn over
Turn over

Take me in the chain
Take me in the chain
Take me in the chain

Tall women
Is all I need
Tall women
Is what I want

One more time
I wanna give the drummer
Some of this funky soul
We got here

You don't have to do
No song, brother
Just keep what you got
Don't turn it loose
Cause it's a mother

When I count to four
I want everybody to lay off
Let the drummer go
When I count to four
I want you to come back in

I got to holler
I said it's in my feet
Feels so sweet
It's in my shake, good God
About to work me to death

It's in my shake
About to work me to death
It's in my shake
I'm about to blow
I'm about to blow

One, two, three, four
Get it

Ain't it funky
Ain't it funky
Ain't it funky
Ain't it funky
One, two, three, four

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