

If You Have to Ask

Mark Eitzel

I wanna be a gangster, thinkin' he's a wise guy
Rob another bank, he's a 'Sock 'em in the eye' guy
 Tank head, Mr. Bonnie and Clyde guy
 Lock him in the eye, he's not my kinda guy
 Never wanna be confusion proof
 Oh, pudding's sweet but too aloof
 Orange eyed girl with blackslide dew said
 "Yo homie, who you talkin' to?"
A backed up paddywagon mackin' on a cat's ass
 One upper cut to the cold upper middle class
 Born to storm on boredom's face
 Add a little lust to the funky ass flea bass
 Most in the race just lose their grace
 The blackest hole in all of space
 Crooked as a hooker, now suck my thumb
 Anybody wanna come get some
 If you have to ask, you'll never know
 Funky motherfucker will not be told to go
 If you have to ask, you'll never know
 Funky motherfucker will not be told to go

 Wow, wow, wow
 Don't ask me why I'm flying so high
 Mr. Bubble meets superfly in my third eye
 Searching for a soul bride, she's my freakette
 Soak it up inside deeper than a secret
 Much more than meets the eye
 To the funk I fall into my new ride
 My hand, my hand
 Magic on the one is a medicine man
 Thinkin' of a few taboos that I ought to kill
 Dancin' on their face like a stage in vaudeville
 I feel so good, can't be understood
 Booty of a hoodlum, rockin' my red hood
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 If you have to ask, you'll never know
 Funky motherfucker will not be told to go
 Wow, wow, wow

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