

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
If you have to ask, you'll never know
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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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