If You Must

Del Tha Funkee Homosapien

It's important to practice good hygiene
At least if you wanna run with my team
I'm bout to get into some shit that I've seen
This fool's breath ferment so bad it'll melt your ice cream
They say don't say nothing if you can't say nice things
Sittin too close to him it burned like my eyes sting
I try to be subtle, hand him a stick of gum
I was a victim of breath on tongue
Running his yap about what sets he from
Gotta get some gum gotta get him some
He turned it down, his teeth was brown
Excruciating for him it was a new sensation
I had to ask the dope to pass the soap
Cuz his coat had the stiffening crustaceans
Of bathrooms in a bus station
He had a can of Olde E and some raisins
Amazing... head to toe B.O.
He didn't know, used to the fragrance
Just as the days went without bathing
He felt manly and not like a maiden
He had one dread, and fungus
Said he worked on peoples' toilets with plungers
Girls let the guy you were with will wanna toungue ya
So guys take your cue from this number

[CHORUS] (x2)
You gotta wash your ass, if you must
You gotta wash your hair, if you must
You gotta brush your teeth, if you must
Or else you'll be funkyyyyyyyy

Now in class you need total concentration
But there's kids in the back holdin conversations
Crackin on each other, and neither were poster boys
Both of em smell like the type that soap avoids
hoes enjoy, the leave their absence
One's fool's feet smelled like ya struck some matchsticks
Brimstone, girls would never bring him home
I was laughin, then his friend raised his tone

And said, "look you rolled all over yourself" "yeaaa"
I know some people your ass should be submerged
Like you need to do in water cuz you smell like a turd
Wanna cap get some courage, your feet smell lurid
Well look it up
And while you're at it, get a cup
And squeeze the sweat out your sweatshirt and drink it or gargle
You get our vote for most stinkiest
That nigga started thinkin of shit, said I was frail
I said he was stale
Underarms is ripe
Undergarments tight, about to leap out your holy sweats
And we holdin bets, and after this I'm gonna collect
Nigga check, yourself
Respect yourself
And wash your mothafuckin body 'fore your sweatshirt melt
Like radioactive, no lady find you attractive
The funk got you captive
You don't need a map bitch

[CHORUS] (x2)
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