

Psycho

Lords of the Underground

The year is 1971. Now comes the first of the children of Roton
Lords of the Underground witness the birth of the funky child
Doitall hit 'em Born with the funk from the womb of Brenda
See I likes the Lords but you used to dig The Spinners
First with the style from the birth canal
And now I got the flav to make the crowd go wild
Do dig it (screams) Ooh watch me kick it
I'm taking no shorts unless this ?girl from my midget?
I packs the piece more than chicken packed grease
I'm nearly knocking boots, but if not I'll knock teeth
Wahh! Gaga, ooh cries the baby
Smacked on the ass now the Doitall's crazy
No rattles or playpens, the crowds what I'm rapping
And yes I do Reruns, as if this boy was happening
Now January 14th has birthed the funk one
The D-Day for Dupree and yes I'm funk-ay
I got you bobbing to the funky style

K-Def let 'em know here comes the funky child Yeah, born in the underground of Newark, now witness the birth
of Mr. Funkee The fifth of the terror, it's the return of Funky Kreuger
A.K. Anger, but yo that's Mr. Funkee Wallbanger
Concieved in the fire by you warned through disaters
The funky child was taught to the ways of the masters
Mr. Funkee, yes girl the black mack is back
Here to kick my funky style, funky this and funky that
You can work kid you know, you could practice all your life
But I still take the show and then I go home with the wife
Oh my God, funky with the style, Lord have mercy
I hurdle over rappers just like Jackie Joyner-Kersee
Watch me flip the script, let me show you what the funk do
Make you call me uncle (What?) Uncle (What?) Uncle (Who?)
When I was younger I used to sing with my sister
Now I kick the ill styles you have to call me mister
Cooling in the House of Hits, time to buckwild
Raised in the ways of the funky child (Funky child) (Funky funky style) (Funky child) (Funky funky
style) (Funky child) (Funky funky style) (Funky child) (Funky funky style) (Funky child) (Funky funky
style) (Funky child) (Funky funky style) Well um, back up baby, here come the schooler
We're hit when we dry crawl and hit rock 'n' roller
I'm caught in the swinging, hear no ties by the Pendulum
Just?, so this is how I'm killing them

K is on the M.P., Jazz is on the Technique
Marley's on the mix and now the Lords have a hit like POW
Now it's time to get buckwild
And watch my funky brothers freak the underground
In a second, or minute, in no times flat
(Flatline noise) Bring it back
And go grab the album to give the Lords money
Take it home to mom to say "Ain't they funky?" We gone psycho and everybody thought they did was styles
They didn't affect me, I said "So what?" I kept on writing rhymes
I keep my funky style perfected so no one can stop my flow
I fear no man, cause if it's on fool, then it's on (And it's on)
Don't worry not for other crews selling out
As long as Lords of the Underground stay underground
The brothers of LOTUG will keep the lyrical fitness
Don't worry about me selling out, mind your business
You might say "Damn, Mr. Funkee's throwing out"
But if you listen to the words then you'll know what I'm about
Any props you receive are the props that you earn
I'm off till the funky child returns

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