# Follow the Funk

## Casual

Why don't you follow it?
Why don't you follow it?
Why don't you follow it?Why don't you follow it?
Why don't you follow it?
Why don't you follow it?
Follow the funkCoolin' just like the man's supposed to
You know the most who respect a fool and a post crew
I often catch static brother's beef and they tellin' me
Jealousy, let it be 'cuz I got funk with my melon
Now it's time to rhyme and tell a G, this fella beMovin' steadily ahead of me is a void
Emptiness you're less than best, you're just wimpiest
I decapitate a rapper's fate with my niftiness
And I slip the fresh shit under your noseI get the mess hall rockin', all jockin'
A fly brother, a poet, slow it down to enrich my pitch
Ask Mike P, is it likely we can switch a bitch?
Affirmative and now I learn to live trifling
When a skin pretends, it's the end, who she stiflingShe ain't stopping me, I leave her
She receive a goodbye and I would try hittin' some beaver
That's because a dog is only out for a bone
After I get it I quit it, leave me aloneBack up off me, we agreed that we won't argue
That's what you get for fuckin' with a hard crew
A group of trooper buckin' shit, your luck can get snatched
And utilized the crew that tries, diesEyes are awakened, necks are choked, I take
Extra tokes of a spliff and if you want it, bring itWhy don't you follow the funk?
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Tag alongA clever one to spin men to the surface of
Rap plateau with crap that go pop
I never knew men doing my music
Get confused with, used shit and crews bitBut they get the butter spread over bread
What it said is, "We made the dough, so go ahead"
Damn, damn I am, I stop a flow
Before I go, why don't you tell me who wit me? NoSubliminal, fin to go, low, low, low
And then I send a flow to the Joe who don't know
Mr. Nope, I'll turn a hoe down in her drawers
But men, I'm cutting flows short like menopauseThen I 'cause mass confusion as you're choosing

Break beats that are broken from too much using
Who's in effect, bruising the neck
Of a fly G, I get in more dips than corn chipsI scorn lips, the warning is the keen idealist
'Cause I feel this threat comingWhy don't you follow the funk?
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Tag alongThe funk rebel will rebel and tell and
Spit shit to the click of a metronome
And get a better tone, hyper letter mon
Get a hit or two from Domino, I'ma go find a binderAnd combine the mind to rearrange the strange
And flip a dip like a reciprocal
Get the hoe because you know the choice is upon me
John be, similar to FonzieThumbs up and they comes up to ask the
Ask for the slow flow that's smooth with movin' fasterWhy don't you follow the funk?
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There it isWhy don't you follow the funk?
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Why don't you follow the funk?Why don't you follow the funk?
Why don't you follow the funk?
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