Let's Take It to the Stage

Funkadelic

Hi-ya! {"oh yeah" played backwards}
Hey Sloofus, (yeah!) tell us something good, let's take it to the stage, sucker
Have no fear, (get it on!) MacFunk is here. Ha!
Doin' it to the max
Slick Brick! How's your loose booty?
Laughin' atcha
Let me tighten it up
Get it on
Yeah
Everybody funking and don't know how
They shoulda seen the bull when he funked the cow
He funked her so hard they saw some smoke
He said, let's get in the bed and funk like folks
Laughin' at ya (ha!)
Funk used to be a bad wordChorus:
(sung by the group, interspersed with stuff from George and others)
Sittin in the woods upon a log
Finger on the trigger
My eyes on a hog
And I sat back.
Laughin atcha!
(Say it loud!)
Sittin in the woods upon a log
(I'm funky and I'm proud)
Finger on the trigger
My eyes on a hog
And I sat back
(Talking 'bout you the Godfather)
Laughin atcha!
(Godmother!)
Sittin in the woods upon a log
(Grandfather! Heh!)
Finger on the trigger
(Fool and the Gang!)
My eyes on a hog
And I sat back.
(They call us the funk mob!)
Laughin atcha!
(Dig!)

(Get it on)Little miss muffet sat on her tuffet snorting some THC
Along came a spider, slid down beside her
Said: what's in the bag bitch
She said I'm laughin' at ya, ha, ha!
(Hey Fool and the Gang!)
Funk used to be a bad word
(Let's get it on! Let's take it to the stage)
Motherfunk you
Hit it!Sittin in the woods upon a log
(Good god!)
Finger on the trigger
My eyes on a hog
And I sat back.
(Earth, hot air, and no fire)
Laughin atcha!
(They call us the funk mob)
Ha, ha, ha, ha!Sittin in the woods upon a log
Finger on the trigger
My eyes on a hog
And I sat back.
(In your loose booty)
Laughin atcha!
(Ha! Dig)
Slick and the family brick... whatcha you doing?
Let's take it higher
Hey Sloofus... tell us something good
Ha ha ha!(Laaaallala, lalalala) Those Crazios (Crazios!)
" " New type thing (New type thing)
" " Brand new funk (Brand new funk)
Ha!
Crazier than a sex maniac in a whorehouse with a credit card!Say it loud, I'm funky and I'm proud (doing it to death!)
Say it loud, I'm funky and I'm proud (ha ha ha!)Sittin in the woods upon a log
(Get it!)
(Hey Sloofus!)
Finger on the trigger
My eyes on a hog
(Tell us something good)
And I sat back.
(Let's take it to the stage)
Laughin atcha!(Funk used to be a bad word!)
(Hey where's the godfather at?)
Sittin in the woods upon a log
Finger on the trigger
(Now everybody trying to get down)

My eyes on a hog
And I sat back.
(Tell him, when in doubt, vamp!)
Laughin atcha!
(Ha, ha, ha!)
(On the one!)Sittin in the woods upon a log
(Tricky Dick wasn't worried about no incriminating Watergate)
Finger on the trigger
My eyes on a hog
(Information being on those tapes)
And I sat back.
(That sucker didn't want y'all to dig on him trying to cop)
Laughin atcha!
(An ounce of that p-blow!)Sittin in the woods upon a log
(Now he's a-laughin' at you... yeah)
Finger on the trigger
My eyes on a hog
And I sat back.
(They call us the funk mob)
Laughin atcha!
('Cuz they funky in the White House too.)
(Let's take it to the stage, y'all)
(Hit it)
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