

Funky for You (featuring Bilal & Jill Scott)

Common

Alright, Okay

Alright, we'll make it funky for you now I'm a child of the, The 87

From the streets, get on a beat and go

I could break it down like whatever ya

On some K-are-S be here forever type

You-you-you-you know you shouldn't rhyme like

Let them pussy niggas get in your mind like

Baby boy you could do it take your time do it,

If you get the chance

To be a man in a B-boy stance and advanced from the go

I'll trace outer space with a

The baby-sitter of styles, I've traveled miles with

Bitches and, I've traveled miles with,

I've traveled miles with bitches and brew the ritual

Of the real

Your platinum but real don't feel you

You sampled real and then filtered

I'm built to last, at last I'm free

The Roots and SV be the family tree

SV and the Roots be the family tree

The Roots and SV and the tree is

Come on As long as it's funky, alright, okay (yeah)

As long as it's funky, alright

As long as it's funky, alright, okay

As long as it's funky, funky for you now I style for the oh, wild for the oh

Baby girl let's go half on a child for the oh

Lick shot's pop lock and blow for the oh

Like Ra-I'll move a crowd for the oh

You talkin' loud but ain't sayin' oh

Trickin' paper on a, Captain Save-a-oh

I've never been, the type of nigga,

To take, a broad to the courts

As a shorty I was always into sports

Now I talk to drums and walk in slums and thoughts that's oh

Instinct to hustle-divided by the struggle

Plus a couple of scuffle's and up to high shuffle

Even when it sound muffled,

I bust through, narrow gates,

With king-sized thoughts that's sparrow shaped

Before I came up I had to elevate
Let a nigga move where he want to move up to
You don't like how I'm living, well fuck oh
I stuck to what I was on, a star is born on a cusp
Many angel's fell to the dust
Leavin' me to trust, only a oh
Leavin' me to trust y'all only a h
Leavin' me to trust in a, oh oh oh
Oh
YoAs long as it's funky, alright, okay (yeah)
As long as it's funky, alright
As long as it's funky, alright, okay
As long as it's funky, funky for you nowLet your, imagination, dance to the
Dance to the, dance to the hey
Like nobody's watching in a B-boy stance to the hey
I'm funky like Africans in France to the hey
Yo hey, kick in the bass you,
Chasing paper like a bitch in a race
Spit on or death, I still ain't picked up the ace
The hundred, styles I run with thick in the race
So let's oh, yeahAs long as it's funky, alright, okay (yeah)
As long as it's funky, alright
As long as it's funky, alright, okay
As long as it's funky, funky for you nowAs long as it's funky, alright, okay (yeah)
As long as it's funky, alright
As long as it's funky, alright, okay
As long as it's funky, funky for you now

Songwriters

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