

Funky Child

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

Do it all hit 'em Born with the fuckers from the womb of Brenda

She now likes the Lords but she 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 So dig it, don't 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 fourteenth has birthed the funk one

The D-Day for Dupree and yes I'm funky

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

Conceived in the fire by you warned through disasters

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-Kersey

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 my House of Hits, time to buck wild

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 child

Funky child, funky child Back up baby, 'cuz here comes the schooler

We're hit when we dry crawl and hit rock n' roller

I'm caught in the swinging, hypnotized by the pendulum

[Incomprehensible], 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 powNow it's time to get buck wild
And watch my funky brothers freak the underground
In a second, or minute, in no times flat
Bring it back
And go grab the album to bring 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, 'cuz 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 undergroundThe 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>