

# Get Funky

## The Beatnuts

Hook:

"Get Funky" "That's right" (x4)

JuJu:

It's the crook with the shit little cords and mass danger  
Torturing crew like Jews in gas chambers  
Danger the angel of death street smart lyric arranger  
Complicated my style change I get stranger  
Freak flows let opponents know  
That I combat the stats and defeat the foes  
Gots to get money kid you know how it goes  
And I'm still livin' fowl even stickin' up hoes

Psycho Les:

Equipped with the Beatnuts funk  
Ain't another brother kickin' phat beats with spunk  
Duck tried to test me but his ass flunked  
I rolled him in some Bambu and threw him right in my truck punk  
I told you once and I won't tell you twice  
I freak the stunks and I won't pay the price  
For stickin' in hun paradise cause it's all good  
I know you wish you could

Hook (x8)

Fashion aka Al Tariq:

You got the brews but the cool is just save ya  
Down and just daze ya, Beatnuts want to blaze ya  
Raise ya give you junky juice that was major  
(And you don't stop) comin' from the soul  
cause the heart is the funk spot  
Diggin' through shit that I found out in the park lot  
Talk not, bustin' crazy shots at the don't squeeze  
Ju come down spray these niggas with the funk please

JuJu:

Somebody said you were looking for static G  
Those who try to play me close could die tragically  
I got a merciless flow that's infatually fatal  
That attacks the brain automatically

Unleashing lyrical wrath to leave you open  
Crew that choose to bite might find yourself toking  
Dirty alone I never do what the pope says  
I'm tryin' to get money like Felipe Lopez

Hook

Psycho Les:  
With a 1-2-3, 3 and 2-1 only type ? preacher could be this nun  
Hun don't it sound sweet to the drum?  
Drum trip as I flip till it's done  
Son act like you recognize dad  
Run to poppa come get what you never had  
I'm (superbad) and ducks get mad cause it's all good  
I know you wish you could (get funky)

Fashion aka Al Tariq:  
We got you want to more puff from the Nut  
Go on take a hit from my shit but it's a rough one  
Bust one, remember what they said never trust one  
Use to be two in the crew now it's plus one  
I kick that old cool style got ya fiendin'  
Blowin' ya mind just like that red light beepin'  
I'm a get buck a blast a shot in ya eye  
Make way motherfucks it's the real superfly

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