

# What The Deal

## Funkdoobiest

Yeah, Funkdoobie in the house  
1994, representing, keeping it real  
One time I stepped out the door and left undisturbed  
I made the beer run and saw them hookers on the curb  
Them pimps got the curls, rollers fancy fur coats  
Talking to the brothers in the alley  
The word of the party's at 7 and girls are with their babies  
Kids are playing handball and it's about 80 I rolled out with T-Funk in the t-bird, pump the t-bass  
Hell of course, then we made that u-turn  
The doobie got rolled up, the homies had showed up  
'Cause we made a left and saw the liquor store hold up  
Stopped at the light, actin' like nothing happened  
We went about our way, brothers domino slappin'  
Pulled up on the side to see what girls were wearin'  
T popped the top and had all the hookers starin' On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner  
On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner  
On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner Brothas shootin c-lo, try to meet expenses  
Homies at the park tired, sleep on the benches  
Standin' buy the pay phone, make the call to Ralph M  
"Yo Ralph, what's up nigga?"  
"Yo what up dawg?"  
"What time you wanna get up tonight?"  
"Around 10"  
"Word"  
"Yo, what's all that noise in the back man?" Homies gettin' loud right in front of my buildin'  
The street lights came on, a cool breeze feelin'  
For the nights what I need, my aura feels specials  
What's up to my neighbors, the day had settled  
Brothers wanna hustle on the corner, schemin'  
Then I ran back and got ready for that evenin' On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner  
On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner  
On the real, the real, what the deal

For my brothas who live and die on the corner I'm at the party drunk and my homies look dusted  
The music was blastin', look here but what's this  
I hear about a hooker who wants to get with T-Funk  
The room was kinda hot, hallucinate and see 1  
See 2 girls by the hallway, all day  
Staring at my grill, these females wanna play Girls, dim the lights and dance till the morning  
My crew was in the house, saw these hookers tip-toe in'  
To the back with the homies, you know the rest  
It was late that night after everyone had left  
Some urled in the streets, others gave out their numbers  
I then grabbed my coat, had the ride home covered  
Leavin' with this girl from my block that I took  
I said peace to the homies, now I'm out to hit the hooker On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner  
On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner  
On the real, the real, what the deal  
For my brothas who live and die on the corner

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>