

Five Minutes Of Funk

Whodini

{Five minutes of funk}Now the party didn't start till I walked in

An' I probably won't leave until the thing ends

But in the mean time, the in between time

If you work your thing, then I'll work mineWe came here together so we could have fun

Me an' you, baby, goin' one on one

Now this is the last chance for us to get off

So either get loose, or you ought to get lost'Cause I'm just about ready to do my thing

'Cause I'm the stone cold, New York rap machine

I'ma give you what I got an' baby, that's plenty

An' never has one man rocked so manyIm'a make you wet an' make you sweat

Just to see how funky you can get

Now, when I'm on the mic, I do serve well

An' I go by the name of the Rapper Jalil{Four minutes left}Now sit back, relax, put on your head gear

Get ready for a trip through the atmosphere

Gonna take you for a ride through the Twilight Zone

I don't need a space ship, I use my microphoneSo hold on tight, with all your might

'Cause I'll be rappin' like this for the rest of the night

It's Jalil, y'all, your master rapper

An' when I'm on the mic it's a sheer disaster'Cause MCs crumble when we rumble

Some think I'm soft just because I'm humble

So all you MCs, I hope you're real good listeners

'Cause in this battle, I'm takin' no prisonersI'm slayin' MCs right on the spot

'Cause I'm the the master of the rap, the doctor of the rock

The 'Jack of all trades', the master of one

An' the thing I'm at is called havin' funWe got three minutes left to rock this funk

To separate the good stuff from the junk

So get in the groove an' feel the sound

An' once you're inside, spread yourself aroundFrom the bottom to the top, the top to the bottom

Come on, Master Dee, get funky while we got 'em{Three minutes left}Me an' my partner, from the start

We usually get together, after dark

Sometimes to rap, sometimes to sing

In the summer or the winter 'cause it ain't no thingAn' ever since I first came round

Side by side, we'd throw down

We came here to this here place

To serve you all right to your faceBecause this jam here is our show stopper

We didn't wanna do it but I guess we gotta

We're the men of the hour, makin' the ladies scream an' holler

Too hot to trot, too sweet to be sourI'm gonna set the record straight

An' I hope that it is not too late

If you want the best, I wont settle for less
Put your money on me, I'm your best bet
Come on, one for the treble
Two for the bass
Three for the ladies
Four for the plaid
Five, minutes of funk, this ain't no junk
So pull your bottom, off the tree stump
Ladies real pretty, city to city
But now we're gettin' down to the nitty gritty
From the bottom to the top, top to the bottom
I'm gonna rock 'em, while I still got 'em
Our rappin' shower has style an' power
An' this is our disco hour
I dunno if all of you have heard
So it's up to me to spread the word
About the man that we feel has got to be real
Our crowned Prince on the wheels of steel
He goes by the name of Grandmaster Dee
So if it's alright with you, it's alright with me
We gonna rock you people's minds with ease
With some help from the Maestro, if you please
{One minute left} {I'm sorry, your five minutes are up
Please begin your ending
Or your volume will be interrupted}

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