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 betCome on, one for the treble
Two for the bass
Three for the ladies
Four for the plaidFive, 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 grittyFrom 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 hourI 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 steelHe 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}

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