

# 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 mine We 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 many I'ma 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 microphone So 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 prisoners I'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' fun We 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 around From 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 thing An' 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 face Because 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 sour I'm gonna set the record straight  
An' I hope that it is not too late

If you want the best, I won't 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 and power  
And 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}

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