

# Food For Funk

## Common

What yo, yo, yo, yo, yo  
Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, check it yo  
You say a one for the trouble two for the time  
Come on y'all let's rock that uh  
(I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk)  
(I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk)  
Check it I come to grips with mics  
I come to grips that a lot of mic users is dikes  
I come to grips with the likes of Fred Hampton  
Cold so I'm lampin' with no need for spotlight When I got light like an intersection, you talk  
But you came to my town with protection  
Election year, had the block hot  
I scream, "Fuck the world", for having a baby girl sorta cock block I write rhymes like I come from the windy  
city  
With my crew, I click like simply, stand midi with reality  
Casually, I walk through these war games  
Some claim say but then they take on whore names  
If that's the way your sex drives, stay in your lane  
If you're a man, I can't tell like if the door rang now Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in the place  
It ain't a bunch of niggaz all up in your face  
The music is thumpin' and you're feelin' the bass  
What you wanna do girl  
(Wanna shout) To the brothas when you come in a jam, it ain't a bunch of niggaz  
It ain't high tech and ain't got free liquor  
You jackin' his name and stick to make you jones get thicker  
What you wanna do man? Yo, check it  
(Let go) Some niggaz be on the mic, sounding like dikes  
Allow me to get on and bust like Spike  
(Uh)  
Lee, I'm in the majors with no rotation  
Through stations of bullshit, I see through like a pager In the age of Aquarius, various things  
Is gonna carry us in intellect and what have you  
Street astrologist's interpret point stars and half moons  
Then end up on garages or walls in bathrooms Every black moon, a rap tune move me  
The rap sun, I rain more than Rudy, that unruly shit is played  
It don't stop, it's time to get it, get it made  
I got my mind made up like Foxy Brown's face I know how the underground tastes  
I want a crib from the ground up, rooms spin at a round pace  
Get down based on true story, through Corey

Came close to the teachers Colder as the Iceman, posted before it start wrinklin'  
 Linkin' with cats, who don't react to change in the years  
 Fulfill prophesies in rooms full of emptiness, now Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in the place  
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 What you wanna do man? Yo, check it  
 (Let go) I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 Yo, check it, check it I came through the corridor, with the aura  
 Raw Chicago Mora, scope the horror  
 Read between the lines and know the border  
 Some pop wines for juice, I wait in the water Waitin' for you Big Willie niggaz to have a show at the crib  
 We gonna get with your glamor, long as we know where it is  
 Tell you ain't a player by your sweater doused with wack feather  
 The Crib got the gangsta playa shit patent like black leather I rap better than you, you or maybe him  
 But I am like a tree and every lyric is a timb  
 Spilled brews and greasy foods got my car smelly  
 Some be so high, they believe they fly like R. Kelly  
 But then they fall off, dusted niggaz is gettin' sawed off  
 They fall soft, my mental lift is for me to haul off, I kick ass Now, to the ladies in the house when you come in  
 the place  
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 (Let go) I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk  
 I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk Makes me wanna shout, wanna shout  
 Makes me wanna shout, wanna shout  
 Makes me wanna shout, wanna shout  
 Makes me wanna shout, wanna shout  
 Wanna shout

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