# Food For Funk

## Common

What 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 itI 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 spotlightWhen 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 blockI 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 nowNow, 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 pagerIn 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 bathroomsEvery 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 faceI 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 teachersColder 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, nowNow, to the ladies in the house when you come in the place
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I can feel the funk, I can feel the funk
Yo, check it, check itI 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 waterWaitin' 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 leatherI 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 assNow, to the ladies in the house when you come in the place
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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 funkMakes 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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