## Funky Beat (feat. Casual & Sadat X)

## **Everlast**

Check, uh huh

Check check y'allYo Whitey Ford's the name

The Hunchback of Notre Dame

Couldn't get more bent when it's time to represent

I control it like rent in a slum tenement

Life's hard like some men in the concrete jungle

I don't smoke jumbo so what you knocking for

There's locks on my door we rock from the floor

To the ceiling ain't no drug dealing

Ain't no gat peeling, you can't fight this feelingWell, My style's golden, hot like molten rock

Niggas come bold but leave here holding jock

High roll patrol, roll through the set on fifth

Arm's solo, sipping ?molo with a chick

Niggas take the penitentiary chances at the dances

Letting off shots, lit off the lanterns

Mad cause a nigga can't test with no access

To 'phatness' like this From one story the cowboy was founded

I'm surrounded by Casual, and Whitey Ford, the whole world and your girlFrom the Bay to LA to my blue end while

I ain't trying to die, I'm trying to live while I cool out

And pick up my daughter when the bell says the school out

Who the hell brought tools in this peaceful event

Now I can love you, front you, or we could hunt you

You played too close, take a hit of this doseA yes, yes, y'all

A freak, freak, yo

So fresh y'allA to the beat y'all

A yes, yes, y'all

We don't stop, dog

We keep it rocking till the panties drop, yoUh-huh, ha, I see the rappers being ruined by you and whoever is doing that Crap,

They got me booin', in fact, I'm gettin' to 'em

May a electrical, poetical surge give me the urge

To, consume, the tomb and submerge

The depths of adverbs,?

Analytical, you pitiful trick

I'm the pinnacle and the prodigal, rhyme style's

Hip nautical, fuck the article, the artist is hardest to harvest the

Hard shitI slave till all my work is done

I'm cashing in, stack up my money for a grand set

I like them all house parties rocking, plus I'm up in your?

Bitch, turn your head and keep your eyes where they supposed to be Supposedly, I was seen with something lean, huh

Brown skin, I keep it bouncing

I say lounging, on the side with red wine

I know that shit on my floor ain't swineNow back it up, stack it up and hit me one more time It might be your phone call, but check it, it's my dime

And I know she's fine but get off my line

Or I'll break that spine and then maybe your faceYou all up in my space like with Puffy and Mase

But that's just not the case 'cause I'm setting the pace

While you following and swallowing, savoring the flavor

In your 40 open now, quick suckin' my styleRock on, to the break of dawn

Just freak it, ah yeah baby

Rock on, to the break of dawn

Just freak it, ah yeah babyCause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funk, the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)I'll leave a piece of my style flying high up in the air And you'll say to yourself, 'damn I'm glad I was there'

This is as rare as me fricking share

You people stare

But behind closed doors you will take it there Yeah, I be the extraordinary

Judge from Bay fare to Albee Square

Tell me where the party at, I'll be there

Let her hit the coney at, show her where to rock the pony atI be the man with the large amounts of sapphire fare

I'm about to cut loose my dog so you all best beware

You can dance with flare and get out of your chair

We be smarter than your average boo boo bearRock on, to the break of dawn

Just freak it, ah yeah baby

Rock on, to the break of dawn

Just freak it, ah yeah babyCause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funk, the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funky beat

Cause it's the funk, the funk, funky beat (beat)

## Songwriters

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