

# Gone Funky

Cledus T. Judd

She's been playin' them low life honky tonks for thirty years i  
n Texas.

She's sick and tired of all them Reba songs they keep requestin  
'.

She's about to lose her voice, her hair's fallin' out and ain't  
nobody clappin'.

So she think's she'll shape her head, buy a boom box and just t  
urn to rappin'.

She can't keep up, with them country healthers,  
Gonna learn to shake her boobies, just like Salt N' Peppa.

She done gone funky, a brand new tattoo.

She done gone funky, a big nose ring too.

She done gone funky, her favouite rap song's "Shoop".

She done gone funky,

Hah, you go girl!

Well, he never was good at suckin' up to all them country disc  
jockeys.

It seemed like dag-

blammed week, then some new hat act bumped him off the Opry.

He had to sell his bus, his house, his cows: ain't had a hit si  
nce the sixties.

Well he's fed with hearin' about: Travis, Garth, Tim McGraw, Co  
llin Raye, Billy Ray Cyrus, John Michael Montgomery, and Joe Di  
ffie.

He saw Johnny Cash on MTV,

Bought a new new toupee, said: "That's the place for me."

He done gone funky, too ahead for his boots.

He done gone funky, burned his cowboy boots.

He done gone funky, wearin' platform shoes.

He done gone funky!

Oh, Suki.

Oh well, he moved up to Nashville, had big dreams of being a so  
ngwriter.

Ha ha, 'bout the only things he's written down lately are some  
orders down at Brown's diner.

If everybody's gone country, like Ali Jackson says,  
Gonna move to Los Angeles and buy him a drum machine.

He done gone funky, hangin' out with old Sloop.

Doggy Dog, sippin' on gin and juice

He done gone funky, do wets for two live crew.

He done gone funky.

I feel good.

He done gone funky.  
He done gone funky.  
He done gone funky.  
Fun, fun, fun, fun, fun, funky.  
He done gone funky.  
She done gone funky.