

# The Devil Gets Funky

Esham

When I was born broke I was a joke to many  
But then I said gimme that respect now your on my jimmy  
The Unholy, bumpin out your system  
My kinda music'll make ya go get a exorcism  
I took a journey in ya mind and then I came out  
And when I said I'm out your mind I blew your brain out  
Some think I'm voodoo, but still I'm funky like doo doo  
Unholy's in the house with the whole kit and kaboodle  
Microphone mysterious, some say I'm delirious  
But if you bite my rhyme then you'll die and this is serious  
The seventh sign of death is the groove so lemme groove ya  
My flow is just to funky for you its time for me to move ya soul  
The I rock n roll to the next phase  
I'll make ya ears bleed blood on the air waves  
I think the rythm died, I tried to resurrect it  
But if my shit wasn't def then you'd eject it  
Disconnect it, uncorrected, as you selected  
As the devil gets funky

More Bounce... Hold it now, that's PLAYED OUT!  
What the fuck is that funky smell?

Now is the Unholy sacrifice  
You'll pay the price crucified like Christ on the mic  
Some wonder the evil that men do  
I dont pretend to, 'cause I'm fin to  
Get wicket for the sake of my own soul  
Sold my soul to the highest bid, now I'm finna  
Drop juice, or should I say Acid  
Get loose and try ta diss you'll getcha ass kicked  
I got a knife and I'll cut cha throat  
And I'm stabbin any mothafucka who said I wasn't dope  
Now you see me, now you dont  
Now you wanna be me, I wonder what fo'  
Is it 'cause, Esham's far from a fuckin ho  
Fuck with me and I'll end up on death row  
You'll get broken in just like a pair of slacks  
I break ho's, break hearts, and break backs  
Killer tracks on wax attack  
'cause my mouth is so dirty they wanna wash it with Ajax  
My nine rhymes go bang it aint no thang  
All ya'll pussies cant hang as the devil gets funky

What the fuck is that funky smell?  
The devil's just actin' a motherfuckin fool  
What the fuck is that funky smell?  
The Devil get's funky...

Well as I, get funky in the disco  
And take your mind for a spin like Sisco  
On stage I'm still packin my pistol  
I take all my ho's to the Bristol  
My Acid Rap ya gonna smoke it like cocaine  
And if ya dont really like it aint no thang  
I made this for my homies aint shit changed  
Just the price on the bird and the Night Train  
Ya say blind milly chilly got glasses

I got 20/20 vision just to peep out the asses  
In the house for the nineteen nine O's  
And my crew is fuckin nothin but fine ho's  
So when you see us better give up the monkey  
'cause I'ma get in that ass and let the devil get funky

What the fuck is that funky smell?  
The Devil get's funky...