

Make it Funky

Ice-T

(Make it funky)

So the people can get down to the funky sound
Cause my crew don't mess around

(Make it funky)

So the girls can get busy, dog the dance floor
Make the guys get dizzy

(Make it funky)

Totally def as Evil E guts the records and the beat is kept

(Make it funky)

Stupid fly, it's got to the F-U-N-K why?

So that you can get loose as I produce sounds hard as the deuce

Manipulate the bass gain give the level's a boost

The lyric layer rhyme sayer, born to be player

If politics were my kick then I'd be your mayor

Governator, Senator, I'm your mentor

Rap rhythm is erratic, time is four, four

I'm the microphone scholar, clockin' long dollars

Here to make the place funky while the fly girls holler

Genius vocalist, rhyme style priceless

Pound of gold around my neck, mic in my first

The microphone virtuoso crazy insane I'm loco

With the speed to exceed, make other MC's look slow mo

Un-lease release words mean as a beast

I eat MC's for lunch and dinner, I can serve for a feast

Their rhymes are elementary, mine deserve a PH D

This beat is F-U-N-Key my name is Ice T

Make it funky

Undoubtedly you recognize this jam is the ultimate cut

Uncontrollably you motivate and move your butt

It's rough the beat is gangsterous, call it tough

If you're diss'n stop frontin', come on what's up?

Complicated voice gymnastics are all in your face

Vegas got my highs, E.V's got control my bass

My break is comin' get busy no time ta waste

Now's the time do body work here's the place

Make it funky

Make it funky enough so the tracks lay tough

'Cause I'm tossin' it up and the Ice don't bluff

The girl charmer toy Harmer, juice strong as armor

When I stand upon the stage you could call it melodrama

Intense suspense my voice emcee

I wouldn't have you come and see me under false pretense

The girlies do be wild'n'as I'm profilin'

Limos lined around the block for about a mile'n'a half

Autographs the list goes on

If you forgot it "make it funky" is the name of this song

Stupid dope and you know it, it rates a ten

You pray my DJ cuts the records so it starts again

'Cause I can keep the mic cookin' for an entire month

My rhymes are always hard hittin' I don't know how to bunt

My DJ cuts like a laser E-V-I-L-E

Put your finger on the records

Make it,Make it funky

Make it funky