

# 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 whats 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