

# God Made Me Funke

Kool Moe Dee

(Fun-) (fun-) (funky)  
(Got to be funky) --> James Brown  
(Funky enough) --> The D.O.C.  
[ VERSE 1 ]  
Look, look, look, look...  
Look at me, cool as I want to be  
Fly as they come beside of some want to-be  
One of the chosen, if you're chosen, then go into  
Rhymes that change the time, as it grows into  
Riches, itches, switches your whole lifestyle  
You're in the spotlight, over night flyin miles  
Away, today I'm flyin high  
So I give thanks to the Man in the sky  
I remember a time whenever a rhyme  
Left your lips, it only could get nickels and dimes  
But nickels and dimes wasn't enough to eat  
So I guess you could say I was saved by the beat  
On the street, surrounded by sin  
I never sell out, and I wouldn't give in  
God said: you can win, look within  
See your skin, you're my kin  
And I made you funke

God made me funke  
F-you-n-k-e

[ VERSE 2 ]  
Esoteric, non-generic, potent lyrics  
Only those with ears will hear it  
As above so below  
Lucky 7-7, heaven, have been blown  
Back and forth  
South to north  
Right to left  
Life to death  
East to west  
Knowledge step, 33 degrees  
327 left to see  
So God created a light in which I shine  
With sublime rhymes that inclines the mind  
Define ancient segments, seek it, speak it, teach it  
Keep it, peep it, we get stronger and reap its  
Benefits, but then it gets more intricate  
As you get deeper into it  
To open the door, the power of God's the one key  
And I opened it, and God made me funke

(Is it funky enough?)  
(Funky enough)  
God made me funke  
(Is it funky enough?)  
F-you-n-k-e

(Funky) is the way God made me  
(Funky) is the power He gave me  
(Funky) like the fans that pay me  
(Funky) like the stations that play me

(Funky) is how I made it through the '80s  
(Funky) connected to the ladies  
(Funky) you know a devil can't faze me  
(Funky) I ain't afraid, bee  
(Funky) cause God made me  
Funke

[ VERSE 3 ]

I'm over, over like a fat rat  
The blind see what I got, and others see how I got that  
Position with vision  
Precision, decision  
's like a livin prism  
I'm shinin light on the money I made  
And the rhymes parlayed  
And you can see I'm paid  
I condemn them that focus on the ends  
As opposed to the means, killin machines men  
I'm the real 'high roller', cause I'm rollin with God  
Save the children - that's my job  
Workin overtime, goin over-rhyme  
Mind over matter, spirit over mind  
I sympathize with the brothers on the street  
Cause it's genocide, and we all gotta eat  
But do the right thing, and you'll never be hungry  
I kept the faith and God made me funke

God made me funke