

# Funkadelic Relic

LL Cool J

Yeah, (bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic  
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic  
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)

James Todd Smith and nine years old  
When +Sugarhill+ was in control  
I'm listenin' to cold-crushed tapes to get sold  
I set my demo in a silvia-treated me cold  
Time flew cause I was gettin' my shit off  
Sixteen-now it's about the time to set my first hit off  
("I Need A Beat") +I Need A Beat+, it was a smash on the DL  
But everytime I did a show my name was misspelled  
+Can't Live Without My Radio+ drops  
I'm kickin' down the door-crushed cool box  
+Rockin' the bells+ like a madman  
dissin', event-flippin' the script-but then I made my first ?50,000  
All I wanted was a pencil, a little gold  
a little money in my pocket and a Phillie to roll  
I'm makin' records, now alla the girls are on my tip  
I'm sleepin' late, no money damn, I'm late for school, SHIT!!

("Todd, get upstairs and take out that garbage")  
And its the funkadelic relic  
Yeah, (bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
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I wasn't tryin' to hear it cause I'm bad  
When I'm alone in my room, I pick up a pen and start to get mad  
+I Need Love+, that means I need a girl to love me down  
I dropped the pretty style cause rap was gettin' ugly  
I waited a year for the results, I'm triple platinum  
We know the presidents are flowin' by who's sackin' them  
+I'm that type of guy+ when poppa wasn't happy with it  
Trippin' them up, that was my style, but everybody bit it  
Yo Marley, hit the remix, make it fresh with flavour  
Another power move, I'll switch my hat, the shit is major  
Puttin' out +Till Da Break Of Dawn+, tell me what sucker?  
Cops harass me +Illegal Search+ motherfucker  
I'm just a brother makin' jams now I got a name  
I still remember chillin' with my pistol on the train  
I'm sayin' two to this I'm representin' hip-hop  
Admit that I'm the man, its time for me to get my props

Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic  
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic  
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic  
Yeah, (bring in the funk (uh) baby, bring it in, bring it)  
Come on man!

+Mama Said To Knock 'Em Out+ I knocked 'em out the box

I got a rhyme to wake, you're sloppin' up and down the blocks  
There never was a time when I was down to meetin' by myself  
when all the punks on top of everybody else, but  
in '92 and '93 I'm makin' history  
The largest motherfuckin' street, that ain't no mystery  
The baddest rapper ever born, you think I'm crazy?  
I heard your albums' kinda warm, that shit don't phase me  
I'm too rough, too rugged, now that doesn't sound so easy does it  
Thought I was +Going Back To Cali+ where I knew I wasn't  
I sent a +Murdergram+, solo in a black van  
I'm claimin' knuckle game, stomp you with my Timberland  
+Mr. Goodbar+ lickin' all the rough stuff  
I'm kickin' down your door with condoms in a rudder-put  
You wanna find me come to +Farmers Boulevard+  
and you can hear me eat them up, just ask for Todd

Uh, and I'm the funkadelic relic  
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic  
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)  
Yeah, and its the funkadelic relic  
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)  
Yeah, I'm the funkadelic relic  
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it, uh)

(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
(bring in the funk)  
(bring in the funk baby, bring in the funk)  
(bring in the funk)  
(bring in the funk baby, bring it in, bring it)