

# Funky Child

## Lords of the Underground

The year is 1971  
Now comes the first of the children of Roton  
Lords of the underground witness the birth of the funky child  
Do it all hit 'em

Born with the fuckers from the womb of Brenda  
She now likes the Lords but she used to dig The Spinners  
First with the style from the birth canal  
And now I got the flav to make the crowd go wild

So dig it, don't watch me kick it  
I'm taking no shorts unless this girl from my midget  
I packs the piece more than chicken packed grease  
I'm nearly knocking boots, but if not I'll knock teeth  
Wahh! Gaga, ooh cries the baby

Smacked on the ass now the Doitall's crazy  
No rattles or playpens, the crowds what I'm rapping  
And yes I do Reruns, as if this boy was happening  
Now January fourteenth has birthed the funk one  
The D-Day for Dupree and yes I'm funky  
I got you bobbing to the funky style  
K-Def let 'em know here comes the funky child

Yeah, born in the underground of Newark  
Now witness the birth of Mr. Funkee

The fifth of the terror, it's the return of Funky Kreuger  
A.K. Anger, but yo that's Mr. Funkee Wallbanger  
Conceived in the fire by you warned through disasters  
The funky child was taught to the ways of the masters  
Mr. Funkee, yes girl the black mack is back  
Here to kick my funky style, funky this and funky that  
You can work kid you know, you could practice all your life  
But I still take the show and then I go home with the wife

Oh my God, funky with the style, Lord have mercy  
I hurdle over rappers just like Jackie Joyner-Kersee  
Watch me flip the script, let me show you what the funk do  
Make you call me uncle, what? Uncle, what? Uncle, who?  
When I was younger I used to sing with my sister  
Now I kick the ill styles you have to call me mister  
Cooling in my House of Hits, time to buck wild  
Raised in the ways of the funky child

Funky child, funky, funky style  
Funky child, funky, funky style  
Funky child, funky, funky style  
Funky child, funky, funky style  
Funky child, funky child  
Funky child, funky child

Back up baby, 'cuz here comes the schooler  
We're hit when we dry crawl and hit rock n' roller  
I'm caught in the swinging, hypnotized by the pendulum  
[Incomprehensible], so this is how I'm killing them  
K is on the M.P., Jazz is on the Technique

Marley's on the mix and now the Lords have a hit like pow

Now it's time to get buck wild  
And watch my funky brothers freak the underground  
In a second, or minute, in no times flat  
Bring it back  
And go grab the album to bring the Lords money  
Take it home to mom to say, ain't they funky?

We gone psycho and everybody thought they did was styles  
They didn't affect me, I said, "So what?", I kept on writing rhymes  
I keep my funky style perfected so no one can stop my flow  
I fear no man, 'cuz if it's on fool, then it's on, and it's on  
Don't worry not for other crews selling out  
As long as Lords of the underground stay underground

The brothers of Lotug will keep the lyrical fitness  
Don't worry about me selling out, mind your business  
You might say damn, Mr. Funkee's throwing out  
But if you listen to the words then you'll know what I'm about  
Any props you receive are the props that you earn  
I'm off till the funky child returns