

# Madd Skillz

## Lords of the Underground

Before I start this jam  
Hold up, let me tell you who I am  
I'm Mr. Funkee  
AKA The Motherfucking Man  
That's right the man  
Girlfriend got her knocked up  
Big money clocker, Chief Rocka, boot knocker  
MC's are on their knees, MC's I'm locking 'em in my trunk and  
The Funk is no punk and I kick Donuts like Dunkin'  
People scream "Oooh aah" because what the Lords did  
I'm liver than 355 newborn kids  
Then somebody tests me, there's guaranteed a trial  
They gotta burn like the to be half as good as I am  
So bottom line look out for this and try to test me and  
Funkee Man will walk all over your ass like a pedestrian  
Not the type of kid that you get over on brother  
You talk about me? I talk about your mother  
No need to sweat a record, Funkee Man packs mad skills  
I got a book of rhymes that stretch from here to the Catskill's  
I guess you thought you scared me with your ass like hokey spooky  
You need to get a Pamper, cause the stuff you wrote was dookie  
I know that when you wanted to touch the vital part  
As soon as you open your mouth your breath starts stinking  
Sorry you've been had, see my style is simply mad  
If rap was parenthood, you might have to call me dad  
Or grandpop, my standa is crazy long and I  
Hoping to make you part of this cause yo you ain't that fly

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Oh my God, or my Lord  
One stomp, two stomp  
Chomp, chomp, chomp that's how I eat my comp'  
DoItAll has got style so dig it, dig it  
(DoItAll, DoItAll!)

What?  
(Go 'head and kick it!)

I am what I am so I guess I'm just flam  
And slam like lightening so I say "Shazaam"  
I'm different  
So don't compare me to another  
But call an undertaker cause I'm burying motherfuckers

At hype shows, the beat rose from Check It to Psycho  
You might wanna turn your head before I tug my nuts low  
Last kid who stepped up, got strangled with the mic cord  
(Haha, straighten that ass out like an ironing board)  
Nooooow, no no no, I'm not with the bullshit  
DoItAll and Funkee Man come equipped  
With the tech of my nine and nine mil' clip  
But not from the barrel it's straight from the lips  
So back up brother  
My tongue is blasting  
I'll eat that ass today and tomorrow I'm fasting  
MC's can not see this, I'm like a chameleon  
On a scale to one to ten I'm like a nine (million!)  
They told you I was nice then they didn't tell no lies  
I'm better with the mic than your grandma is with pies  
Just hand me the mic, it's guaranteed that I will rock it  
I got so many skills that they're falling out my pocket

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If stepping to us is wrong then I don't know what y'all be thinking

They call me Mr. Funkee Man but you're the one who's stinking

Then talk behind our back like you're better than somebody

But yo man when I catch you, I hope you know karate  
Or Tae Kwon Do or Judo  
Kick boxing or Jujitsu  
You better learn something quick cause Funkee's coming to get you  
I swan kick Bruce Lee and slam Lex Luger  
MC's are scared of me so they should call me Funkee Kruger

Nooooow I'm the rapper assuming to give them daily allowances  
If rap was body weight you'd weigh like two pounds, three ounces

What ya needed?  
I'm undefeated  
What you expect?

So many titles under my belt I gotta wear it on my neck

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