

Fakin The Funk

Main Source

Now I've never been one to knock the next man for getting his
You know what I'm saying? (Right right)
And I do realize that now hip hop is a form of showbiz. (Uh huh)
But this has always been something with which you have to be true
So in the year on 1992 (this is how we do!)

At the age of 19 heard the scene
A lot of M.C.'s that do not come clean
Fronting on dealing hard times in rhymes
You see him in the streets and you see no signs
Of the hell, and they get on stage and tell
Some cornball war story, ring the bell (word)
You're fakin' the funk
Talking that extra hard junk, you're probably a punk
And Im'ma let you know, that this way
You just don't cut with the artificial flow

Knee digs out a great backs a next
When fakes try to front, they get smoked like blunts
My rhymes penetrate like skunk
A yo word up, I think you're fakin' the funk

You're fakin' the funk! (You're fakin' the funk)

[Chorus]

Yo! You're fakin' the funk! (You're fakin' the funk)
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You do a song about a current event
Get on television and seem hesitant to represent
And that's what we call fraud
You can't kick the streets with a look I sold out a board (word)
And everywhere has streets
That's not trying to hear the same whack rhymes over the same stink beats
Cause times are real, and I can't feel
Putting down on the reel to reel

Now Im'ma let you know
With those weak style of raps, it's time to go
I eject rejects that step
I'm a vet ready to snap your neck
I shine and rhyme at the same time
The mastermind of the sport called the rhyme
Now it's my time to dump chumps that front
(A yo Professor what's up?)

You're fakin' the funk

The era of the whack M.C.
Is getting shut down when the Main Source stomps through your town
'Cause we don't play the role of a clown
And keep things jumping with the real rap sound

So to all the people stealing beats (You're fakin' the funk)
To the crossover rapper with the pleats (You're fakin' the funk)
To all the chumps that's claiming the streets (You're fakin' the funk)
Fronting incredible feats (You're fakin' the funk)
To the girl acting like a prostitute (You're fakin' the funk)
Wearing that hooker type suit (You're fakin' the funk)
To the rapper with the big space suit (You're fakin' the funk)
To the artist that doesn't pay dues (You're fakin' the funk)

'Cause, exotic and then you're torn with the hyper tone
I can't be blown because my rhymes are hard like stone
So prepare for the scare, because I'm you're worst nightmare, punk
Cause you're fakin' the

[Chorus]