

Funky As I Wanna Be

Pooh Man

Something kinda smooth, on the mellow tip
Seeking deeper and deeper, you just might slip
Into a trance, mind going slow
Didn't want to curse so they'll pump it on the radio
Called up Banks on the GTE mobil
Well it's about 9:00, yo Ant I'll be over
Searching through some records from way back when
Found something smooth, and yo Ant give it a spin
Thought of something cool, rhymes definitely pumpin'
Bassline groove and kick drum thumpin'
Using my mind like a Webster encyclopedia
Pooh-Man is selling out and this is for the media
A little something, from the Mack to the Oaktown
To the papers who keep putting our names down
Short Short but Funky, Dangerous Dame
En Vouge and the Toni's just to add some names
Can't forget Pebbles, Sly and Larry Graham
And yours truly, MC Pooh-Man
Oaktown is on the rise, and I knew you'd ever see
We just funky as ahhhhh, we want to be
First rhyme, just on the PG
Going through history and fools can't get with me
Looking fake, perpetrating rappers every day
Misguided brothers without nothing to say
All kind of critic say we diss mentality
But don't they know that "Rated are" is "Reality?"
My other homeboy said "Kill At Will"
That's the way we live and we know it's real
My boy from the east said "Fear of a Black Planet"
I know a certain race that couldn't understand it
To see a black man clocking fat grands
To a grafted devil, it's hard to understand
But I'm an artist, begging your pardon
Used to be small, but my pockets are enlarging
Straight from the streets, I use game as a weapon
You ask "What is game?" But fool keep stepping
But I'm a keep rolling, Ant Banks and me
And I'm a come, Funky as I want to Be
Rap's going, I be flowing something different
Something mellow, cool with an accent
Kind of tender like Ant Banks' girlfriend
I changed the style, something they couldn't comprehend
Ant said "Pooh, let's make it kind of serious"
Not funny, just to make the money
Say I'm a pro and I can flow with the best of 'em
Then say "I be damn" to the rest of 'em
See you're caught up in my rapture cause it's been so long
Let me stop using the bitches' songs
Baby don't like rap, but I like soul
She might listen to my lyrics and lose control
See I'm hard as hell and it could ever be
See I'm F-you-N-K-why as I want to be