

Get Up On That Funk

WC

Get on up on that funk
And maybe you'll feel better
(2x)
I got the funk inside me, yes it guides me
The light in my eyes, is shinin brightly
Just give me some deep bass, a snare and a kick drum
Turn it up loud and listen to the rhythm run
Whenever I'm feelin bad, angry or upset
I grab a cassette, and pop it in the tape deck
Album or eight-track, as long as it ain't wack
Funk is addictive, but not like crack black
I'm hip to the old shit, the shit that still hit
The Louisiana chicken and homemade biscuits
Is makin my feet move, it sure does feel good
My head is bouncin, cruisin through my neighborhood
But this ain't pop though, R&B or disco
Reggae or calypso, that's playin in my radio
It's that funk yes, won't settle for less
Sheeit, I must be blessed, now check it out
Get on up on that funk
And maybe you'll feel better
(2x)
Check it out
Now turn up your radio, EQ the stereo
I'm glad that y'all could make it to rock with the Maad Circle
And this is a preview, somethin to move to
Listen to groove to, I hope I don't lose you
Now I am the miracle, some say I'm spiritual
But I'm from the ghetto what? I live off Imperial
Dip dab smacked in the heart of South Central
I might make it out (why?) cause I got potential
I ain't livin by protocol, cross me you're sure to fall
Another sucker, sippin on some Eightball
Left by the wayside, run but you can't hide (yeah)
Call it foolish, but I got the funky ride
Now hear what I'm sayin (yup) You might think I'm playin
Been rappin so long, some say I need a vacation
Emcees wanna be me, some girls wanna skeeze me
But I play the back, cause I'm scared of A-I-D, S
To the next paragraph I must move on
You might know my face (why) cause I made a funky song
Get on up on that funk
And maybe you'll feel better
(2x)
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"Coo, Coolio! Show em what's on the mic!"
I love the funk, and the funk loves me so
I'm stuck to the funk and I won't let go
Ain't no mountain high or valley ever deep enough
To keep me away from the rhythm of the funky stuff
I know who I am, and Sam I ain't
I'll never fake the funk, I won't cause I cain't
Crazy Toones on the fader, kinda like Funk Vader
On tape like great, dominate the record player
So Dub (whattup?) Won't you step to the front
And give the real meanin of the word funk
What's my meanin of the word funk?

Well let me give a demonstration
Minority Alliance of Anti Discrimination
In other words, an organization of my homeboys
Stealin from the rich and famous
And givin back to the poor folks in the slums, yo
Cause neither one of us forgot where we came from
Cause when you sellout, you're out, and we don't want ya back
Nigga playin both sides, I gotta peel his cap
Cause one thing the Circle ain't down with and that's
All these bourgeoisie negroes, better known as COWARDS
Huh, sick of society, approval they try so hard
With your brand new cars
Try to fit in with the upper class, but the upper class
Was a mask, and they LAUGHIN AT YO' ASS
That's why I'm down with the M.A.A.D. Circle
But still keepin it Low Pro, workin for the po' folks
So everybody watch your back
I'm like the spook who sat by the door with a gat yo
(I know you can funk these words to the letter
Get up on the funk and maybe you'll feel better, yo)
Get on up on that funk
And maybe you'll feel better
(4x)