

# 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)  
..  
"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)