

All star funk

Bootsy Collins

One, two, three, hit me!

All Star Funk, Old School in a new way
(ooooh shake, shake, shake it, bubba)

All Star Funk, Old School in a new way
(ooooh, shake, shake, shake it, baby)

All Star Funk, Old School in a new day
Clap your hands, get up and dance and shake it with me

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Ah-I grew up, I grew up in Pittsburgh Playground
We were gettin' down
Radio stations
Funk for all nations
Old School, New Funk, we were gettin' down (Ouwee)
Old School playground, funky underground (Rap on, baby)
New School, Old Funk, we will show you how (just dream it, bubba)
New Funk Allstars bring it up to now (Yeah)

Funk for a new day
(by the way, what is your expiration date, baby)

Let my peoples ride (we like to groove and funk)
Let my ballers ride (we like to groove and funk)
With my funky style (we like to groove and funk)
When my lady glides (Fooooonk it up!)

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Uh, beautiful mama, some big blue hamas
Shakin' your drama, you're makin' all the puppies holler
Throwin' me dollars and then they don't have sense
A-poppin' their wallets and then they don't have rent

All Star Funk, Old School in a new way
It's a new day! (Say whatta!)

Hit me!

If it's broke then you fix it
Just keep it awesome, frisk it
We're just kickin' the ballistics, keepin' it all futuristic

(Yeah, every time, it's three times, press it rewind, shocks the April showe
rs and be wise)

Baby, we Allstars, all Gs in the game
I'm callin' all cars, rollin' clean on thangs
I said we Allstars, Originators from papers
Them Superplayers in Gators,
Innovators with flava

We like to groove an funk
We like to groove and funk
We like to groove and funk, ahaaaa

All Star Funk in a new way
All Star Funk it's a new day

All Star Funk Old School
Cyber-Opti-Kinetic, you better be ready

Yeah, we just like kickin' the ballistics, keepin it futuristic, bubba
Yeah, it's just like Smelter and Ghetto Gold, we combine the new and old

But sometimes we take it to the judge

Can't nobody do me like Jesus (say whatta?)
Can't nobody do me like the Lord (Everybody say)

Can't nobody do me like Jesus (for all you player haters out there, baby)
Can't nobody do me like the Lord (Fuuunk it up!)

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Can't nobody do me like Jesus
Can't (just smell me on this one) do me like the Lord
(we in the star chamber, baby)

Can't
Yeah, just like a worm that couldn't find the ground,
just wastin' my life livin' in a bird town
Can't
Like the fat cat with no mouse to chase
Just the thought of that gives me a bellyache

And what happened to the song, because I don't hear no bass?
Yeah, just meet me in that other place, baby
Life is too short to play the wrong game
So this won't be a creative adventure

Can't
Keep your straitjacket on, baby
Can't
Yeah, stick'em up, baby
Now all I want you to do is to, uhh, step back

Don't touch the food and nobody gets