

Tha Funk

Devin the Dude

We want sweets, blunts, joints and bongos
And the smell of a skunk, but what the funk is going on
With these new mark-ass niggas, funkin' up the game
No techniques, they peep our style but they still lame
We rollin', macking on these hoes when we jam
'Ju know how we do it when we record tops and
Bass, keys, board, lead
Drums that explode and make your earlobes bleed
And got freaks coming through and they got funk too
Lies between they thighs, take a sniff... eww
Let me see what it do, ain't no sense in funkin' around
I pull it out, I put it in, and I put it down
We want the funk, the whole funk and nothing but
Well, you might, but I prefer the cunt
I'll funk her, I'll funk you, I'll funk the whole crew
And we'll all be fucked up before it's through because

We want the funk
Gotta have some funk, yeah
We want the funk
Gotta have that funk, yeah

Funky like a toenail, we keep it funky so well
8-Ball and Devin got your girl at the hotel
Stretched out, smoking up and drinking everybody on
The spirit's in me homie, let's hook up and do a song
That funky shit that niggas lacking, we be coming with it
Boys wanna do it just because some playas did it
They love the way I spit it, bitches love the way I hit it
Get up and leave 'em, hit the streets because I gotta get it
And rap about it, every minute, every other second
Pimp a flow and get the dough from selling plenty records
That funky shit that make them bitches shake that monkey shit
Them chunky bitches with they pussy smelling like fishes
Roll your hips and let me put my dick right where your lip is
Dip out the club and we can do it over where my whip is
Uh-huh, that's the bidness ain't no faking in us
Nothing but the funk shining like a diamond glitter

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