The Witch

Funkadelic

A Score, year twice ago, our funkfathers brought forth unto this nation
Quin-funklords, awakening a new groove,
Dedicated to the proposition that we all would funk equally.
Spreading that funk across the land.

Shortly after their physical emergence,
One of quin became possessed by witchery, greed.
Deceit, completely ignoring the funkdation upon whence our destiny was to co
nceived by our funk fathers,
Our funk fathers, fathers funk, fathers, our funk, funk fathers, oh our funk
 fathers

She's gone below, below
Where the witches hitch their stitches for the bitches
Oh she's gone below, below

That spell was pacifyin'.
No way to tell she's lyin'.
Survived are three who's gonna carry on,
Unveil the fella blind.
The witch's cobweb from over his mind.
So he can see, we're gonna shine.

I will detain you.
I will debrain you.
Ha ha ha ha ha ha

Twenty years, she laid the rule.
For her to win, us to lose.
Living less and quite confused.
Twenty years, we paid our dues.
Giving more, receiving stress.
With love and trust, we gave our best.
We were used, she abused.
Now it's time to light the fuse.
Thrills and lies, lies and ties.
Okay, byes, no compromise.
A bird in hand, a bush to sing.
Now it's 'bout a different thing.
Ding dong, the witch is dead
Ding dong, the witch is gone
Ding dong, the witch is dead
Ding dong, the wicked witch done lost her head
Ding dong, the witch is dead
Rejoice, the wicked witch is gone.
Ding dong, the witch is dead
Ding dong, the witch she gone
We're headed for the promised land.
Not guided by your wicked hand.
Now we have the right to choose.
No more dues, we will refuse.
Thrills and lies, lies and ties.
Okay, byes, no compromise.
A bird in hand, a bush to sing.
Now it's 'bout a different thing.

Ding dong, the witch is dead

Ding dong, the wicked witch done lost her head
(Ha ha ha yah)
Ding dong, the witch is dead
Rejoice, the wicked witch is gone

Below, below
Where the witches hitch their stitches for the bitches
Oh she's gone below, below

She's gone below, below
Where the witches hitch their stitches for the bitches
Oh she's gone below, below

Ding dong, the witch is dead
Ding dong, the witch is gone
Ding dong, the witch is dead
Ding dong

There ya go, now ya talkin' say what.
Hello okay bye
[x11]

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!