

Maximumisness

George Clinton

Say something social; what I wouldn't eat if I wasn't on a diet?
Say something political; I'm dying to eat it
Say something funky

Where are the lumps in my gravy?
Where are the lumps in my gravy?
Where are the lumps in my gravy?
Where are the lumps in my gravy?
Where is the lumps in my funk?

A habit can be broken if you drop it
You say you try to kick it but you can't stop it
Biscuits good to the gravy when you sop
Like dripping from Joe you can't stop it
Poppa died of a headache
Cause he refused to be a cotton picker
Read this on a bumper sticker
And the gravy from greens is called pot liquor

Where are the lumps in my gravy? - just food for thought
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - and would you like to say girlies
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - enlightening baby, thanks for nothing
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - aww, let's eat
Where is the lumps in my funk?

I don't want to be a guru
Or claim to be a preacher or a teacher
Let me run something through to you
I feel for you, I hope I can reach you
Feel for you, I hope I can reach you
Feel for you, I hope I can reach you, yeah

Whoa, this is maximumisness
Bringing you organic truth
Food for thought
According to the genealogy of the "p" documents
The shepard has pulled the wool over your eyes
May I take your order

Where are the lumps in my gravy?
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - as it is so shall it be
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - if being is what it's about it is
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - maximumisness
Where is the lumps in my funk? - yo, ho!
Where are the lumps in my gravy?
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - yeah, food for thought
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - organic truth
Where are the lumps in my gravy? - speak on it
Where are the lumps in my gravy?
Where is the lumps in my funk?

This is the freedom of information, ha ha, getting funky
History, mystery, prophecies, new age world philosophies
Contemporary gossip has it that mother Hubbard has a funk
CIA I-O as in P2, illuminating funk P.U
Food for thought
Food for thought

The hearts and minds of men and nations
Food for thought
The great heresy, the non-believer, the infidel
Food for thought
And guess who's coming to dinner
Oh be quiet, what are you some kind of messiahship connection
Shut up, play Herbie
I am Sir Nose, D'Void of funk, I will never dance
I am the subliminal seducer
And the freedom of information is too expensive for you
I will never dance, I will never dance
You lie!