

# 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 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!