

# Tweakin'

George Clinton

Three-way, six-detachable  
Speaker system  
With soft ejection  
Auxiliary output  
Extra input  
So you can plug into  
And make connections

Hi diddle-diddle  
This cat on the fiddle  
Was killin' 'em  
Recorded him on my tapedeck  
Hi diddle-diddle  
This cat on the fiddle  
Was killin' 'em  
Recorded him on my tapedeck

Just when I reach the point  
Where I was peakin'  
'Bout that time  
Imagination start to peepin'  
That's when my other voices  
Start to speakin'  
Speakin' in drum  
Drummin' it into a tweak  
Voice so loud  
Pinnin' the needle  
Bangin' in the red  
Noone hears  
Nothing's heard cause nothing's said  
It's the chokin' kind  
Remember the livin'  
Remember the dead  
Speakin' in drum  
Drummin' it into a tweak

Drowning out the voices  
In my head  
Follow follow?  
(Do you)  
Follow follow?

Shot rang out everybody ran for cover  
The evening news broke the story of two mothers  
One's son is dead  
Killed by the son of the other  
Escalatin' the violence to a peak  
Tweak  
Hi diddle-diddle  
This cat on the fiddle  
Was killin' 'em  
Recorded him on my tapedeck  
To the curb...

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Speaker systems  
With soft ejection

Tweak  
Auxiliary output  
Extra input  
So you can plug into  
And make connections

Caught in a land  
That pitted the poor man  
Against the police  
When it's hard to live  
It's twice as hard  
To keep the peace  
It's the chokin' kind  
Remember the livin'  
Remember the dead  
Poor is the poor man  
So is the police

Violence of a tweak

Cue me about  
A cool place to start

Attention all radio-stations jocks  
I got the beat  
Serious-slammin' on my box  
So what I try  
My best to do  
Is keep the decibels  
Up so high  
My neighbors call the cops

Now when the thang  
Get to tweakin'  
You know the groove is peakin'  
I mean hard

OK now I know

You know what I mean  
I keep a party  
On my record machine  
Do me a favor  
Don't let so many commercials  
Disrupt the playlist  
Mr. E. Tiddyock  
Is what makes me say this  
About groove control  
Well there's no such thang  
When I turn on my box  
I'm ready to swing  
So I can go  
Down, down  
Get down with it  
I be throwin' down  
But you gotta be down  
To get it  
We tweakin' on my radio  
Serious-slammin' on my box  
Get off my jock!

I take your buns  
And turn 'em into the B's

I take your soul  
And turn it into some cheese  
I'll take your radio  
And turn it into stereo  
Now we livin' large boy  
Break out the Casio  
So we can get busy  
Show me that you ain't dizzy  
Only Lizzie is fizzy

I'm in my Flavor-mobile  
I'm cold-lampin'  
I this G upstate  
Cold campin'  
To the Poconos  
We call the Hideaways  
With a bag of franks  
And a big bag of Frito-Lays  
Hey yo, Chuck!  
They don't know  
What I'm sayin'  
You know what I'm sayin'?

Word up man  
And if y'all don't know  
What I'm sayin'  
Then act like  
You wanna be stayin'  
But we ain't playin'  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
Yo, Chuck, man  
Kick some  
Kick some ballistics, man

What's your beeper  
Tellin' you man?  
My beeper's tellin' me  
They sweatin' me home  
They sweatin' me, man

Yo, there's many ways  
To kick it round  
We gon' kick it  
The same 'round once again  
You know what I'm sayin'  
But this time in time  
Aw right, c'mon let's go

You know what I'm sayin'?  
We ain't playin'  
The P-Funk of the drummer  
On the beat box  
The band supporter  
Go get a quarter  
Somethin' y'all  
That spills like water  
Can't lower the volume  
Dare to consume  
The rhythm y'all  
Comin' through the speaker y'all  
Network  
Net-a-work-a  
Work-connect

Cold slammin' like the New York Mets  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
They don't know what I'm sayin'  
They don't know what we're screamin', shoutin'  
Yo Flavor  
Do you know what I just said?  
Do the people know what I'm talkin' about?

I know what you said  
But let me tell you  
George Clinton's got the head  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
Let me tell you somethin', yo!  
George will tell ya  
Hold my jam-e while I go P  
You understand what I'm sayin'?

Cause that's the way it be  
Cause his name is George  
And his last name begins with a C  
You understand what I'm sayin'?  
Follow, follow  
Hey, yo, Butch man  
What's up pop?  
Hey, yo, Tracy  
With the Panasonic  
What's up man?  
Yo man  
We gonna rock that  
Why B-side 'round man  
You wanna rock the B-side

Food for the brain  
Beat for the feet  
People on the dance floor  
Never claiming a receipt  
Had a good time  
Rock-n-rollin'  
On the go behind  
The rhythm supplied  
By the superior B-side  
They had the twist  
That turn and shout  
Turn the jam out  
Get you ready now  
C'mon  
The situation put you in to where you sweatin'  
An hysterical B-side  
C'mon inside  
Request the best  
They give a test  
And never gave a rest

Your guess as good  
As my guess  
And while you're guessin'  
You're guessin'  
Yo listen  
This a DJ to play  
To give a lesson in  
His name is  
George Clinton  
In the house