

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...

Three-way, six detachable
Speaker systems
With soft ejection

Tweak
Auxiliary output
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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