

God Made Me Funke

Kool Moe Dee

(Fun-) (fun-) (funky)
(Got to be funky) --> James Brown
(Funky enough) --> The D.O.C.
[VERSE 1]
Look, look, look, look...
Look at me, cool as I want to be
Fly as they come beside of some want to-be
One of the chosen, if you're chosen, then go into
Rhymes that change the time, as it grows into
Riches, itches, switches your whole lifestyle
You're in the spotlight, over night flyin miles
Away, today I'm flyin high
So I give thanks to the Man in the sky
I remember a time whenever a rhyme
Left your lips, it only could get nickels and dimes
But nickels and dimes wasn't enough to eat
So I guess you could say I was saved by the beat
On the street, surrounded by sin
I never sell out, and I wouldn't give in
God said: you can win, look within
See your skin, you're my kin
And I made you funke

God made me funke
F-you-n-k-e

[VERSE 2]
Esoteric, non-generic, potent lyrics
Only those with ears will hear it
As above so below
Lucky 7-7, heaven, have been blown
Back and forth
South to north
Right to left
Life to death
East to west
Knowledge step, 33 degrees
327 left to see
So God created a light in which I shine
With sublime rhymes that inclines the mind
Define ancient segments, seek it, speak it, teach it
Keep it, peep it, we get stronger and reap its
Benefits, but then it gets more intricate
As you get deeper into it
To open the door, the power of God's the one key
And I opened it, and God made me funke

(Is it funky enough?)
(Funky enough)
God made me funke
(Is it funky enough?)
F-you-n-k-e

(Funky) is the way God made me
(Funky) is the power He gave me
(Funky) like the fans that pay me
(Funky) like the stations that play me

(Funky) is how I made it through the '80s
(Funky) connected to the ladies
(Funky) you know a devil can't faze me
(Funky) I ain't afraid, bee
(Funky) cause God made me
Funke

[VERSE 3]

I'm over, over like a fat rat
The blind see what I got, and others see how I got that
Position with vision
Precision, decision
's like a livin prism
I'm shinin light on the money I made
And the rhymes parlayed
And you can see I'm paid
I condemn them that focus on the ends
As opposed to the means, killin machines men
I'm the real 'high roller', cause I'm rollin with God
Save the children - that's my job
Workin overtime, goin over-rhyme
Mind over matter, spirit over mind
I sympathize with the brothers on the street
Cause it's genocide, and we all gotta eat
But do the right thing, and you'll never be hungry
I kept the faith and God made me funke

God made me funke