

Funky Shit

Travis Barker

Sitting in the back (Oh my god)
S-Sitting the back (f-f-f-funky shit)

Peanut jelly box, sitting in the carport
808 crack, and I'm open like a barndoor
Beer bottle cap, put 'em in the floor
Set 'em in the floor, what a metaphor is this?
Kind of like ill beat with Travis
Eat it up, beat it up [?] atlas
Where should I go? Put 'em in a cereal bowl
In Alabama, then I holler out "Cheerio"
Look at that shit, pull her on back like elastic
And let it go like a mac [?]
S-Sipping on the green bottle, like I'm saint Patrick
Got beans in the mattress, magic
Make you want to jump on a fat bitch
Ooo got to have it
(boss) Send the wolf, pick a thing
On a pekingese bitch, go go gadget
(Owh) I'm all the way from the gutter
Flick a cigarette butt from a Chevrolet pickup
Geeked up on 7 Up
Gotta turn the beat up while I run up on it like a cheetah
[?] well, that'd be the day
Put you up shit creek
Paddle be away, hat to the side
Holler at you homie
What's the matter with you babe?

Sitting in the back with the bass on boom
Trunk gon shake, and the wheels on zoom
American classic, trashy tunes
L.A. to Alabama, from noon to noon
They saying, (oh my god, that's some funky shit)
(Oh my god, that's some funky shit)
(Oh my god, that's some funky shit)
Oh my god, that's some funky shit

And I'm a Beastie Boy
Airwalks and a bowl cut
Skater when a skater wasn't cool
When it was just, "so what? Fuck you dude"
Well fuck you too
[?] with a backpack
I'll bust your fruit
I'm all about constructing my paper
Kind of like a pocket full of Elmer's Glue
Squeeze the bottle, turn the milk
Churn the butter, get the cheese tomorrow
I got a lock on my profit
No exits, no keys tomorrow
But I got steeze to borrow
Some Famous kicks to match
If I got a bass line, I'll rap
As long as TB got sticks to crack
So hit a drumroll, I'll jump in like a jump rope
Watch

Acapella like an elevator, operate the fader while I operate a label then I'
m in my fuckin' high tops
Rhythm like a clock, I'm scotch
You would've thought, it was written
But it's not
Rag hanging out the back of them jeans
Not a gangbanger but a cracker who sings
And momma don't you worry about a single thing
Really though, cause daddy brought charcoal, and gasoline
And we cooking up tonight, t-bones, pinto beans

Yeah, why stop now?
Put 'em in the trunk
Let 'em feel the sound
That they don't pop it
Let 'em feel the rhyme till he finds the locket
808 weighs a ton, so drop it
Watch your feet, while I rock the beat
Going all out, no private seat
I don't walk if I can ride the beat
But wouldn't you though? Don't lie to me
Of course you would, catapult syllables
Got up on my horse in the woods, whoa
Magical, sorcerer goods
Steal from the rich put more in the hood
Natural, born with a wood
Fuck 'em all, I'm right above 'em all
But you could butt talk, if a [?] fall
Out with a motherfucker with a sluggish crawl
Chug till I can't chug at all
Not a frat boy, I'm a rap boy
In Hollywood, like Aykroyd
But I read my script with a southern drawl
I run home when mother calls
Cause mother's got a switch
Yeah, she's a wolf too
That makes me a son of a bitch